

## Like Being Born

Marianne Faithfull

My father promised me roses  
My mother promised me thorns  
My father taught me to use my mind  
My mother taught me scorn  
He touches me lightly with his hand  
It feels like being born

My father promised me green trees  
My mother promised me stars  
I hardly seen the love I have  
It all goes by so fast  
He kisses me gently with his lips  
It's near what once was far

My father promised me roses  
My mother promised me thorns  
My father taught me to use my mind  
My mother taught me scorn  
He touches me lightly with his hand  
It feels like being born