**Living Nightmare**

I was eighteen
I was innocent
It ended all too soon
I came to say good-bye
in your caravan with no room

I was going on a holiday
when I came back you’d be gone
What I didn’t realize then
was that a week could be so long

We had never been that close
Because I wasn’t yours
and when it came to hurting me
you rarely ever paused

This day was no exception
I didn’t know what was in store
now I really wish
I’d never gone through your door

You said that you were leaving
that you were never coming back
and all that I could smell
Was cigarettes and coffee – black

You put your arms around me
I should have turned and run
then I wouldn’t have had to suffer
Torture inflicted just for fun

You held me much too tight
I couldn’t get away
Too shocked to even call out
for someone to save the day

But you didn’t let it end there
You had to twist it more
You touched me and you kissed me
While I was frozen to the floor

I was scared
I was frightened
when you finally let me go
Should I tell or should I not
I really didn’t know

I looked calm on the outside
when I walked out of there
the feelings deep inside me
I knew I couldn’t share

I went away on holiday
Forgetting was a must
but there was no escaping
that men, I didn’t trust

You gave me a life sentence
it really made you glad
I see you in my nightmares
…The man that I called Dad.