

Bay of Bombay

Jennifer Ferguson

Oh won't you take me away
to the Bay of Bombay.

I want to lose my virtues on a yellow wave.
My eyes are sore, fingertips rubbed raw.
Well a man he hurt me and I cry
For more.

My girdle is white but it's on too tight.
I can't face the thought of another dry dry night.
I want to see the star-shingle shining bright.
I want to lose myself in holy flight.

Mamma you taught me how to sing.
You couldn't teach me much more of anything.
Your eyes would look at the food you cooked
And the clothes you cleaned and ironed
But you just see...ships on the bay...

Oh won't you take me away
to the Bay of Bombay.
I want to lose my virtues on those yellow waves.
My eyes are sore, fingertips rubbed raw.
Well a man he hurt me and I cry
For more.

I give my soul to some folks for free
I give them so much because they make me weep
Now they are running scared, they are running too cold
Who am I going to have when I grow old?

Mamma you taught me how to sing.
You couldn't teach me much more of anything.
Your eyes would look at the food you cooked
And the clothes you cleaned and ironed
But you just see...ships floating on the bay...

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