Turncoat

Despair

Turncoat parents and the children that never arrived
pawn shop rings and a road swallowed up by the sky
and though the static on the radio was signaling that this was the end
they still sang on just like lovers 'til the day that they decided to be just friends
and never speak again
to keep from caving inSo baby, this is freedom and you finally are out on your own
and you left in such a hurry but you'll never get away from this home
cause the kids, they aren't happy and I don't know how you thought they could be
what, with all those misconceptions it's a miracle that they were ever conceived
and they don't look a damn like me
but I'll still feign beliefSo baby, this is freedom

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