

# These Women

Alix Dobkin

I wanna flow in the streams of consciousness  
Row across the rivers of loneliness  
Steer clear of the rocks  
Oh, I wanna dive for pearls  
In folds of glistening tides  
I wanna roll on the high seas ride  
The passions of our lives

Flight from L.A., arrivals, searching eyes for someone  
But not that one. I watch and fantasize  
She looks good, looks my age  
So self-contained, and she gives me strength  
These women move through my life

Tennis is her claim to fame. She's got cute curls,  
A good stride. A bit too thin.  
Why I do I thrill to hear her small cry each time she serves?  
What a dish! I can wish!  
When women move through my life  
These women move through my life

I wanna flow in the streams of consciousness  
Row across the rivers of loneliness  
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Row across the rivers of loneliness

Breakfast at Dewey's, two years  
Best friends, and then she died  
She was quite outrageous. Every day  
I wish she was sitting across the table  
Drinking her tea. She loved me.  
And she moved through my life  
These women move through my life

She's at the toll booth, takes my money  
Hands me my receipt, and our eyes meet  
And suddenly we have made each other more real.  
We just have to smile. It's the force of life  
These women bring to my life  
These women move through my life

I wanna flow in the streams of consciousness

Row across the rivers of loneliness

Steer clear of the rocks

Oh, I wanna dive for pearls

In folds of glistening tides

I wanna roll on the high seas ride

Roll on the high seas ride

Roll on the high seas ride

The passions of our lives

I wanna flow, row

I wanna go

I wanna row and flow

I wanna dive for pearls in folds of glistening, glistening tides

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