

## Punching Bag

**Danger Danger**

She was always the first one to lend a helping hand  
Torn by conviction, bound by circumstance  
And he was angry, mad at the world  
So he took it out on the girl  
He had to raise his hands  
Use her like a punching bag  
To prove he was a man

One girl, slightly used  
Broken, damaged goods  
She sits alone in a third floor walk-up  
Across from the liquor store  
Huggin' a bottle, til a man can keep her warm  
She checks the mail, not once but twice a day  
For an answer to the ad she placed  
Bold type, printed in red  
Seven words I can't forget  
Simply it read

Someday this will end  
She will live again