

Marion, Violent Men

There sits a little girl
And she can not handle
The pain of this world
I wonder when she'll move on
and I wonder if she'll just run
Leaving family men, violent men

She's running from men, running
I didn't want to get in a fight
But it's already on your roster tonight
I'm clinging on to your clothes
And to feel your leather and to smell your leather
The feeling of power is yours not mine
I've seen this happen a million times
Why don't you stop when you see me cry
Can you carry on with tears in my eyes

Left behind
On the floor
And I really want to stay here
From the sight that I just saw
I didn't really see you at all
Because the girl in front of me was myself when I was small

And now she's running from men, run, run
I didn't want to get in a fight
But it's already on your roster tonight
I'm clinging on to your clothes
have to feel your leather and to smell your leather
The feeling of power is yours not mine
I've seen this happen a billion times
And all your hands just cheer
When I'm as white as a sheet with fear

There she lies
And there she will deprive
Herself from being a family man, a violent men
Because a family man, a violent men

She's running from men
She is gonna run, run from men