

# I've Never Been To Me

Randy Crawford

Hey lady, you, lady, cursin' at your life  
You're a discontented mother and a rich inventive wife  
I've no doubt you dream about the things you'll never do  
But I wish someone had a talked to me like I wanna talk to you

Ooh I've been to Georgia and California, oh, anywhere I could run  
Took the hand of a preacher man and we made love in the sun  
But I ran out of places and friendly faces because I had to be free  
I've been to paradise, but I've never been to me

Please lady, please, lady, don't just walk away  
Cause I have this need to tell you why I'm all alone today  
I can see so much of me still living in your eyes  
Won't you share a part of a weary heart that has lived a million lies

Oh I've been to Nice and the isle of Greece  
While I sipped champagne on a yacht  
I moved like Harlow in Monte Carlo and showed 'em what I've got  
I've been undressed by kings and I've seen some things  
That a woman ain't s'posed to see  
I've been to paradise, but I've never been to me

Hey, you know what paradise is? It's a lie. A fantasy we create about  
People and places as we'd like them to be. But you know what truth is?  
It's that little baby you're holding, and it's that man you fought with  
This morning, the same one you're going to make love with tonight.  
That's truth, that's love

Sometimes I've been to cryin' for unborn children  
That might have made me complete  
But I, I took the sweet life and never knew I'd be bitter from the sweet  
I spent my life exploring the subtle whoring that cost too much to be free  
Hey lady, I've been to paradise, but I've never been to me

I've been to paradise, never been to me  
(I've been to Georgia and California, and anywhere I could run)  
I've been to paradise, never been to me  
(I've been to Nice and the isle of Greece  
While I sipped champagne on a yacht)

I've been to paradise, never been to me  
(I've been to cryin' for unborn children)