

## Plan B

### "Michelle"

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She was once a princess, but now she's a mess  
Fiend for a fix like a restless  
And the sex won't pucker it less  
When she was a sweet thing, nevertheless  
Back in the day, sexually abused as a child  
She was surely likely to end up this way  
The past lived in her dark parts of her brain  
And only having... took away the pain  
So she folded the pain, and lit the flame  
Inhale, exhale out one again  
She's on the game, the... love a face,  
Just lock the name  
With only yourself to blame, she lives as hell  
But there's a million other girls just like Michelle  
Out in the streets with nothing else to sell  
To do desperate deals, of a denim sells so  
No wonder she's a thief to boot  
And the cost of searching things she can loot  
What it's worth to her and what it's worth to you  
Any other way, rhyme vice first the truth  
She's ignited, plus she got a support habit  
And she resort towards source of...  
Even to... she's always out... she spares no goodbye

I've been tracking myself to know with the lone  
For such a while, I just don't know  
Cause the path I've take it's something I can't change  
Or what step in my way, it's a deepest shame.

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