

Pulp, Is This House?

You're just a
little girl (with blue eyes)
Everybody looks at you
(well, it's your day)
and you're
stepping from the black car
but you'll be getting back in soon
(and on your way)
Little girl (with blue eyes)
there's a hole in your heart
and one between your legs
You've never had to wonder
which one he's going to fill
in spite of what he said
You'll never get away
hey
you'll give it up one day
come what may
Dad's not got a shot-gun
but his look's enough to murder you
(see what you've done)
and forget about the paintings
cos you'd better get the washing done
(oh something's wrong)
Little girl (with blue eyes)
there's a hole in your heart
and one between your legs
You've never had to wonder
which one he's going to fill
in spite of what he said
You'll never get away
hey
you'll give it up one day
come what may
Face down on the pavement
chalk lines round your little hands
(hit and run)
and now a
mother sits in silence
in a darkness she can't understand
(where you've gone)
Oh
Little girl (with blue eyes)
there's a hole in your heart
and one between your legs
You've never had to wonder
which one he's going to fill
in spite of what he said
You'll never get away
hey
you'll give it up one day
come what may.