

Charlene, I've Never Been To Me

Hey lady, you lady
cursing at your life
you're a discontented mother
and a regimented wife
I have no doubt
you dream about the things you never do
but I wish someone had talked to me like I wanna talk to you

Oh, 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 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

Oh, I've been to Nice and the isle of Greece
when I sipped champagne on a yacht
I moved like Harlo in Monte Carlo
and showed them what I've got
I've been undressed by kings
and I've seen some things that a woman ain't s'pose to see
I've been to paradise but I've never been to me...

Hey, you know what paradise is?
It's a lie
a fantasy we created about people and places
as we like them to be
but you know what truth is?
it's that little baby you're holding
and it's that man you fought with this morning
the same one you are gonna make love to tonight
that's truth that's love

sometimes I've been to crying for unborn children
that might have made me complete
but I, I took the sweet life
I never knew I'd be bitter from the sweet

I spent my life exploring
the subtle whoreing
that cost too much to be free
hey lady I've been to paradise
but I've never been to me...

I've been to paradise but I've never been to me...