

## Song For R.

The Be Good Tanyas

You see people coming from all sides  
With their broken hearts and hollow eyes  
And you try to love but it's easier to hate  
When the seed that was planted was watered too late  
Oooh oh child  
Oooh oh child  
Your roots stretch down to grow up wild  
Roots stretch down to grow up wild  
It was late last night when the doorbell rang  
My brother in some trouble  
He stood shaking on the doorstep in the rain  
With a freight train pounding in his veins  
And I took him in and cleaned him up  
Gave him some water and I put him to bed  
Then I cried for the sadness of his life  
And his lonely struggle with addiction  
Friends say oh what a shame  
Mum says no one but himself to blame  
But I don't want to play that game  
'cos I know the truth is not so plain  
Call it a hard life or a lack of love  
Call it passed down from his father  
Call it lack of faith in god above  
There are no easy answers  
He is just a child  
He is just a child  
Arms stretched out for love  
Arms stretched out for love  
Arms stretched out for love