

Lucy Kaplansky, Nowhere

So cold today
Wind is blowing
You turn your face away
Can hardly see where you're going

Walking downtown
Eighth Street, Washington Square
Stepping carefully
In the footprints someone left there

While the city all around you
Becomes only paper thin
And the wind on your face
Is freezing someone else's skin

And the sun is making movies
Slo-mo black and white
You wish you could breathe the cold air
And feel it move inside

I know what it is to be nowhere
I know what it's like
I know what it is to be nowhere

Long ago in your room
Pretended you were far away
Then you looked into your mother's eyes
Saw no one was reflected there

Now your secrets are your companions
You know them all by heart
They're written on your body
You read them in the dark

Carved underneath your sweater
So you'll always remember
At least they're something to hold onto
Hold onto

I know what it is to be nowhere
I know what it's like
I know what it is to be nowhere
Nowhere

Walking downtown
To a place you've never been before
Go inside and say your name
And close the door
Go inside, say your name
And close the door
Go inside
Go inside
Go inside