

Kula Shaker "Troubadour"

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I'm dreaming of your brazen arms again
Your skin that's softer than snow
Keeps my darkness company
I swear that I'll never let go

Girl be kind; Be mine,
Let me be your troubadour
I don't deny, I can't sing and I'm poor
You make a liar, you make a freak
You make a prince out the poet in me

I see two wild horses by a stream
Heading for the old country
A voice says "boy it's all in your head"
It's seems pretty real to me

Girl be kind; Be mine,
Let me be your troubadour
I don't deny, I can't sing and I'm poor
You make a liar, you make a freak
You make a prince out of the poet in me

A Troubadour

My love, my muse
Come with me
Cast out from the world we know

Eastward bound
Out to the sea
Eastward bound
Out to the sea

Our fortune awaits us there
Our fortune awaits, awaits us there

Doll, be kind, be mine,
Let me be your troubadour
I don't deny, I can't sing and I'm poor
I was a liar, I was a freak
You made a prince out of the poet in me
Out of the poet in me.

A Troubadour

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