

Love Child

Rebecca Clements

You think that I don't feel love,
What I feel for you is real love.
In other's eyes I see reflected a hurt, scorned, rejected.
Love Child, never meant to be,
Love Child, born in poverty,
Love Child, never meant to be,
Love Child, take a look at me.

I started my life in an old, cold, rundown tenement slum.
My father left, he never even married Mom.
I shared the guilt my mama knew,
So afraid that others knew I had no name.

This love we're contemplating, is worth the pain of waiting.
We'll only end up hating the child we may be creating.
Love Child, never meant to be,
Love Child, by society,
Love Child, never meant to be,
Love Child, diff'rent from the rest.
Hold on, Whoa.

I started school in a worn, torn, dress that somebody threw out.
I knew the way it was to always live in doubt,
To be without the simple things,
So afraid my friends could see the guilt in me.
Don't think I don't need you,
Don't think I don't want to please you.
No child of mine'll be bearing the name of shame I've been wearin'.

Love Child, never quite as good,
(I'll always love you.)
Love Child, misunderstood.
(I'll always love you.)
Love Child, never quite as good,
(I'll always love you.)
Love Child, misunderstood.
(I'll always love you.)

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