

# Nina Simone, The Desperate Ones

They hold each others hands  
They walk without a sound  
Down forgotten streets  
Their shadows kiss the ground  
Their footsteps sing a song  
That's ended before it's begun  
They walk without a sound  
The desperate ones

Just like the tiptoe moth  
That dance before the flame  
They burn their hearts so much  
That death is just a name  
And if love calls again  
So foolishly they run, they run, they run  
They run, they run, they run, they run  
They run without a sound  
The desperate ones

I know the road they're on  
I've walked their crooked mile  
A hundred times or more  
I drank their cup of bile  
They watch their dreams go down  
Be hind the settin sun  
Yeh, yeh, yeh, they walk without a sound  
The desperate ones

Le he who threw the stone at them  
Stand up and take a bow  
He knows the verb "to love"  
But he'll never, never, never know how  
On the bridge of nevermore  
They disappear one by one  
Disappear without a sound  
The desperate ones

And underneath the bridge  
The water's sweet and deep  
This is their journey's end  
The land of endless sleep  
They cry to us for help  
We think it's all in fun,  
They cry, they cry, they cry, they cry  
Without a sound  
They disappear without a sound  
They walk without a sound without a sound  
Disappear without a sound  
Cry without a sound  
Yai, yaj, yaj, yaj, yaj, yaj, yaj  
The desperate ones