

Badlees, The

"Little Eddie"

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There are nights when I'm in my bed
Fear, like a freight train, runnin' through my head
Watch a man in the county seat
Bring a gavel down and he looks like me
Little Eddie stares at the corn all day
He says, "wonder how God makes it grow that way"
They say, "watch that weird kid wase away his life
He's one of those Kline boys and you know what they're like"
Ooh, take me away to another world that doesn't think that way
Ooh, take me away to another world
Last September, it was late one night
Eddie's on a hilltop and he's listening to a fight
Finds a young girl, well, she's younger than most
Left with a blank stare, given up her ghost
He touches her lips and shuts her eyes
Pulls the knife out and begins to cry
Look at Eddie standing in the moonlight
That weird little kid's got a switchblade knife
Ooh, take me away to another world that doesn't think that way

The hour arrives and the time is at hand

Eddie gets up and he walks off the stand

Stares at the jury sitting row by row

Wonders why god ever let them grow

Ooh take me away to another world that doesn't think
that way

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