

Charlene Duncan

"I've Never Been To Me"

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Hey lady, you, lady, cursing at your life
You're a discontented mother and a regimented wife
I've no doubt you dream about the things you'll never
do
But I wish someone had talked to me like I wanna talk
to you
I've been to Georgia and California, anywhere I could
run
Took the hand of a preachman and we made love in
the sun
But I ran out of places and friendly faces
Because I had to be free
I've been to paradise, but I've never been to me
Please 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
I've been to Nice and the isle of Greece
While 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
supposed to see
I've been to paradise
But I've never been to me
(Spoken)
Hey, 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 love
Sometimes I've been to crying 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 free
Hey lady, I've been to paradise
But I've never been to me

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