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Colin Vearncombe "Misbegotten Child"

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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"

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