

Thompson Richard

"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, too much paint

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?

Boys all say you look so fine

Don't come back for a second time

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 ever
more?

Pretty little shoes, cheap perfume

Creaking bed in the hotel room

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?

Boys all say you look so fine

Don't come back for a second time

You can't hide from the Turning of the Tide

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