

Cressida "Munich"

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Playpen of the young with so much money to spare
Have you got some time to lend to me?
I'm pleading ignorance so show me on, take me in
Before I got lost in my private sea
I'd like to join the circus for a round of path
I'm very young but willing to learn
So much life flying by in your eyes
Something tells me that it's my turn

Please don't turn away as I've got something going
free
A sensitive appeal to melt you down
I think that I'm involved in musical poverty
All I know is that it's slowly killing me

I'll drink my wine and you can take my hand
As long as you are soft and gentle please
And take it slow I have to feel my way
Intensely into every upness fear

I'll drink my wine and you can take my hand
As long as you are soft and gentle please
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I suppose that I should leave things well alone, go on
home
I'll have to tell my mother I have been away so long,
been away so long

Taken unawares, so afraid of how I felt
Now I can really say I know cause I've been there
If I am to share you bed
I'll share your head as well

Am I reading into this or that is really there?
Do I really care?
Is it just the aura of everything combined
Dogging up my mind?
Mitigating circumstances all you seem to blame
Though it's all the same
Now I can really say I know cause I've been there

Know cause I've been there, I've been there

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