

Hey sister i see you standing on the corner
i think i might just, pull on over
see if you need some condoms
take a minute and listen to a mountain of problems
hey sister i see you standing on the corner
i think i might just pull on over
you know the county pays me pretty well to make sure you don't get infected,
but, no one seems to care if you ever make it out of hell
i ask you how did you get here and you tell me:
"i was only twelve years old and daddy raped me,
over and over and over and over again.
i was only ten years old and my stepfather raped me,
over and over and over and over again.
i was only eight years old when mama's boyfriend raped me,
over and over and over and over again.
i was only 5 years old and the neighbor boy raped me,
over and over and over and over again"
The stories always the same, we can impose morality and blame and shame
we can criminalize the side effects of a lifetime of torture
we can moralize and look at things so biblically,
when you look at things so legally and think we're preserving order
we can swim in denial, and think that somehow jail can heal post traumatic disorder
Hey sister i see you at the bus stop,
i can almost hear you asking god to make the pain stop
i know the drugs don't work anymore
you've got black eyes your arms are covered with sores
hey sister i see you waiting in line to get your methadone,
the county pays pretty well to keep you strung out, just another settlement, we'll give you anything, so that you never try to leave hell
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i was only 10 years old and my stepfather raped me,
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when you look at things so legally and think we're preserving order
we can swim in denial, and think that somehow jail can heal post traumatic disorder
you can get up and walk away from hell
you can get up and run away from hell
you can get up and walk away from hell

you can get up and run away from hell