

Rickie Lee Jones, Tigers

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