

Protection

Fury In The Slaughterhouse

Pulling on the clothes that never really fit Hoping she can get away with it.
Protection, protection
Standing on the pavement climbing into cars Hoping the face reflects the heart Protection
All right now...
There's not a moment that I'm not
Protective of you
Riding on a wave of juvenile crime
I wonder if you can get off on time
Or whether you'd want to
Where did you get that bruise on your face You must have come home in a terrible state Protection, protection
All right now...
There's not a moment that I'm not protective of you
There's not a moment that I'm not effected by you
Groping in the darkness reaching for your shoes
Nobody cares for a child with your connections
Talking with the crew she's eager to impress Selling us a line in emptiness
You're tired little girl, you're tired little girl
Protection...
You're tired little girl
Protection...
There's not a moment that I'm not protective of you...