

Marianne Faithfull, Like Being Born

My father promised me roses
My mother promised me storms
My father taught me to use my mind
My mother taught me scorn
He touches me gently with his hand
It feels like being born
It feels like being born
It feels like being born.

My father promised me green trees,
My mother promised me stars.
I hardly see the love I have -
It all goes by so fast -
He kisses me gently with his lips
It's near, what once was far
It's near, what once was far
It's near, what once was far.

My father promised me roses
My mother promised me thorns
My father taught me to use my mind
My mother taught me scorn
He touches me lightly with his hand
It feels like being born
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