

## Secondhand Wonderland

Mark Owen

Mother's girl has fallen in love  
And dad has already told her he has heard enough  
He has taken sides of his wife  
And he tells his little petal she's too young for life  
So she goes to her room and shuts the world outside  
Lays down to sink into her private mind, her other life inside  
She sings

Secondhand rocking horse  
Let me ride high on you  
To a secondhand wonderland  
Secondhand lover boy  
Let me meet up with you  
In a secondhand wonderland

Husband's drunk once again  
And he rages round the room sign of her real man  
She is numb from her pain  
But she's too afraid to leave she just hides it in so deep with  
in  
And runs to her room and locks the door behind  
Cries herself to sleep another lonely night, but in her dreams  
she sings

Secondhand rocking horse  
Let me ride high with you  
To a secondhand wonderland  
Secondhand wedding day  
Let my virgin dance again  
In our secondhand wonderland

This hour I feel insecure  
Got a bag of plastic worries from the grocery store  
Wild dogs stand prepared to savage at my flesh if I appear too  
scared  
So I walk the tightrope line without a safety net  
As the rope begins to fray I buy another set,  
From the second hand rope store  
I sing

Secondhand rocking horse  
Let me ride high with you  
To a secondhand wonderland  
Secondhand wooden horse  
Take me far away with you  
To a secondhand wonderland