

What I am, what I am getting older
what I need is a man by my shoulder
what I am, what you are
allright I'm sick of your lying there

Look at me, look at me growing colder
everyday, I get a little bolder
what I am, what you are
allright I'm sick of your lying there

And when you lie there
why must I lie there

Why am I, why am I feeling stronger
now the days and the nights getting longer
what I am, what you are
allright I'm sick of your lying there

And when you lie there
why must I lie there

But I try to survive in a whores dress
something I'm getting out there keeps me god-blessed
my mother told me, priest just told me
too fast and you'll spend your whole life paying out
my brother's getting sicker, sicker
while my pretty sister sits there
bitchin' about her figure
time to move and get away
get away and open up to your freedom today

And when you lie there
why must I lie there