



Eileen

Who still knows my name?

I am a woman
And offer my body
Being a whore is my role
I am a woman
Sold to a brothel
I am no more ,I don't count
No one asks my name.

People call me Anny or number ten,
heh you there, you the blonde one
The Eileen inside me says no!!
Number ten there
Seems happy and goes.

I came two years ago
I should have got married
had a happy life,
Supported a family
They sold me.
Robbed me of my honour.
I'm guarded all the time,
Day in day out, turned into a junkie
And to finish it thrown away
Broken shattered.

The street is my domain
Where else could I be?
There's no work for me.

I'm here illegally,
Free as a bird.
I take what suits me,
There's nowhere I'm at peace
Except maybe prison
But I've been thrown away.
And live on the street
Now people say nice bit of stuff
Or train if someone goes with me
Deep inside me still lives Eileen
I have a body that's worn out
I have a name.
But, there's no one who knows it.

Joke den Dulk, member SRTV 19-03-1998