

## Lost Child

### Social Distortion

Picked up by the police, only seventeen  
What did he do, what did he say?  
His father left him as a little boy  
His mother turned tricks just to buy his toys

72 hour evaluation  
Immediate psychiatric help  
But Johnny wasn't crazy  
He was just an angry boy

Years later, nothing much has changed  
Liquor, drugs and gangs have made him a man  
Living in the streets in a world of his own  
He stops and watches his heart turn to stone

He's an important person now  
He's running with a wayward crowd  
But Johnny wasn't crazy  
He was just a lonely boy

The pain got too great, an eventual suicide  
Fear and anger were trapped deep inside  
If only Johnny could have opened up his heart  
Then me and Johnny wouldn't never had to part

He's tired of running the vicious circle  
He loaded and cocked his .45  
But Johnny wasn't crazy  
He was just a frightened boy

Oh,  
How many Johnnys must there be?  
Oh Johnny  
How I wish you were here