

What's the Matter Here—10,000 Maniacs

That young boy without a name  
Anywhere I'd know his face  
In this city the kid's my favorite  
I've seen him, I've seen a  
I see him every day

Seen him run outside  
Looking for a place to hide  
From his father  
The kid half naked  
And said to myself  
"Oh, what's the matter here?"

I'm tired of the excuses  
Everybody uses  
He's your kid  
Do as you see fit  
But who gave you the right  
To do this?

We live on Morgan Street  
Just ten feet between  
And his mother, I never see her  
But her screams and cussing  
Well I hear them every day

Threats like  
If you don't mind  
I will beat on your behind  
Slap you, slap you silly  
Made me say  
"Oh, what's the matter here?"

I'm tired of the excuses  
Everybody uses  
He's your kid  
Just do as you see fit  
But get this through  
That I don't approve

Of what you did  
To your own flesh and blood

Oh I have heard the excuses  
Everybody uses  
He's your kid  
Just do as you see fit  
But get this through  
That I don't approve  
Of what you did  
To your own flesh and blood

Well if you don't sit  
In your chair straight  
I'll take this belt  
From around my waist  
And don't you think  
That I won't use it

Answer me and take your time  
What could be the awful crime  
He could do at so young an age?  
If I'm the only witness to your madness  
Offer me some words to balance  
Out what I see and what I hear

All these cold and rude  
Things that you do  
I suppose you do  
Because he belongs to you  
And instead of love  
And the feel of warmth  
You've given him these cuts  
And sores that don't heal with time or his age

And I want to say, "Hi"  
Want to say  
"What's the matter here?"  
But I don't dare say  
"What's the matter here?"  
But I don't dare say

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