

Child Called "It"

Buckcherry

Mother, I really hate the way
You treat me like no other
And I refuse to be your victim I count the days and nights, they are all numbered
She takes her time and hurts me like no other
Keep it all inside, never see me cry
Hoping I find a way out from the mother
Please God, don't let her destroy my life Mother, I really hate the way
You treat me like no other
And I refuse to be your victim
You won't see me cry 'cause
I left behind a child called, "It" She makes me stay inside under her cover
Takes out her pain on me and not my brothers
Keep it all inside, never see me cry
Hoping I find a way out from the mother
One step closer and the world is mine Mother, I really hate the way
You treat me like no other
And I refuse to be your victim Mother, what have I done
To make you upset? I'm in trouble
And I'm too young to know
Your weakness, you're so sick
And you'll never miss a child called, "It" I count my days and nights, they are all numbered
She takes her time and hurts me like no other Mother, I really hate the way
You treat me like no other
And I refuse to be your victim
Mother, what have I done
To make you upset? I'm in trouble
And I'm too young to know your weakness Tell me why you were so unkind? You're so sick
And you'll never miss a child called, "It"
A child called, "It", a child called, "It"
A child called, "It"

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