

The Geraldine Fibbers "Folks Like Me"

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Don't cry when I say, goodbye love
My hearts want to remain what I've become
But I feel your little hands a tremblin'
'Cause you know the love we shared is nearly done

And I'm goin' back to the place where
Folks like me are from

My people won't forget me
They'll kill me if I try to fight
There's just no word for this where I come from
I was a trusted servant, a noble scientist
But now a fugitive lover's what I've become

And I'm goin' back to the place where
Folks like me are from

I told you from the start
That I was not what I appeared
But one look in your eyes and I loved you
My plans were corrupted by your sweet finger tips
And I was never meant to fall in love

My work here was simple till I met you
I should've gone back a long time ago
This body's gettin' old and you know
I'll die in the cold winter sun

I'm goin' back to the place
My old life and my old face
I'm goin' back to the place where
Folks like me are from

Your Lord knows I don't want to leave here
I'd like to stay in this little house and provide for you
And if I knew I'd only be riskin' my own life
I'd stay until they came and struck me dead
But I couldn't stand to see them hurt a hair on your
sweet head

So, goodbye to laughter and kisses
Goodbye to your belly and your tongue

Back home I'll soon forget just what bliss is
And it don't seem fair

But I'm goin' back to the place
Back to my own race
You won't have to live life on the run
I'm goin' back to the place where
Folks like me are from

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