

Mark Owen "Secondhand Wonderland"

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Mother's girl has fallen in love
And dad has already told her he has heard enough
He has taken sides of his wife
And he tells his little petal she's too young for life
So she goes to her room and shuts the world outside
Lays down to sink into her private mind, her other life
inside
She sings

Secondhand rocking horse
Let me ride high on you
To a secondhand wonderland
Secondhand lover boy
Let me meet up with you
In a secondhand wonderland

Husband's drunk once again
And he rages round the room sign of her real man
She is numb from her pain
But she's too afraid to leave she just hides it in so deep
within
And runs to her room and locks the door behind
Cries herself to sleep another lonely night, but in her
dreams she sings

Secondhand rocking horse
Let me ride high with you
To a secondhand wonderland

Secondhand wedding day
Let my virgin dance again
In our secondhand wonderland

This hour I feel insecure
Got a bag of plastic worries from the grocery store
Wild dogs stand prepared to savage at my flesh if I
appear too scared
So I walk the tightrope line without a safety net
As the rope begins to fray I buy another set,
From the second hand rope store
I sing

Secondhand rocking horse
Let me ride high with you
To a secondhand wonderland
Secondhand wooden horse
Take me far away with you
To a secondhand wonderland

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