## R.E.M., The Wrong Child

I've watched the children come and go A late long march into spring I sit and watch those children Jump in the tall grass Leap the sprinkler Walk in the ground Bicycle clothespin spokes The sound the smell of swingset hands

I will try to sing a happy song I'll try and make a happy game to play

Come play with me I whispered to my new found friend Tell me what it's like to go outside I've never been Tell me what it's like to just go outside I've never been And I never will

I'm not supposed to be like this I'm not supposed to be like this But it's okay

Hey those kids are looking at me
I told my friend myself
Those kids are looking at me
They're laughing and they're running over here
They're laughing and they're running over here
What do I do?
What can I do?
What should I do?
What do I say?
What can I say?

I said I'm not supposed to be like this Let's try to find a happy game to play Let's try to find a happy game to play I'm not supposed to be like this But it's okay...okay