

Give Me Back My Childhood

Perry Blake

An orchestra of women are out to get me
They have their reasons and I have many faults
An orchestra of women much like confetti
They stick around but not that long

Give me back my childhood
Give me back what I have lost

I walk along the shore and think of mary poppins
She knew then and she knows now
That confidence can make a cripple skip on rivers
She knew then, she knew then

Give me back my childhood
Give me back what I have lost