

In the Backseat

In the Backseat

By : Micki Jennings

the backseat with your love should be fun....not this time..

Published on
Booksie

[booksie.com/Micki Jennings](http://booksie.com/Micki_Jennings)

Copyright © Micki Jennings, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

In the Backseat

In the Backseat

Open the car door

Grin and run your fingers through my hair

push me on the floor

I cry hard but you don't care

Why are you doing this?

I'm sorry my tears stain your jeans

All I wanted was a kiss

Tell me to shut up as my pain streams

What are you doing?

I can't move at all

Is it your dominance you're proving?

Because at your feet I already fall

Your hand in my pants

I scream a helpless plea

Listen to your threatening rants

Why are you hurting me?

You stop after what feels like hours

Slap my face in punishment

My fear rising like towers

In the Backseat

In the Backseat

Like wise builds my resentment

So I'll weep into my hands

Not a wail or tear misses a beat

I fell into your evil plans

Now the torture in forever seen

Forever in the backseat

In the Backseat

In the Backseat

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-02-01 06:00:34