

Lou Reed, Riptide

She's out of her mind, like the wind in the storm
Like the ocean in the dawn as it disappears, with the riptide
She's out of her mind, she's pulled away by the moon
She's ripped from her sleep ... As the cold luna sweep gains control

What you gonna do ... With your emotions
Ones you barely recognize
In your sleep I heard your screaming
"This is not voluntary! This is not voluntary !
If this is life I'd rather die !"

In the riptide ...

She's out of her mind, riptide
Like a muscle that swells
You know when you trip
Whether you're well or sick
Your body aches
She'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

What you gonna do with your emotions
Said the seagull to the loon
What you gonna do with your emotions

She said " Please wake me up"
She said " Don't touch me now"
She said " I wish I was dead"

In the riptide

She's out of her mind riptide ... You always win
It happens over and over again rip tide
She's out of her mind like a hurricane's rain
She does not stand a chance at this luna dance riptide

I 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 riptide

She's going out of her mind ...
With the riptide ...