Motherless Child

Clutch

Every last blind pulled when I walk down the street.

The only sound I hear is my tired heartbeat.

Sometimes I feel just like a motherless child. This place once had a name. The people once had faces. In every town I find it $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}\phi$??s the same sad situation.

Sometimes I feel just like a country less man. My father tried to break me, my mother she tried to raise, The county correct me from my wild ways. I once saw figures about a mile off.

So I waited in the woods until they were gone. Sometimes I feel just like a wandering dog.

Songwriters

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