I've Never Been To Me

Charlene

Hey lady, you, lady, cursin' at your life
You're a discontented mother and a regimented wife
I've no doubt you dream about the things you never do
But I wish someone had a talk to me like I wanna talk to you
Ooh I've been to Georgia and California, and, anywhere I could run
Took the hand of a preacherman and we made love in the sun
But I ran out of places and friendly faces because I had to be freeI've been to paradise, but I've never been to mePlease lady, please, lady, don't just walk away
'Cause I have this need to tell you why I'm all alone today
I can see so much of me still living in your eyes
Won't you share a part of a weary heart that has lived a million lies
Oh I've been to Nice and the isle of Greece
Where I sipped champagne on a yacht
I moved like Harlow in Monte Carlo and showed 'em what I've got
I've been undressed by kings and I've seen some things
That a woman ain't s'posed to seeI've been to paradise, but I've never been to meHey, you know what paradise is? It's a lie
A fantasy we create about people and places as we'd like them to be
But you know what truth is?
It's that little baby you're holding, and it's that man you fought with this morning
The same one you're going to make love with tonight. That's truth, that's loveSometimes I've been to cryin' for unborn children
That might have made me complete
But I, I took the sweet life and never knew I'd be bitter from the sweet
I spent my life exploring the subtle whoring that cost too much to be freeHey lady, I've been to paradise, but I've never been to meI've been to paradise - never been to me
(I've been to Georgia and California, and anywhere I could run)
I've been to paradise - never been to me
(I've been to Nice and the isle of Greece
While I sipped champagne on a yacht)
I've been to paradise - never been to me
(I've been to cryin' for unborn children)
(Fade)

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