

# Unloved Children

Todd Rundgren

Must be a factory somewhere  
Keeps on cranking them out  
Seems like they travel in pairs  
Not worth the trouble but too full of clout

Somebody must play his game  
They get stuck in the here and now  
Lending and borrowing pain  
His fist, your face, you kiss the ground

But he don't do nothing half way  
Complete this equation  
He needs justification  
Distaff affirmation  
To keep on crankin' it out

We could build cell on cell  
Mainline him straight to hell  
But that would not dispel  
Violent men, hard-headed women, unloved children

Must be a garden somewhere  
Keeps on sending them down  
Big eyes, big teeth, big hair

Ready to breed with the nearest clown

She has the will to complain  
But something won't let her  
Break free of the tether  
Even though she knows better  
She just can't figure it out

We can prescribe for pain  
Have her declared insane  
Even all this won't change  
Violent men, hard-headed women, unloved children

We let them find their own way  
While everyone chooses  
To ignore the abuses  
We've all got excuses  
We keep on, keep on cranking them out

And nobody has the time  
To look at the great design  
But they're all from the same bloodline  
Violent men, hard-headed women, unloved children