

Ignorant People

[Vic Chesnutt](#)

Born as I was to ignorant people
Too traumatized to take me home
Came in a car and left on an embankment
Covered with pine straw
But instinct saved me
Something innate
Made my wet lungs scream with hate
Scream with hatefound as I was fixing a flat tire
He'd run 'em bald
The schemer looked down upon the screamer
Like buried treasure
He nursed me and cherished me
And trained me to be
What is here in front of you
A ticket to see, a ticket to see fate has been so good to me
You may not understand
How I can be thankful to be where I am
To be where I am
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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