

Phil Collins

Big Scary

Lady of the forest,
take me to the river
pluck me from my warm nest,
down to the river
baby of the water,
I long for my mother's arms
angel of disorder,
I long for a lover's charms

Send my voice into the heavens
and my heart into the black earth
but I'll not forfeit all my love
cause I know you're up above somewhere
curse me with your brimstone,
curse me with your fire
it's not a book, it's not a throne,
it is you whom I require
oh the torture and the pain,
and the sight of you standing there
but I'll not forfeit all my love
'cause I know you're up above somewhere

Heathen child of fire,
conquer my desire
be the word out on the streets,
be the words that I admire
be the song down from the heavens
and the rumble of the black earth
but I'll not forfeit all my love
'cause I know you're up above somewhere