

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