

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

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But excuse me if I seem a little rude
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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

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