

Faith Hill, Love Child

Tenement slum

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ah

You think that I don't feel love
But what I feel for you is real love
In other's eyes I see reflected
A hurt, scorned and rejected

Love child, never meant to be
Love child, born in poverty
Love child, never meant to be
Love child, take a look at me

I started my life in an old, cold run down tenement slum
My father left
He never even married mom
I shared the guilt my mama knew
So afraid that others knew I had no name

This love we're contemplating
Is worth the pain of waiting
We'll only end up hating
The child we maybe creating

Love child, never meant to be
Love child, scorned by society
Love child, always second best
Love child, different from the rest

Hold on
Hold on (Ooooooohhh)

I started school, in a worn, torn,
Dress that somebody threw out
I knew the way it felt, to always live in doubt
To be without the simple things
So afraid my friends would see the guilt in me

Don't think that I don't need you
Don't think I don't wanna please you
No child of mine 'll be bearing
The name of shame I've been wearing

Love child, never quite as good
Afraid
Ashamed
Misunderstood

But I'll always love you
I'll always love you
I'll always love you
I'll always love you
I'll always love you
I'll always love you
You-ooo-ooo
You-ooo-ooo
You-ooo-ooo