

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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Did they find some tender moment
There in your caress?

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Oh, you can't hide from the turning of the tide