What I am, what I am getting older what I need is a man by my shoulder what I am, what you are allright I'm sick of your lying there

Look at me, look at me growing colder everyday, I get a little bolder what I am, what you are allright I'm sick of your lying there

And when you lie there why must I lie there

Why am I, why am I feeling stronger now the days and the nights getting longer what I am, what you are allright I'm sick of your lying there

And when you lie there why must I lie there

But I try to survive in a whores dress something I'm getting out there keeps me god-blessed my mother told me, priest just told me too fast and you'll spend your whole life paying out my brother's getting sicker, sicker while my pretty sister sits there bitchin' about her figure time to move and get away get away and open up to your freedom today

And when you lie there why must I lie there