

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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