Pat Benatar, Hell Is For Children

They cry in the 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

You're 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 off 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

No, Hell Is For Children

Hell

Hell is for Hell

Hell is for Hell

Hell Is For Children

Hell

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Hell

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