

# Only Child

## Young Fathers

I find it hard to be an honest man  
I guess I'll go and find out again  
I can hear lonely, lonely sounds  
Living like an only child  
I can hear lonely, lonely sounds  
Living like an only child Hallelujah it's a boy  
Celebrations gems and toys  
So blatant to the cause  
Blame the clients on the job  
Calm, cold, in control  
Young, bold, viscious  
This manufactured chemistry  
Weaving in and out the tapestry Breastfeed the baby that wasn't raised in the nanny state  
Or hidden from the belly, closer, closer to ascertain  
Body like a statue, grace of an antelope  
Displayed on the market, dispensing assets All that, gimme that, gimme that, all that  
All that, all that, gimme that, gimme that

Songwriters

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