

# Shamefaced

## Whippersnapper

It was the perfect night  
You were the perfect sight  
You have a beauty all your own, he said  
As he pulled his father's car to the side of the road  
And when he put his hand over your mouth and smiled  
You were too afraid to scream  
Why do you blame yourself?  
You try not to think about it  
One of these things is not like the other  
One of these is not like another  
Searching your face for clues in the mirror  
Turn on your smile and act like the others  
It's time to not deny, it's not your fault  
It's time to break your silence  
And when he took you home

In a voice of stone he said  
The way you dress you're asking for it  
And no one will believe you anyway  
And though the cut runs deep  
The shame runs deeper; you try to keep it to yourself  
It tears you more apart with every day  
Why do you blame yourself?  
You try not to think about it  
One of these things is not like the other  
One of these is not like another  
Searching your face for clues in the mirror  
Turn on your smile and act like the others  
It's time to not deny, it's not your fault  
It's time to break your silence

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