

You Don't Know What It's Like

The Early November

(You don't know what it was like, blah blah blah blah.)

See you don't know what it's like to be a man in the world
And be scared to lose everything.
See you don't know what it's like to build a life from nothing
And be scared to lose everything.

I bet that's not what you said back then.
And don't sing your blues to me.
You have no right...

By the time I was old enough to run,
Mamma couldn't move and Dad was gone
So she sat me in a room alone to watch TV,
By the time I went to school I had no friends.
I didn't even know how to play with kids
They would all run around, and I would just sit alone.
And do you know what it's like to cry yourself to sleep tonight
at the age of six,
And seven
And eight
And nine
And ten
And eleven
And twelve.