

Marie-Jo Th?Rio

"Song for lydia lee"

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I don't want to be
A pretty pink candy
In a golden pocket
Wrapped in velvet
For you to slowly let me melt
In your mouth
For you to slowly let me melt
In your mouth
And to disappear when I hear
Oh, dear...

I don't want to be
A r?verie
An exotic princess
A bumbling bee
Sitting on the edge of the umbrella
Of your Pina Colada
Sitting on the edge
Of your Pina Colada
And fly away
When I hear you say
Oh, dear...

I want to live in Londonderry
It's a pretty, pretty city
And a house so cosy
Some chairs and a window
And left over meals
From the evening
Just before
I want to leave in Londonderry
With trees so tall
And a heart like a daisy
Oh, dear...

I don't want to be
A poodle in your circus
With amazing tricks
To overwhelm
The nice little ladies
With very pink hats

And tiny little shoes
The nice little ladies
With a front row ticket
... and hear them say
With diamond eyes
Oh, dear...

I want to live in Londonderry
It's a pretty, pretty city
And a house so cosy
Some chairs and a window
And left over meals
From the evening just before
I want to leave in Londonderry
And plant a seed
And grow a dream so real
Oh, dear...

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