

Christy Lauren, Vanessa's Father

vanessa's father, who liked to be alone,
creating works of art,
which he'd paint in a cottage made of stone.
one day I crept inside, and I was unaware,
of what I was going to find,
well the pictures they opened up my mind.
I saw sculptured of young lovers intertwined,
and on their bodies he had signed his name,
so I left that place, with a different look upon my face.
When I was fifteen, he had a certain charm,
the way he smiled at me, and the way that he'd gently touch my arm.
and somehow we would always be alone,
when it was time to take me home and so we'd speed through the
countryside,
in his convertible we'd ride.
Vanessa's father was driving me home at night,
and I never said a word, oh but somehow we just got here,
her father, was driving me home at night,
when I think back to then, I would count the days till I could see him
again, oh no, oh no, oh no.
another weekend, strange thoughts inside of me,
is it Vanassa, whom I am really going there to see,
I'd smoke a cigarette, I thought so secretly,
but the door it gently opened and he stood there smiling down at me.
Then he pushed me backwards against the wall,
I looked up cos hes so tall and then he stared into my eyes,
and kissed me so hard, I cried.
Vanassa's father, was sleeping with me at night,
and I never said a word, oh but somehow we just got here,
her father, was sleeping with me at night,
when I think back to then, I would count the days till I could go there
again,
oh no oh no, oh no.
The shaft of light would fall against my skin,
that would seem sensual to him but I am too young to use these
qualitiess,
you bitch, I must be evil I must be tainted,
he breathed against the girl hes painted a thousand times I gave up,
and put out to him.
now this is present time, look back on history,
oh and it seems so clear, everything has been planned out for me,
my husband smiles at me, sends love for me to see,
I can't regret my past,
cos,
vanassa's father is married to me.