

Colin Vearncombe

"Misbegotten Child"

Visit "[Misbegotten Child](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ah wish me back where I am from
She was as pretty as a picture
And she laughed and held my hand and kicked my
toe...
And she spoke about you

I would have been nowhere but where we were and it
Didn't seem to matter if she cared
So though my heart was flipping,
Going; do! do! do!
She spoke about you

Misbegotten child did you throw it all away, now you
Try to hide your tears in the pouring rain?
I want to hear those violins,
Feel those bumps and bells,
Know the devils groan in hell 'cause they can't have
You

Ah wish me back where I am from
And take your hands off of my collar!
What you're going through's not what you're supposed
to
She spoke about YOU;

She threw her head back
And she sang out your name
And I wondered what to do
And if I wanted to
So though my heart was flipping over, going; do! do!
Do! do!
She spoke about you

Wish me back where I came from
She was as pretty as a picture
And she laughed and held my hand and kicked my
toe...

And she still said "no"

