

Various

"Pity the Child"

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Benny Andersson, Tim Rice, and Bjorn Ulvaeus

THE AMERICAN:

When I was nine I learned survival

Taught myself not to care

I was my single good companion

Taking my comfort there

Up in my room I planned my
conquests

On my own -- never asked for a
helping hand

No one would understand

I never asked the pair who fought
below

Just in case they said no

Pity the child who has ambition

Knows what he wants to do

Knows that he'll never fit the system

Others expect him to

Pity the child who knew his parents

Saw their faults

Saw their love die before his eyes

Pity the child that wise

He never asked "Did I cause your
distress?"

Just in case they said yes

When I was twelve my father moved
out

Left with a whimper -- not with a shout

I didn't miss him -- he made it perfectly
clear

I was a fool and probably queer

Fool that I was I thought this would
bring

Those he had left closer together

She made her move the moment he
crawled away

I was the last the woman told

She never let her bed get cold

Someone moved in -- I shut my door

Someone to treat her just the same
way as before

I took the road of least resistance
I had my game to play
I had the skill, and more -- the hunger
Easy to get away
Pity the child with no such weapons
No defense, no escape from the ties
that bind
Always a step behind
I never called to tell her all I'd done
I was only her son!
Pity the child but not forever
Not if he stays that way
He can get all he ever wanted
If he's prepared to pay
Pity instead the careless mother
What she missed
What she lost when she let me go
And I wonder does she know
I wouldn't call -- a crazy thing to do
Just in case she said who?

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