

Shotgun Wedding

The Agony Scene

She wasn't born in that brothel I'm told
Well aware of where she was
Well aware of where she'd end up in what position
Dressed in red down on her knees
She'd done this sort of thing before
Choking back on this disease dressed to kill To die for
To die for
To die for
To die for Her pretty face hides the demons inside
The kind that haunt her in her sleep
She was found face down in that ditch
Her skirt hiked up
Dressed in red down on her knees
She'd done this sort of thing before Make up chases the tears down her face
The hand prints left on her throat
He hits her she'd ask for more
He hits her she'd ask for Just, a little slut
She lost, a little slut
She lost, a little slut
She lost Her pretty face hides the demons inside
The kind that haunt her in her sleep
She was found face down in that ditch
Her skirt hiked up

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