

## Stephen Covell "The Kid"

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No body liked the kid who was always right  
It's lonely up here on the top he though  
If only I could get a little conversation  
Like the ones I love on the radio station

Nobody liked the kid always in fights  
Bloodied lips and power trips  
Caught hell after that night  
If only he could get a little faith in learning  
I'd be Pickin up the bricks from the bridge he's burning

And there he found the middle ground  
Doors flew open the way we were hoping they would  
We all came out to see what the fuss could be about

Tapped on his shoulder as I pushed through the crowd  
But he just stood there in the street smiling at the  
clouds

Like a sun flower  
Outside the window leaning in  
Keeps me up at night  
My favorite little sin  
He's way too bright to look directly at  
But he's more than just that

He's my friend

Nobody thought his bluff would amount to much  
When he said his goodbyes all he got back were tired  
eyes  
I'm a rock he cried  
It's time to roll we sighed

Could it be that the world outside this room is just  
imagined  
Canvas back drops to hide the life he's trapped in

He's like nothing I've ever seen  
So maybe he's just a dream

