Riptide

TV-Theme

She's out of her mind
Like the wind in a storm
Oh, like the ocean at dawn
As it disappears, with the riptideShe's out of her mind
She's pulled away by the moon
She's ripped from her sleep
As the cold luna sweep gains controlOoh, what you gonna do with your emotions
Ah, ones you barely recognize
In your sleep I heard you screaming, ooh
"This is not voluntary! This is not voluntary!
If this is life, I'd rather die!"In the riptide, in the riptideShe's out of her mind, riptide
Like a muscle that swells
You know when you trip
Whether you're well or sick, your body achesShe'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"Ooh, what you gonna do with your emotions"
Said the seagull to the loon
What you gonna do with your emotionsShe said "Please wake me up"
She said "Don't touch me now"
She said "I wish, I was dead"With the riptideShe's out of her mind
Riptide, you always win
It happens over and over again
RiptideShe's out of her mind
Like a hurricane's rain
She does not stand a chance
At this luna dance, riptideI 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 riptideShe's going out of her mind
Out with the tide
Out of her mind
RiptideShe's going out of her mind
Ah, with the riptide
She's going out of her mind
Ah, riptide

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