

## Psychefunkapus "Slut Child"

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"Slut Child" by Psychefunkapus  
Look into my eyes as the lights go low  
can you see the perilous flame?  
Take me to the place where your wild friends go  
let me fill your body with shame  
You can say what you want to  
You can tell me that you must be free  
You can say that you're righteous  
but you'll always be a slut child  
to me  
Your mommy's in the kitchen with your dad's best  
friend  
Your daddy's in the office with Sue - working overtime  
You hear the phone ring at a quarter past ten  
It's your cousin, and he's calling for you (isn't it a  
crime?)  
You can say what you want to  
You can tell me that it's not your style  
You can try to play it off  
But you're gonna be a slut child  
for a while  
for a very long while  
why are you a  
Slut Child  
you're the kind of girl my mother warned me about  
Slut Child  
wearing tight jeans with the knees worn out

Slut Child  
looking for adventure down the pants of a man  
Slut Child  
no one tries to help you 'cause they just don't  
understand  
Oh no, they just don't understand  
You took me for a ride on a saturday night  
I saw your panties in the back seat  
I thought it'd be cool, "outta mind, outta sight"  
but the stench knocked me off of my feet!  
You can say what you want to  
You can tell me that you're really trying  
You can tell me you're a victim  
but we know that you're a slut child

and you're probably dying  
dying  
dying  
stop crying, baby  
Slut Child  
you're the kind of girl my mother warned me about  
Slut Child  
wearing tight jeans with the knees worn out  
Slut Child  
looking for adventure down the pants of a man  
Slut Child  
no one tries to help you 'cause they just don't  
understand

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