

Thirteen

Ran away from home, when I was Thirteen.

Got a job on a farm, room and Board and making fifteen.

I was a trouble child, I must have been.

To be on my own, doing my thing.

The law did not want me, my parents glad I was gone.

Working on a farm, all day long.

For two plus years I did my thing, working on the farm for the fifteen.

Stayed out of trouble, working the cows, it was my thing.

The farmer and his wife were nice, not mean.

I was the hired help, it was safe, that way, to be.

Who needed a family?

Surely not me.

Took a step up in the world, at least I thought.

Working in a grocery store called Loblaws.

Had a room in a local hotel, on top of the world.

Stayed out of trouble, away from the law.

Working part time jobs and living in a hotel

Still went to school, but didn't do well.

Who needed a family, I was the man, those days.

On my own, doing it my way.

Finally, graduated, at the age of seventeen.

Got that education, it was important for me.

It was the one thing, I knew, I had, to complete.

Doing my thing, at seventeen.

I was a family of one, for the four years.

My brothers and sister were not part of my scene.

I was now an educated man, out on my own,

Living mostly, on pork and beans.

No troubles of love and affection for me

Why take a chance on others, no sir-ree.

I walked the road alone many a night

And kept everything within my sight.

I'm a man now and have no regrets.

Raised a family and kept them close.

Everything's not perfect with the family, you see

But they've all stayed home and lived with me.