

Tigers

Rickie Lee Jones

The tigers come at four
Shaped like the curtain and the floor
Like the stars they once were wild and cold
Your turn to see me
I cant believe its really you
Sharpening your teeth on my low womb
Playing with tigers
Chasing the lampshade with my toes
Playing with tigers
Till I find out where it goes
You check your clothes
You come and lay with me a while
In the theater of dream
We are sleeping in the aisle
Wind climbs up the brick
Carrying brightly colored ghosts
They play on you with
The light from the street below
Playing with tigers
Chasing the lamp with my toes
Playing with tigers
Until I find out where it goes
Where it goes, where it goes, I tried to leave you
But you sent all the cars to bring me back
Tigers are falling like paper on our parade
Tigers, tigers
And the mail blowing out of the mailbox
Down the street, yeah, yeah
Tigers
I cant tell you anymore than that
Ill tell you tomorrow when the train comes
Tomorrow when the train comes

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