**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.