

Erwin Schrott

"Little Lady"

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Listen, little lady,
This is just the worst way to spend your birthday,
It's thirty degrees, Thursday.
You work late, you is with a perv making dirty fake love
in his Mercedes.
Lady, the word rape sums up events that take place
every night.
You wanna get up but you know your legs'll ache if you
try.
And you remember that your punter went crazy last
night,
You drag yourself to the mirror to check your face, then
you cry.
Forget the visit to the clinic you were booked in for,
You'll make a trip to the Whittington where they'll look
at your jaw.
They'll be inquisitive and ask about your business for
sure,
They'll know you're fibbing if you tell them you got hit
by a door.
But young woman the pimp sees you as nothin' but a
dumb hooker,
Medical attention could be fatal
'Cause the cunt wouldn't ever let a doctor near
someone that's getting dough for him,
'Cause next you got poxy authorities sticking their
noses in.

She's just under the upper-hand.
And goes mad for a couple grams.
And she don't wanna go outside, tonight.
'Cause in the pipe she'll fly to the motherland and,
Sell love to another man.
It's too cold outside, for angels to fly.
For angels to fly.

Little lady,
Your mind you've made up,
Your injuries you can't hide with make-up.
You need some medical advice, you make up,
A little lie to say just in case the Doc opens his eyes and

don't decide to play dumb.
With any luck you'll see the same dude that stitched
your top lip,
Last year when your pimp just lost it.
He wouldn't recognize you if you stared him in the face
anyway
'Cause all the Heroin is making you age,
But you're a heroine for taking the strain of being a
prostitute and punching back the funds you have left,
go where you from using money gram.
Mother had to get you out of the motherland, to study,
That was all she struggled to have a single daughter
with the upper hand.
Little does she know, you're never coming back
She put you in her brother's hands only for him to
formulate another plan
He's the fucking cause of your appalling state this
summer
Fancy that? You came to London to get pimped by your
Uncle, Damn.
She's just under the upper-hand.
And goes mad for a couple grams.
And she don't wanna go outside, tonight.
'Cause in the pipe she'll fly to the motherland and,
Sell love to another man.
It's too cold outside for angels to fly,
Now an angel will die, covered in white
With closed eyes, and hoping for a better life
This time I'll fade out tonight,
Straight down the line.

Little lady,
You're trembling with fear,
Your skinny frame kinda resembles a deer,
You're sitting facing a detective, oh dear
The meddling nurse couldn't just leave it,
She's only gone and made it much worse calling police
in,
She'll never know the gravity of the damage she's
caused
Your causing scandal going mad in the ward now,
The copper's trying to calm you,
Telling you he won't let no one harm you
The same question he keeps trying to ask you,
Who you working for?
He's talking to you like your worth more than a dirty
whore
You're having a conversation you could be murdered
for
You're learning more about exactly why you need to
help bring him or her to court

He's kicking knowledge you ain't ever heard before
Just before he leaves he reassures you that he knows
that it's hard
He underlines a mobile number you can phone on his
card
Begs you to use it he's useless if you're gonna be
stupid
'Cause an answer hasn't come from your bruised lips
You're on your own,
You've gotta go and give your pimp what you owe,
You reach your door and then it dawns that you've
been followed home
Before you turn around you feel a cold blade on your
throat
And then a voice says 'where you been bitch I wanna
know.'
No prizes for guessing who it is resistance would be
foolishness,
You open the front door, he boots you in
Here's something new in him, he's silent now
That fills you with terror
Get your alibi straight you could be killed for an error
He towers over you, the six inch knife catches the
sunlight
At this point, your life flashes before your eyes
Your handbags dropped and all the contents are all
over the floor
Despite the mess there's only one thing that caught his
eye.
And in the moment of rage he brutally murders his
niece and dumps her body in the boot of his Mercs in
the street.

Little lady left this earth in the worst way, all because
she got a card on her 13th birthday...

And we're all under the upper-hand.
And go mad for a couple grams.
And we don't wanna go outside, tonight
'Cause in the pipe she'll fly to the motherland
And sell love to another man,
It's too cold outside for angels to fly
For angels to fly,
Fly, Fly
For angels to fly, to fly, to fly.
Angels to die.

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