

Prostitute

Eldest 11

Let the prostitute breathe!

Under the concrete.

Where they can't find a strategy.

And I tell you look at me for awhile...

A Shot caller, Misery!

and it kills me.

The Stars crash down.Prostitute.....You stole my dreams away....

(and the pearls I gave)

Why did I...Let you make me feel this way?

(Should've walked away)Maybe I could cut your throat,

give you less hope.

In the end we're all afraid.

We float away (make me feel better).

Anemic in a world they say's insecure.

Full of disease....

I'm fighting my own.....crushed....Prostitute.....You stole my dreams away....

(and the pearls I gave)

Why did I...Let you make me feel this way?

Prostitute.....You stole my dreams away....

(and the pearls I gave)

Why did I...Let you make me feel this way?Gold digger....Put the gun in your mouth!

Gold digger....I'm a junkie from walking on burning ground!

Gold digger....and I choke from her perfume...

Gold digger....Harlet! and I feel so abused....I'm sick of living, but I keep lying.....to myself.....Prostitute.....You

stole my dreams away....

(and the pearls I gave)

Why did I...Let you make me feel this way?

Prostitute.....You stole my dreams away....

(and the pearls I gave)

Why did I...Let you make me feel this way?

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