Incarceration of a Flower Child

Marianne Faithfull

Do you remember me ? how we used to be helpless and happy and blind ?
Sunk without hope in a haze of good dope and cheap wine ?
Laying on the living-room floor on those indian tapestry cushions you made
Thinking of calling our first born jasmine or jade.Don't do it, don't do it, don't do it to me,
Don't think about it, don't think about it, don't think about it, don't think about what it might be,
Don't get up to open the door, just stay with me here on the floor,
It's gonna get cold in the 1970's.You wouldn't listen, you thought you knew better, you just to had to speak to that man.
Please believe me, I'll visit whenever I can.
Laying in your little white room with no windows and three square sedations a day,
You plead with the doctor who's running the show,
"please don't take jasmine away and leave me alone."Don't do it, don't do it, don't do it, don't do it to me,
Don't think about it, don't think about it, don't think about it, don't think about what it might be,
Don't get up to open the door, just stay with me here on the floor,
It's gonna get cold in the 1970's.

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