

Love Child (Rob Davis Remix)

[Diana Ross](#)

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, always second best
Love child, different 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 that 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'

Songwriters

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