

Laura Nyro

"When I Was A Freeport And You Were The Main..."

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Vanessa's Father.
He liked to be alone
Creating works of art
Which he painted 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 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 w a different look upon my face.
When I was 15 and he a certain charm the way he
smiled at me and the way he gently touched my arm.
And somehow we would always be alone
When it was time to take me home
And so we'd speed through the country side
In his convertible we'd ride.
Vanessa's Father was driving me home at night,
And I never said word oh but somehow we just got
here.
Her father was driving me home at night
Oh when I think back to then
I would count the days til 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 ciggerette, 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 cause he's so tall and then he stared into
my eyes
And kissed me so hard I cried.
Vanessa's father was sleeping w me at night
And I never said a word but somehow we just got here
Her father was sleeping w me at night
When I think back then, I would count the days I could
see him again.
Oh no oh no oh no
The shaft of lite would fall against my skin
That would seem sensual to him but I'm too young to

use these qualities
You bet I must be evil I must be tainted
He'd breath against the girl he's paint

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