

## **Rickie Lee Jones** **"Tigers"**

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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 can't believe its really you  
Sharpening your teeth on my low womb

Playing with tigers  
Chasing the lampshade with my toes  
Playing with tigers  
'Til 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 can't tell you anymore than that.  
I'll tell you tomorrow when the train comes.  
Tomorrow when the train comes

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