

# Not Yet

## Michel Camilo

Mama, when she'd ride that horse  
Buried out in Wilson fields  
Mama'd tell me all she thought  
Mama'd tell me all how riding feels

And I thought  
Not yet

Then when mama got too old  
No one ever rode that horse  
Until one night I stole her key  
And I did ride it all night 'till dawn

When I thought  
Not yet

It looks an ugly world out there  
Of girl-guides and disease and war  
I love my little velvet bed  
I never want to leave it anymore

At least  
Not yet

Charlie was the first I caught  
And Charlie was the first I begged  
To lay an anchor in my heart  
He was running his fingers down the inside of my legs

When I thought  
Not yet

All my fears will come to me in dreams  
Maybe the end ain't as far as it seems  
Not yet revived but not yet mourned  
Not quite denied just not yet born

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