

# Autonomadic, Pigtails

Pigtails, miniskirt  
French class; such a flirt  
Bookbag, baseball cap  
Friday night, the dance  
Left early, drove out  
Wet lips, lights down --  
My hands, her hair  
She's so cute; I didn't care

I started feeling her body up  
She said, "No!" -- but I didn't stop

I held her down and I had her my way --  
She tried to scream, but the words they couldn't say  
And with time even mountains fade away --  
Always the tears streaked on her face

Blonde hair, blue eyes  
Pink lips, a gorgeous smile  
Plays soccer, and volleyball  
And Friday nights: alcohol

She goes to church -- yeah, dear God, she goes and prays  
She wonders will it ever go away  
And someday maybe she won't be afraid --  
Always the tears streaked on her face

Lipstick, highlighter  
Earrings, eyeliner  
Mascara, a little blush --  
Some things can't cover up