

# As One, I've Never Been To Me

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...