

Lone Child

Frank Black

I don't like you much
I am like a wolf
I'm not full of your hate
I'm full of my grace
See in my face
I am a king See the empty stage
See there's nothing there
Save your ounce of despair
Your once wasted air
Your devil-may-care poisonings Lone child, born wild
No childish things
Lone child, born wild
No tribal strings I'll be moving on
Creeping off the stage
I'll be tearing you out
Tearing you down
I'm growling now
In the wings

Songwriters

THOMPSON, CHARLES Published by

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