

# 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...

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