

Beautiful Prize

Rick Springfield

The father giveth, and the father taketh away
Johanna prays in her bed
He drinks his beer to the TV chatter
Thinks dark thoughts in his head
When the house that he keeps with his hard won pay
Is finally asleep after his brutal day
He turns his eyes on his beautiful prize
Johanna watches her door open just a crack
And a hand that once held her runs down the length of her back
Her fallen angel lies down on her bed
So much confusion in her beautiful head
Johanna closes her eyes
In a house full of secrets the truth doesn't matter
Johanna buries her shame and dreams of redemption
They just scatter, she grows numb to the pain
She can't remember how it was before
And she doesn't know who she is anymore
She's in disguise as his Beautiful Prize
Johanna watches her life from the outside
And she dreams that one day she'll fly free from this mess
She's a hawk trying to soar with a broken wing
And she doesn't talk anymore about anything
She just closes her eyes
She just can't stand his anger, she just can't bear his heat
She takes a long hard look at life on the street, yeah
In a house full of secrets the truth doesn't matter
And any dreams of salvation, they just shatter
Johanna watches the world from the outside,
And she dreams of the day she'll fly free from this mess
She doesn't know what she's waiting for
Cause there's nothing left in this house anymore
And in his eyes she's just a Beautiful Prize
Oh, Johanna just a Beautiful Prize...
Yeah, Johanna...
Oh, Hanna...