

# Solitude

Edwin McCain

Tim he was a good friend  
Yeah was a brother of mine  
We were imaginary comic book super heroes  
Kids wasting time  
We were prisoners of our youth  
We were growing up strong  
'Til the day he was taken away  
For something he did wrong

Tim came 'round just the other day  
And boy he had some stories to tell  
His mama kept him locked up in a rehab  
Although the doctors said he was well  
He said yeah I been through the anger  
And the hatred towards my mom  
And I put all that behind me  
Just tell me what was it like to go to your prom

He said thank you mom for fixing  
My clouded broken mind  
But excuse me if I seem a little rude  
While I was missing my childhood, my brother and my prime  
You enjoyed the convenience of my solitude

Well growing up these days just ain't easy  
And the kids they're doing the best that they can  
So mama you better think twice  
Before you lock your kid up and throw away the key  
'Cause soon your little boy is gonna be a man

He said thank you mom for fixing  
My clouded broken mind  
But excuse me if I seem a little rude  
While I was missing my childhood, my brother and my prime  
You enjoyed the convenience of my solitude

Tim left town yesterday  
He left me with these words  
He said yeah I know this life's got a lot to give  
But my childhood is gone  
And I'm not afraid of dying  
I'm gonna grab the world by the horns and learn how to live

He said thank you mom for fixing  
My clouded broken mind  
But excuse me if I seem a little rude  
While I was missing my childhood, my brother and my prime  
You enjoyed the convenience of my solitude