

Little Girl Lost

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See the little girl lost: walking through this world alone
She ain't looking for a lover, she's just looking for a home

If you want more than sympathy then look for something else
Cause she's not true to anyone, not even to herself
She'll have sixteen smiling strangers who are handing her a line
While she's drawing dirty pictures on the black side of your mind
And that body she'll let anybody hold, but the devil's got her soul

But if you take her, take her easy
Treat her gentle, she used to love me

See the little girl lost, pleading silently for help
Knowing no one understands her, she don't understand herself

She'll feed your hungry ego til you think you're quite a man
But you better count your fingers when she turns loose of your hand
Cause you're just a game she's playing any way that she can win
And you ain't about to touch her any deeper than her skin
In that body anybody can control, but the devil's got her soul

But if you take her, take her easy
Treat her gentle, she used to love me