

Patricia

James Marsters

She has a piano
And her hands dance lustily
On the keys
She has a pen and a paper
And she draws her favourite people
And one is me

She wasn't supposed to be cool
Now I'm her fool
But I don't care
She's given me a passkey
That has led me
To the world of Patricia, Patricia

Patricia, Patricia

Small breasts
Curved hip
Dark eyes
Full lip
Small hands
Long arms
Touch me
I'm gone

Now please
Make your own cage
Now she wants out
Now she breaks out

Now I sit here and I sigh
'Cause the girl has gone back home
To Germany
I can't
Break through
And get to Patricia, Patricia

Patricia, Patricia

Patricia