

# Riptide

Lou Reed

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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