

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