

Steve Winwood, Vagabond Virgin

Tell me how you want me to be, then look again and you will see
That I'm still the same love
Think me into any shape, your twisted mind has no escape
But don't be ashamed, love, it's just a game, love
But don't be ashamed, love, it's just a game, love
You can learn how to play

Born like you were in a terrible mess, didn't know what it was to have a new dress
You just wanted to scream out my name
Till somebody said, 'let me take you to bed'
And with money and lies they filled up your head
You were barely thirteen, a child from the villages
So fresh on the scene