

# LOVE CHILD

I was born by a mother at the school of understanding  
And raised by a sister who taught me I could be standing  
At the age at seven I fell in love with Blackie  
And nothing could come in my way

When women go smiling I start running  
When women go talking I start blushing  
When women start asking why I keep on falling  
I can't stop running away

They call me little love child with a thorn in my side  
You shouldn't be talking to me  
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I soon turned eleven I was lost and seperated  
it was "Head over heels that got me stimulated  
Like John McEnroe my sky kept on falling  
I knew I had something to say

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