

Nowhere to Stand

[k.d. lang](#)

As things start to surface
And tears come on down
The scars of a childhood
In a small town The hurt she pushed inward
Is starting to show
Now she'll do some talking
But he'll never know The tables have turned now
With a child of her own
But she's blind to the difference
What's taught is what's known Numbed by reaction
And stripped of the trust
A young heart is broken
Not aware that it's just A family tradition
The strength of this land
Of where what's right and wrong
Is the back of a hand Turns girls into women
And a boy to a man
The rights of the children
Have nowhere to stand
The rights of childrens
Have nowhere to stand The memories of children
Are written in stone
And some they get buried
Not to be shown But still they do linger
Deep down inside
Like a seed that's been planted
And won't be denied A family tradition
The strength of this land
Of where what's right and wrong
Is the back of a hand Turns girls into women
And a boy to a man
The rights of the children
Have nowhere to stand
The rights of the children
Have nowhere to stand

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