

Pat Benatar, Heartbreakerpb

Hell is for Children

Pat Benatar

They cry in dark,
so you can't see their tears.

They hide in the light,
so you can't see their fears.

Forgive and forget,
all the while...

Love and pain become one and the same
in the eyes of a wounded child.

Because--hell, hell is for children!

And you know that their little lives can become such a mess

Hell--hell is for children,
and you shouldn't have to pay for your love
with your bones and your flesh...

It's all so confusing,
this brutal abusing...

They blacken your eyes
and then apologize...

"Be daddy's good girl,
and don't tell mommy a thing"...

"Be a good little boy,
and you'll get a new toy--
tell grandma you fell from the swing."

Because--hell, hell is for children!

And you know that their little lives can become such a mess

Hell--hell is for children,
and you shouldn't have to pay for your love
with your bones and your flesh...

Transcribed by Rich Kulawiec, .edu.