

# 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...