

Leave

Poor Rich Ones

Daddy's on the sofa turning up another
bottle to unleash when I get home
I pretend he doesn't hit me
Momma just pretends that she don't know
I used to think of talking, talking to my preacher
He says I should just forgive and forget
Now my baby brother just sits and recollects the same regret
And I just wanna leave
Oh, God, please help me now
I wanna leave
As if that's not enough, we're the new family around here
Guess that's all the reason some kids need

'Cause they all call me names and
say I should just take it on the chin
If I'm overreacting, then why is it so cold here
Why is it so cold here in this hell
Why would my friend Suzie tell me I should just go kill myself
Oh, I wanna get out of here
Oh, God, help me now
I really wanna believe
But I just wanna believe
Oh, God, please hear me now
I wanna believe
I just need to know that you're really out there
Tell me, are you really out there
'Cause I believe

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