

# Fifteen, Prostitute

Hey sister i see you standin on the corner  
i think i might just, pull on over  
see if you need some condoms  
take a minute and listen to a mountain of problems  
hey sister i see you stadin on the corner  
i think i might just pull on over  
you know the county pays me pretty well to make sure you dont get infected,  
but, no one seems to care if you ever make it out of hell  
i ask you how did you get here and you tell me:  
"i was only twelve years old and daddy raped me,  
over and over and over and over again.  
i was only ten years old and my stepfather raped me,  
over and over and over and over again.  
i was only eight years old when mmas boyfriend raped me,  
over and over and over and over again.  
i was only 5 years old and the neighbor boy raped me,  
over and over and over and over again"  
The stories always the same, we can impose morality and blame and shame  
we can criminalize the side effects of a lifetime of torture  
we can moralize and look at things so biblically,  
when you look at things so legally and think we're preserving order  
we can swim in denial, and think that somehow jail can heal post traumatic disorder  
Hey sister i see you at the bus stop, i can almost hear you askin god to make the pain stop  
i know the drugs dont work anymore  
you've got black eyes your arms are covered with sores  
hey sister i see you waitin in line to get your methadone,  
the county pays pretty well to keep you strung out, just another  
settlement, we'll give you anything, so that you never try to leave hell  
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when you look at things so legally and think we're presering order  
we can swim in denial, and think that somehow jail can heal post traumatic disorder  
you can get up and walk away from hell  
you can get up and run awau from hell  
you can get up and walk away from hell  
you can get up and run away from hell