

# Give Me Back My Childhood

[Perry Blake](#)

An orchestra of women are out to get me  
They have their reasons and I have many faults  
An orchestra of women much like confetti  
They stick around but not that long Give me back my childhood  
Give me back what I have lost I walk along the shore and think of mary poppins  
She knew then and she knows now  
That confidence can make a cripple skip on rivers  
She knew then, she knew then Give me back my childhood  
Give me back what I have lost

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