

## **Mccain Edwin**

### **"Solitude"**

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E. McCain

Time he was a good friend  
Yea was a brother of mine  
We were imaginary comic book superheroes  
Kids wasting time  
We were prisoners of our youth  
We were growing up strong  
'Til the day he was aken away  
For something he did wrong  
oh alright

Tim came 'round just the other day  
And boy he had some stories to tell  
His mama kept him locked up in a rehab  
Although the doctor said he was well  
He said yeah I've been through the anger  
And the hatred towards my mom  
And I put all that behind me  
Just tell me what was it like  
to go to your prom

CHORUS

He said thank you mom for fixing  
My clouded broken mind  
But excuse me if I seem a little rude  
While I was missing my childhood  
My brother and my prime  
You enjoyed the convenience of my solitude  
of my solitude  
Well growing up these days just ain't easy  
Oh and the kids they're doing the best that they can  
So mama you beter think twice  
Before you lock your kid up  
and throw away the key  
'Cause soon your little boy  
is gonna be a man

CHORUS

Tim left town just yeasterday  
He left me with these words  
He said Yeah i know this life's got a lot to give  
But my childhood is gone  
And I'm not afraid of dying  
I'm gonna grab this world by the horns  
learn how to live

CHORUS

Twenty-four months of solitude  
I didn't ask you for this solitude  
I can't forgive you for this solitude

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