

Riverside "New Generation Slave"

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Into this world
I came
Filled with fear
Crying all the time
I guess my birth
Left a great scar
On my heart and mind

Now I hand-pick cotton
And struggle to sing
"I am happy and I do what I like"
But my voice breaks
And I start to hate
My singing
And simply everyone

Mama told me
Be good
Work hard
And love Mr. God
Every Sunday
I lie
Trying to realize why

Ain't nothing more to say
Your Honor
Don't look at me like that
The truth is
I am a free man
But I can't enjoy my life

I came to a standstill
With lies and hopes inside my head
Always seemed too late to turn
And too soon to understand

No, I don't have a stomach ache
It's just my face...

I got stuck
I ran aground

I got used to spewing bile
I wonder whether all those years
Hadn't been a waste of time

So how am I doing?
Oh, I CAN complain
Smoke too many cigarettes
But I don't care...

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