

Nadia Oh "I've Never Been To Me"

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Hey lady, you lady, cursing at your life
You're a discontented mother
And a regimented wife
I've no doubt you dream about the things you never do
But I wish someone had talk to me
Like I.. wanna talk to you

Ooh, I've been to Georgia, and California, and anywhere I could run
Took the hand of a preacher man
And we.. made love in the sun
But I've ran out of places and friendly faces
Because I had to be free
I've been to paradise
But I've.. never been to me

Please lady, please lady, don't just walk away 'Cause I have this need to tell you Why I'm all alone today I can see so much of me Still living in your eyes Won't you share a part Of a weary heart That has.. lived a million lives

Ooh I've been to Neese

And the isle of Greece where they sip champagne on a yacht

I've moved like Harlow in Montecarlo and showed them what I've got

I've been undressed by hands, and I've seen some things

That a woman ain't supposed to see I've been to paradise But I've never been to me

Sometimes I've been to crying for unborn children
That might have made me complete
But I, I took the sweet life and never knew I'd be bitter
from the sweet
I've spent my life exploring the subtle whoring that cost

too much to be free I've been to paradise Never been to me I've been to paradise But I've never been to me Ohh... Yeah yeah yeah...

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