

Small Fred

"Mistaken Identity"

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I touch your hand

It's not my hand you feel

It's the touch of another man

It's the touch of a dangerous time

It's the blow that leaves no trace

It's the face of the perfect crime

Mistaken identity

I am not the man

Look at my face

I am not the man

I whisper your name

It's not my voice you hear

It's the voice of the waking dead

It's the father of original sin

It's the brother of unlocked doors

It's the lover of broken skin

Mistaken identity

I am not the man

Look at my face

I am not the man

Sunlight filters through the leaves

A breeze blows the curtains wide
Children play across the street
And I am by your side
But I get confused
And I am frightened too
Am I the beast in the shadow
Or am I here with you
Mistaken identity
I am not the man
Look at my face
Please take this boy for who I am
Can we lay down this fear and love each other
Can we lay down this fear and love each other
Can we lay down this fear and love each other
Can we lay down this fear

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