

# Turning Of The Tide

Richard Thompson

How many boys, one night stands?  
How many lips, how many hands have held you?  
Like I'm holding you tonight

Too many nights, staying up late  
Too much powder and too much paint  
No, you can't hide from the turning of the tide

Did they run their fingers  
Up and down your shabby dress?  
Did they find some tender moment  
There in your caress?

The boys all say, "You look so fine"  
They don't come back for a second time  
Oh, you can't hide from the turning of the tide

Poor little sailor boy  
Never set eyes on a woman before  
Did he tell you that he'd love you  
Darling, for evermore?

Pretty little shoes, cheap perfume  
Creaking bed in a hotel room  
Oh, you can't hide from the turning of the tide

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