

Goldies Torn Locks

He Is Legend

Little boy, if you run away again
Press your luck inside your mama's shoes
You'll be out dancing down in the lion's den
I guess you didn't ever think you'd lose I know it's hard sleeping on those streets
It's better than your daddy's gold
All the drivers on their secrets in your sheets
You know what they were looking for I don't remember why I stopped dreaming
All my imaginary friends are gone
Lock the door your dad's been drinking
Child, your mother's never coming home Oh, my God, what have you done? I'm seeing children, seeing things
That I think children shouldn't see
Boy, you look just like your mother
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm seeing children, seeing things
That I think children shouldn't see
Boy, you look just like your mother
Yeah Mom, I guess I've been alive up in the sheets
I love to hear them say I look like you
I'll win the heart of every broken man I meet
Now mama tell me, what's a girl to do? I am the daughter of 18 wheelers
The sister of your broken heart
I am the goddess of the street healers
I am the lover that you tore apart Oh, my God, what have I done? I'm seeing children, seeing things
That I think children shouldn't see
Boy, you look just like your mother
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm seeing children, seeing things
That I think children shouldn't see
Boy, you look just like your mother
Yeah Oh, you fell asleep in the corner of your eyes
[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible] I'm seeing children, seeing things
That I think children shouldn't see
Boy, you look just like your mother
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm seeing children, seeing things
That I think children shouldn't see
Boy, you look just like your mother
Yeah Well, I am the child who
The only child who
I am the child who
I am the child who saw everything

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