

The Tide

Lucy Kaplansky

There are demons in the water
There are devils in the sea
There are dangers in the current
When the tide goes out of me

I could drink you under the table
I could drink you out of town
I could drink you off the planet
Drink myself into the ground

And I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you

I was made to be a good girl
Carried buckets made of stone
Full of envy, full of sorrow
On a tightrope all alone

And all the time I was on fire
I burned with every stride
And now I see this anger
Is the horse I choose to ride

Now you say you want something nice from me
Well, if you find it, take it, it's on me
In the meantime don't bother me
The tide has washed the nice from me

And I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you

In the nothing are the voices
And the pictures of my life
In the nothing of the sky
Is an ocean made of light

In the nothing of my silence
Is a sad-eyed little girl
On a tightrope she is singing
As she passes through this world

I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you tonight
I have nothing for you