

# 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