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 upAnd 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 lipsKerosene 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 kidI 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 usNext 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' myselfKerosene 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 kidEvery day when I look in the mirror
I can't say enough
About the little man back in my memory
That never gave upKerosene 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 giftKerosene 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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