

I have never been one for prettiness prettiness  
Thinking of lace 'bout makes me puke  
But the thing i just bought has a little bit little bit  
I'm putting it on and i'm thinking of you

When i was a child i followed some holy men  
Going into woods to do their work  
I had an overcoat on just to cover me cover me  
Listening for anything i might learn

And there were stars up in the heavens  
And if they caught me, what could they do?  
They did not know i was a woman  
At least i didn't think they knew

I think about it when i look at him look at him  
Everybody hides from what they are  
Take me, i used to think i was as empty as an emperor  
That's what i thought but i've come so far

His turkish drums and two way mirrors  
The way he moves, slow motion slow  
He does not know i am a woman  
But i think i might want him to know