

What's The Matter Here

10,000 Maniacs

That young boy without a name
Anywhere I'd know his face
In this city the kid's my favorite
I've seen him, I've seen a
I see him every day Seen him run outside
Looking for a place to hide
From his father
The kid half naked
And said to myself
"Oh, what's the matter here? I'm tired of the excuses
Everybody uses
He's your kid
Do as you see fit
But who gave you the right
To do this? We live on Morgan Street
Just ten feet between
And his mother, I never see her
But her screams and cussing
Well I hear them every day Threats like
If you don't mind
I will beat on your behind
Slap you, slap you silly
Made me say
"Oh, what's the matter here? I'm tired of the excuses
Everybody uses
He's your kid
Just do as you see fit
But get this through
That I don't approve
Of what you did
To your own flesh and blood Oh I have heard the excuses
Everybody uses
He's your kid
Just do as you see fit
But get this through
That I don't approve
Of what you did
To your own flesh and blood Well if you don't sit
In your chair straight

I'll take this belt
From around my waist
And don't you think
That I won't use it Answer me and take your time
What could be the awful crime
He could do at so young an age?
If I'm the only witness to your madness
Offer me some words to balance
Out what I see and what I hear All these cold and rude
Things that you do
I suppose you do
Because he belongs to you
And instead of love
And the feel of warmth
You've given him these cuts
And sores that don't heal with time or his age And I want to say, "Hi"
Want to say
"What's the matter here?"
But I don't dare say
"What's the matter here?"
But I don't dare say

Songwriters

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