

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