

Natasha

Sally Oldfield

Woman standing on an empty stage
All alone, there's no one out there,
She's standing beneath the start,
Woman of ice, she just don't care!
Natasha's dreaming but she's dreaming with open eyes,
Woman of many faces, woman of disguise,
All her life she's been walking up a lonely mountain,
Hoping that some day, somewhere, someone
will really be there.

Natasha! come in from the cold!
There's people all around you who make you who you are,
Natasha! come in from the cold!
There's people who will love you just the way you are,
You don't need to look so far,
Think you gotta reach for the stars,
There's nothing you can do, they're standing
Right in front of you.

She'll play the game, set the scene,
It's happy skies and there's sea-gulls calling
You'd think she's got it made
But watch her close, the mask is falling,
Natasha's crying for a love that has never been,
Her eyes are filled with pain from some childhood scene,
All her life her castles in the sand have crumbled,
Lost in her desperation, she just can't hear them calling.

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