

## Mavericks "Children"

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(Raul Malo)

A child who is raised by an unworthy hand  
Has less of a chance being a man  
Who will try to remember and then understand  
Why a mother would cry  
while a husband lay dead  
Shot down by a gun of a runaway train  
Called life in the fast lane  
it all ends the same  
Well the same children's lives  
they will always regret  
Are the children who never forget

A man ends up tired and walking alone  
On a street corner singing for a penny a song  
What he cannot remember was never his own  
That's the answer he gives  
when he speaks of his home  
Well the streets are my life  
I don't know anymore  
Where the children's are junkies  
and the ladies are whores  
Well the same children's lives  
they will always regret  
Are the children who never forget

Goodnight, goodnight sweet child  
Why don't you dream with the angels  
to forget for awhile  
To forget of the life  
that's been handed to you  
Where everything's real,  
yet nothing is true  
Well perhaps you can change  
what the cards always read  
For the children who never forget

For a time they were counting  
  
you out of this race

You stood up like a champion  
that had fallen like grace  
Never showing the anguish  
that had covered your face  
You were raped and forgotten  
left to die in disgrace  
Shot down by a gun of a runaway train  
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