

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
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Hell
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Hell
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