

# Kerosene Kid

Jimmy Wayne

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I know what it's like growin' up poor  
I remember that night walkin' home from the store  
Stoppin' every few minutes, sittin' down that jug  
Blowin' on my hands tryin' to warm 'em up And seein' that other kid from my homeroom class  
In that nice warm car as he rode past  
And our eyes meetin' like they sometimes did  
Readin' my name on his lips Kerosene kid, don't let 'em get you down  
Just hold your head up and be proud  
Kerosene kid, they don't understand  
Everythin' that we got is a gift, kerosene kid I get home with that jug, mama filled up the heater  
And those kerosene fumes filled up the trailer  
Got all over everythin' like a blanket of dust  
On the sheets, on the bed, on the carpet and on us Next mornin' at school in yesterday's clothes  
Somebody be laughin', some girl be holdin' her nose  
I'd sit there embarrassed, my face turnin' red  
Gettin' at her tellin' myself Kerosene kid, don't let 'em get you down  
Just hold your head up and be proud  
Kerosene kid, they don't understand  
Everythin' that we got is a gift, kerosene kid Every day when I look in the mirror  
I can't say enough  
About the little man back in my memory  
That never gave up Kerosene kid, they didn't get you down  
You held your head up, you stood proud  
Kerosene kid, yeah you understand  
Everythin' that you got is a gift Kerosene kid, don't let 'em get you down  
Hold your head up, stay proud  
Kerosene kid, we'll all understand  
Everythin' that we got is a gift, kerosene kid  
Don't let 'em get you down, kerosene kid

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