

I walk the street every night, in the rain, in the wind, in the cold  
I wear short skirts and tiny tops, my breasts stand out bold  
No-one cares, I see passers-by's sneers, but no-one sees my tears  
I look much older and wiser than my young years....  
I'm trapped you see  
This is not really me

Out every night, selling myself to men often married or drunk or both  
This is no life, this is not who I am, I do what I loathe  
I belong to a man who treats me so bad, he beats me, starves me  
I must work for him to earn my keep, for the next hit you see  
I'm a slave to him  
Performing in sin, slaving in sin

The urge and pull of the drugs is so strong  
How do I right this wrong  
Who will save me from this living hell, take me away  
Give me shelter, food and a place to stay  
I am someone's daughter  
Not a lamb to the slaughter

I stand under the street light cold wet and shivering  
My body shrinking, shrinking, withering  
Where did it all start, why the bad choice  
He was so convincing such a soothing voice  
Will this be the night I die?  
Or just another day I cry

Who will take my hand and lead me out of this hell  
Nurse me off these drugs and make me well  
I think of dying of living no more  
I am already at death's door  
Who is God?  
Where is God?

A hand touches my shoulder, a soft voice says follow me  
I go, I have nothing to lose you see  
He takes me by the hand and leads to a place  
I look up into His shining face  
I Am finally home  
I am finally not alone...

