Cantatonia, Don't Need The Sunshine

I'd be your Baba Papa I'd be your Baba Papa If you'd be a Baba Papa to me

I'd be your table and chair Philippe Starck or Bill Umblair If you'd be a Baba Papa to me

And I'd be your angel Ride you until you're warmer Be your cradle Swing you until you fall

I'd be your son and your heir Destitute but debonair Though ill advised and ill in debt

I'll never be drained or misled

I stole your dreams and Infatuated with this freedom Say the word and I could be them

And I'd be your angel Ride you until you're warmer Be your cradle Swing you until you're tired out

Just say the word and I could be them Take your pick and I could be her Infatuated with this freedom Say the word and I could be them