

# Runaway Children

Joe Purdy

I was born.  
An only child.  
On a warm,  
Jersey night.  
My mother was a dress maker.  
My father drove a truck.  
My family never was much good.  
When it came to money luck.  
No.  
Me and my best frend took to stealin'  
When we where only sixteen.  
Then one year in a county jail.  
Made a man outa Tommy and me.  
We caught the train to New York.  
We thought we where so tough.  
Started fightin' for quick cash.  
We decided we didn't need money that bad.  
We where the runaway children.  
Always lost in the dark.  
Trying to forget where we came from.  
Trying to make a new start.  
Oh, it was so hard.  
Earned my first honest dollar.  
Working at the mill out side of town.  
Tommy went elsewhere.  
Never did like the sound of a poor man crying.  
So Tommy got mixed up with people.  
The kinda people you just don't get mixed up with.  
And they beat him so badly.  
He almost didn't live.  
To regret it, but he did.  
Oh, thank god he did.  
We where the runaway children.  
Still lost in the dark.  
Trying to forget where we came from.  
Trying to make a new start.  
Oh, but it was so hard.  
Oh, it was.  
It was just so hard.  
Tommy moved eight years ago.  
Out to Las Vegas.  
Now he sweeps the floors in the casino's.  
Though he gambles when hes able.  
When will he ever learn?  
When will he ever learn?  
And me, i went back home.  
Oh' and i made it just in time.  
To say im sorry for what i'd done.  
Right before my mother died.  
Now i drive a truck.  
Just like i swore i never would.  
But i need the money worse than i need the luck.  
I know my old man just did the best that he could,  
With what he had.  
Its funny the things we finaly learn how to add, up.  
We where just runaway children.  
We where lost in the dark.

Trying to forget where we came from.  
Oh, but we never.  
We never made it that far.  
Never made it that far.  
Oh it was still so hard.  
It was still so hard.