

Vacation, The "Destitute Prostitutes"

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We walk the streets and boulevards.
We're the track marks on cities' arms.
We're destitute prostitutes
and we're out for blood, yeah, you know us.

We fill our mouths with broken words.
We strut and shout like dirty birds.
We're destitute prostitutes
and we know our place is in our cage.

(chorus):
We're standing on the outside
looking at the inside, baby.
We're standing on the corner,
waiting to get born again - as human beings.

When you find yourself down on the floor,
don't think of us...don't think at all.
We're destitute prostitutes.
We're full of hate and we cannot be saved.

(chorus 2x)

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