

## Troubadour

Kula Shaker

I'm dreaming of your brazen arms again  
Your skin that's softer than snow  
Keeps my darkness company  
I swear that I'll never let go

Girl be kind; Be mine,  
Let me be your troubadour  
I don't deny, I can't sing and I'm poor  
You make a liar, you make a freak  
You make a prince out the poet in me

I see two wild horses by a stream  
Heading for the old country  
A voice says "boy it's all in your head"  
It's seems pretty real to me

Girl be kind; Be mine,  
Let me be your troubadour  
I don't deny, I can't sing and I'm poor  
You make a liar, you make a freak  
You make a prince out of the poet in me

A Troubadour

My love, my muse  
Come with me  
Cast out from the world we know

Eastward bound  
Out to the sea  
Eastward bound  
Out to the sea

Our fortune awaits us there  
Our fortune awaits, awaits us there

Doll, be kind, be mine,  
Let me be your troubadour  
I don't deny, I can't sing and I'm poor  
I was a liar, I was a freak  
You made a prince out of the poet in me  
Out of the poet in me.

A Troubadour