

# The Tide

Lucy Kaplansky

There are demons in the water  
There are devils in the sea  
There are dangers in the current  
When the tide goes out of me I could drink you under the table  
I could drink you out of town  
I could drink you off the planet  
Drink myself into the ground And I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you I was made to be a good girl  
Carried buckets made of stone  
Full of envy, full of sorrow  
On a tightrope all alone And all the time I was on fire  
I burned with every stride  
And now I see this anger  
Is the horse I choose to ride Now you say you want something nice from me  
Well, if you find it, take it, it's on me  
In the meantime don't bother me  
The tide has washed the nice from me And I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you In the nothing are the voices  
And the pictures of my life  
In the nothing of the sky  
Is an ocean made of light In the nothing of my silence  
Is a sad-eyed little girl  
On a tightrope she is singing  
As she passes through this world I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you tonight  
I have nothing for you

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