

## Small Fred

### "Scott And Jamie"

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Call us America's sweethearts -- We found a place in  
Roxbury

Where we can meet the mortgage, go to church on  
Sunday

I teach communion class and David leads the choir

Ten years together thinking 'bout children.

Lots of children out there beat up beat down hoping

For a home and a harbor, a hand that doesn't hit

Where the form said father and mother we had to  
cross it out

Father and father that's David and me.

Twelve months of waiting, suddenly two little boys on  
our doorstep

Scared and crying, gave them a bath and tucked them  
in

Three-year-old Jamie, little brother Scott

Jamie had a bruise like a boot in the middle of his back.

Love is love no matter who no matter where

Love is love and a child knows when it's there

They can pry away the fingers that graced these walls  
with dirt

They can pull us apart they can lie oh they can hurt

But love leaves a trace and the heart holds a place for  
love's return.

McDonalds and K-Mart -- do you know how hard it is to  
find kid's shoes?

Scott's first hair cut, grinning and a little confused

Outside the aquarium baseball jackets red and blue

A picture is like time standing still.

Jamie was a scrapper, he punched his brother, decked  
the kid next door

He threw a plate at David then ducked and cowered  
waiting for the blow

After supper I held him close, "You're safe here this is  
your home."

And the rains came to the parched and broken earth.

The papers smelled the headlines -- gay parents, two  
little innocent boys

T.V. news on the front porch, politicians made a lot of  
noise

Liberal governor he gave the order

Social worker phoned, "Have them ready at three."

Picked Jamie up at day care, kids were running,  
shouting as they played

We didn't want to tell him, maybe the Governor could  
have explained

Jamie was screaming when we strapped him in the  
welfare car

David said "We love you" and they were gone.

You find out who your friends are, some came round  
some just let it go

Rallies on the common people singing people saying  
no

This is crazy -- but Scott and Jamie

Are still pinballs in a busted machine.

Kitchen's clean and quiet, we changed the furniture  
around

Still keep Scott's rabbit -- in the middle of the night  
sometimes I wake to the

sound

Of a little one crying when there's nothing there at all

David holds me, says "Go back to sleep."

Love is love no matter who no matter where

Love is love and a child knows when it's there

They can pry away the fingers that graced these walls  
with dirt

They can pull us apart they can lie oh they can hurt

But love leaves a trace and the heart holds a place for  
love's return.

The heart holds a place for love's return

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