

Laura Nyro, When I Was A Freeport And You We

Vanessa's Father.

He liked to be alone
creating works of art
which he painted in a cottage made of stone
one day I crept inside
and I was unaware of what I was going to find
well the pictures opened up my mind
I saw sculptures of young lovers intertwined.
And on their bodies he had signed his name
and so I left that place w/ a different look upon my face.
When I was 15 and he a certain charm the way he smiled at me and the way he gently touched my
And somehow we would always be alone
When it was time to take me home
and so we'd speed through the country side
In his convertible we'd ride.

Vanessa's Father was driving me home at night,
and I never said word oh but somehow we just got here.

Her father was driving me home at night
oh when I think back to then
I would count the days til I could go there again.

oh no oh no oh no

Another weekend.

Strange thoughts inside of me.

Is it vanessa whom, I am really going there to see
I'd smoke a cigarette, I thought so secretly
but the door it gently opened and he stood there smiling down at me
then he pushed me backwards against the wall
I looked up cause he's so tall and then he stared into my eyes
and kissed me so hard I cried.

Vanessa's father was sleeping w/ me at night
and I never said a word but somehow we just got here
her father was sleeping w/ me at night
when I think back then, I would count the days I could see him again.

oh no oh no oh no

the shaft of lite would fall against my skin
that would seem sensual to him but I'm too young to use these qualities
you bet I must be evil I must be tainted

He'd breath against the girl he's painted a thousand times

I give up and put out to him

now this is present time,

look back on history

oh and it seems so clear

everything has been planned out for me

My husband smiles at me

sends love for me to see

I can't regret my past

cause Vanessa's Father is married to me.