

## **Chess Musical**

### **"Pity the Child"**

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When I was nine I learned survival  
Taught myself not to care  
I was my single good companion  
Taking my comfort there  
Up in my room I planned my conquests  
On my own--never asked for a helping hand  
No one would understand  
I never asked the pair who fought below  
Just in case they said "No."

Pity the child who has ambition  
Knows what he wants to do  
Knows that he'll never fit the system  
Others expect him to  
Pity the child who knew his parents  
Saw their faults, saw their love die before his eyes  
Pity the child that wise  
He never asked "Did I cause your distress?"  
Just in case they said "Yes."

When I was twelve my father moved out  
Left with a whimper--not with a shout  
I didn't miss him--he made it perfectly clear  
I was a fool and probably queer  
Fool that I was I thought this would bring  
Those he had left closer together  
She made her move the moment he crawled away  
I was the last the woman told  
She never let her bed get cold  
Someone moved in--I shut my door  
Someone to treat her just the same way as before.

I took the road of least resistance  
I had my game to play  
I had the skill, and more--the hunger  
Easy to get away  
Pity the child with no such weapons  
No defense, no escape from the ties that bind  
Always a step behind  
I never called to tell her all I'd done  
I was only her son!

Pity the child but not forever,  
Not if he stays that way.  
He can get all he ever wanted

If he's prepared to pay.  
Pity instead the careless mother  
What she missed,  
What she lost when she let me go...  
And I wonder, does she know?  
I never call. A crazy thing to do  
Just in case she said, "Who?"

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