

Carers and social workers in social services

Into care I have come
My mum and dad are real mugs
They're stoned again
Yeh on drugs

A social worker came for me
Took me to a new home for tea
Don't you worry
You'll soon be home again they said
Then they packed me up to bed

After a meeting or two
They decided what to do
Your staying here,
That's what they said
Didn't ask what was in my head

Three years on and here I'll stop
But I will never give up hope
Now I'll stand up and have my say
Coz I know
I'll go home someday.

Owain King