

# Bracket, Mother To Blame

If I had to start again  
Where would I begin  
Would I even want to try  
I never like to look back  
Because it throws me off track  
And then I try to run and hide

When will I wake in my own bed  
Nobody knows I have a name  
Don't really care if I am dead  
My mother is the one to blame

Walk a mile in my shoes  
If you think you can't loose  
And nothing to write home about  
You know that I am not alone  
I never had a real home  
I've always been down and out