

# Riptide

Lou Reed

She's out of her mind  
like the wind in the storm  
Oh, like the ocean in the dawn  
as it disappears, with the riptide

She's out of her mind  
she's pulled away by the moon  
She's ripped from her sleep  
as the cold luna sweep gains control

Ooohhh, what you gonna do with your emotions  
Ah, ones you barely recognize  
In your sleep I heard your screaming, ooohhh  
"This is not voluntary! This is not voluntary!  
If this is life I'd rather die!"

In the riptide, in the riptide

She's out of her mind, riptide  
like a muscle that swells  
You know when you trip  
whether you're well or sick, your body aches

She's out with the tide  
gone to a prisoner's dance  
Where a monkey's her date  
eating limbs off a plate with a spoon

Ooohhh, what you gonna do with your emotions  
said the seagull to the loon  
What you gonna do with your emotions

She said "Please wake me up"  
She said "Don't touch me now"  
She said "I wish I was dead"

With the riptide

She's out of her mind  
riptide, you always win  
It happens over and over again  
riptide

She's out of her mind  
like a hurricane's rain  
She does not stand a chance  
at this luna dance, riptide

I was thinking of Van Gogh's last painting  
the wheatfields and the crows  
Is that perhaps what you've been feeling  
When you see the ground  
as you fall from the shy  
As the floors disappears from beneath your feet riptide

She's going out of her mind  
out with the tide

out of her mind  
riptide

She's going out of her mind  
with the riptide  
She's going out of her mind  
ah, riptide