

Turning of the Tide

Midnight Choir

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
But 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?

Boys all say you look so fine
Don't come back for a second time
But 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, forever more?

Pretty little shoes, cheap perfume
Creaking bed in the hotel room
But you can't hide from the Turning of the Tide

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From the Turning of the Tide