

High times, the clock strikes midnight
She grabs her things and turns to go
Her coat tightly around her waist
And walks her way back home alone

Raindrops drip down her shoulders
She's sick and tired of this life
The night are getting colder
Selling her body for a dime

Back in her small apartment
Takes off her dress and high-heeled shoes
She hates to wear this garment
To drink, is all that she can do

She knows her dream has burst now
Alone and sad, she sit and cries
Somebody came and stole it
It's time to live, or time to die

Looking back on her life
Packed with crap, with pain and with lies
Seems that nothing went right

Found the streets with it's life
Sure it's not what she thought for her kind
Sought the sun with blind eyes

In the back of her mind
Oh - she can feel the touch
Of her mother's hand
The whisper
Oh - don't go away
That's not your life
It's hate that you'll find

Looking back on her life
Packed with crap, with pain and with lies
Seems that nothing went right

Found the streets with it's life
Sure it's not what she thought for her kind
Sought the sun with blind eyes

Now she's part of the grime
Never thought it would turn out this way
Dancing there on the minds