## 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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