Smalltown Boy

The Wounded

You leave in the morning
With everything you own in a little black case
Alone on the platform
The wind and the rain
On a sad and lonely face
Mother will never understand
Why you had to leave
For the love that you need
Will never be found at home
Pushed around and kicked around
Always a lonely boy
You were the one
That they'd talk about around town
As they put you down
And as hard as they would try
They'd hurt to make you cry
But you'd never cry to them
Just to your soul
No you'd never cry to them
Just to your soul

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