

# Nowhere

Lucy Kaplansky

So cold today  
Wind is blowing  
You turn your face away  
Can hardly see where you're going

Walking downtown  
Eighth Street, Washington Square  
Stepping carefully  
In the footprints someone left there

While the city all around you  
Becomes only paper thin  
And the wind on your face  
Is freezing someone else's skin

And the sun is making movies  
Slo-mo black and white  
You wish you could breathe the cold air  
And feel it move inside

I know what it is to be nowhere  
I know what it's like  
I know what it is to be nowhere

Long ago in your room  
Pretended you were far away  
Then you looked into your mother's eyes  
Saw no one was reflected there

Now your secrets are your companions  
You know them all by heart  
They're written on your body  
You read them in the dark

Carved underneath your sweater  
So you'll always remember  
At least they're something  
To hold onto, hold onto

I know what it is to be nowhere  
I know what it's like  
I know what it is to be nowhere, nowhere

Walking downtown  
To a place you've never been before  
Go inside and say your name  
And close the door

Go inside, say your name  
And close the door  
Go inside, go inside, go inside