

It's never fun work, but I'm sure you already could guess that.

It's never fun seeing the new, naive girls, drawn in by the quick money, the lifestyle, the feeling.

It's never fun watching their faces harden, eyes deaden. You'd know the look: pensive, distant, knowing.

Knowing that it's already too late to get back what you've lost, knowing that everyone only sees you as a whore.

Knowing you're a whore who'll never find anything real, anything true.

Knowing you have to leave, either you stay and fall, or leave and find something else.

But some need the money, some are owned, some don't care about anything at all.