

Michelle (Original Score) (OST Ill Manors)

Plan B

She was once a princess, but now she's a mess
Fiend for a fix like a restless
And the sex won't pucker it less
When she was a sweet thing, nevertheless
Back in the day, sexually abused as a child
She was always likely to end up this way
The past lived in her dark parts of her brain
And only heavens, took away the pain
So she folded the foil, and lit the flame
Inhale, exhale out one again
She's on the game, the mural of her face is,
And the standup of her rate, just lock the name
With only yourself to blame, she lives as hell
But there's a million other girls just like Michelle
Out in the streets with nothing else to sell
To do desperate mells, within themselves
No wonder she's a thief to boot
And the cost of searching things she can loot
What it's worth to her and what it's worth to you
Any other way, rhyme vice versa truth
She's an addict, plus she got a support habit
And she resort to all sorts of violence,
Even for Newports, she's always at it, she spares no thought about it I've been dragging myself to lowest low
For such a while, I just don't know
'Cause the path I take, it's something I can't change
Oh what gets in my way, it's a deepest shame.
It's a deepest shame

Songwriters

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