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## The Mavericks "Children"

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A child who is raised by an unworthy hand Has less of a chance of being a man Who will try to remember and then understand Why a mother would cry while a husband lay dead Shot down by a gun of a runaway train Called life in the fast lane it all ends the same Well the same children's lives they will always regret Are the children who never forget

A man ends up tired and walking alone On a street corner singing for a penny a song What he cannot remember was never his own That's the answer he gives when he speaks of his home Well the streets are my life I don't know anymore Where the children's are junkies and the ladies are whores

Well the same children's lives they will always regret Are the children who never forget

Goodnight, goodnight sweet child Why don't you dream with the angels to forget for awhile To forget of the life that's been handed to you Where every thing's real yet nothing is true Well perhaps you can change what the cards always read

For the children who never forget

For a time they were counting you out of this race You stood up like a champion that had fallen like grace Never showing the anguish that had covered your face You were raped and forgotten left to die in disgrace Shot down by a gun of a runaway train Called life in the fast lane it all ends the same Well the same children's lives they will always regret Are the children who never forget

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