

Richard Thompson

"Turning Of The Tide"

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How many boys, one night stands,
How many lips, how many hands, have held you
Like I'm holding you tonight
Too many nights, staying up late,
Too much powder and too much paint
No you can't hide from the turning of the tide

Did they run their fingers up and down your shabby
dress
Did they find some tender moment there in your caress

The boys all say "You look so fine"
They don't come back for a second time
Oh you can't hide from the turning of the tide

Poor little sailor boy, never set eyes on a woman before
Did he tell you that he'd love you, darling, for
evermore?

Pretty little shoes, cheap perfume,
Creaking bed in a hotel room
Oh you can't hide from the turning of the tide

Did they run their fingers up and down your shabby
dress
Did they find some tender moment there in your caress

The boys all say "You look so fine",
They don't come back for a second time
Oh you can't hide from the turning of the tide

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