

# Lost Child

## Social Distortion

Picked up by the police, only seventeen  
What did he do, what did he say? His father left him as a little boy  
His mother turned tricks just to buy his toys  
72 hour evaluation immediate psychiatric help But Johnny wasn't crazy he was just an angry boy  
Years later, nothing much has changed  
Liquor, drugs, and gangs have made him a man  
Living in the streets in a world of his own He stops and watches his heart turn to stone  
He's an important person now  
He's running with a wayward crowd But Johnny wasn't crazy he was just a lonely boy  
The pain got too great, an eventual suicide  
Fear and anger were trapped deep inside  
If only Johnny could have opened up his heart Then me and Johnny wouldn't never had to part  
He's tired of running the vicious circle  
He loaded and cocked his 45 But Johnny wasn't crazy he was just a frightened boy  
Oh, how many Johnny's must there be?  
Oh Johnny, how I wish you were here

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