Vanessa's Father

Lauren Christy

Vanessa's father, who liked to be alone
Creating works of art
Which he'd paint in a cottage made of stone
One day I crept inside, and I was unaware
Of what I was going to find
Well, the pictures they opened up my mind
I saw sculptures of young lovers intertwined
And on their bodies he had signed his name
And so I left that place
With a different look upon my face
Well, I was fifteen, he had a certain charm
The way he smiled at me
And the way that he'd gently touch my arm
And somehow we would always be alone
When it was time to take me home
And so we'd speed through the countryside
In his convertible we'd ride
Vanessa's father was driving me home at night
And I never said a word
Oh, but somehow we just got here
Her father was driving me home at night
When I think back to then
I would count the days till I could go there again
Oh, no, oh, no, oh, no
Another weekend, strange thoughts inside of me
Is it Vanessa whom I am
Really going there to see

I'd smoke a cigarette, I thought so secretly
But the door it gently opened
And he stood there smiling down at me
Then he pushed me backwards against the wall
I looked up 'cos he's so tall
And then he stared into my eyes
And kissed me so hard, I cried
Vanessa's father was sleeping with me at night
And I never said a word
Oh, but somehow we just got here
Her father, was sleeping with me at night

When I think back to then
I would count the days till I could see him again
Oh, no, oh, no, oh, no
The shaft of light would fall against my skin
That would seem sensual to him
But I am too young to use these qualities
You bitch, I must be evil I must be tainted
He breathed against the girl he's painted a thousand times
I gave up and put out to him
Now this is present time, look back on history
Oh, and it seems so clear
Everything has been planned out for me
My husband smiles at me
Sends love for me to see
I can't regret my past
'Cos Vanessa's father is married to me

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