

Flower Tattoos

Cameron Whitcomb

Her old flower tattoos are ragged and worn
Her t-shirt and sneakers are tattered and torn
She could make a few dollars through peddling porn
A forgotten girl who's living next door

He's the boy on the sidewalk you're stepping around
A teaspoon and tin foil are spread on the ground
Needless to say, he'll forget for a while
But the pain will be worse next time around

Jane was her name, she was born in L.A
To a daddy who's absent and a mama who drank
Aspiring dancer who's light on her feet
So she ran for the hills just to follow her dreams

From studio sets to poles on the Strip
Found solace and substance in rooms dimly lit
No one to look up to and too young to get
That the bed that she's made will be stained with regret

Please hold on, your race is not run
The bruises and dirt don't determine your worth
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