

# He Never Got Enough Love

Lucinda Williams

His mama ran off when he was just a kid  
So he never really knew her at all  
Just a picture of a girl in a sad blue dress  
Hangin' beside a cross on the wall

His daddy used to drive those eighteen wheelers  
Now he drives the bottle deep into the night  
He was always sayin', "Son, you're just no good  
You'll never do anything right"

He never got enough love in all his life  
He wasn't brought up right, he never got enough love

The screams and the bruises and the broken bottles  
These were things he understood  
From busted chairs to a broken heart  
He got away as soon as he could

When he was just eighteen he got his very own gun  
He just shot a kid near a liquor store one night  
He was all mixed up, he never understood why  
He was only lookin' to prove his daddy right

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