

Lori Meyers used to live upstairs
Our parents had been friends for years
Almost every afternoon we'd play forbidden games
At nine years old there's no such thing (as shame)
It wasn't recognition of her face, what brought me back was a familiar mark
As it flashed across the screen
I bought some magazines, some video tape scenes
Incriminating acts, I felt that I could save her

"Who the hell are you to tell me how to live?
You think I sell my body; I merely sell my time.
I ain't no Cinderella, I ain't waiting for no prince,
To save me in fact until just now I was doing just fine.
And on and on..."

"I know what degradation feels like
I felt it on the floor at the factory
Where I worked long before, I took control now I answer to me
The 50K I make this year will go anywhere I please
Where's the problem?"