

Marianne Faithfull "Like Being Born"

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My father promised me roses
My mother promised me storms
My father taught me to use my mind
My mother taught me scorn

He touches me lightly with his hand
It feels like being born
It feels like being born
It feels like being born

My father promised me green trees
My mother promised me stars
I hardly see the love I have
It all goes by so fast

He kisses me gently with his lips
It's near, what once was far
It's near, what once was far
It's near, what once was far

My father promised me roses
My mother promised me thorns
My father taught me to use my mind
My mother taught me scorn

He touches me lightly with his hand
It feels like being born
It feels like being born
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