

Mavericks, The

"Children"

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(Raul Malo)

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 her husband lay dead.

Shot down by the 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.

--- Instrumental ---

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 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 everything's real yet nothing is true.

Well, perhaps you can change what the cards always read
For the children who never forget.

--- Instrumental ---

For a time they were counting you out of this race
You stood up like a champion that had fallen with grace
Never showing the anguish that had covered your face

You were raped and forgotten left to die in disgrace.

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Called life in the fast lane it all ends the same
Well the same children's lives they will always regret
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