

Rickie Lee Jones, Gravity

There are wounds that stir up the force of gravity
A cold that will wipe the hope from your eyes
Young girl standing underneath the "L" train
Standing there, watching the trains go by ...
You think that nobody knows where you are, girl
You think that nobody knows how this feels
Alone, in a world of your own
There you are girl
The small things float
To the top of gravity
Gravity
I'm telling you where it is
Gravity

We walk in easy snakes
Through the roulette rattling of the ethyl
And now the arson smell of moon
Polishes a newsstand
They empty the gas can
The watch the fire
If there are three girls running
There are three girls running nowhere
From remedies
That you call random
We call by name
And ask them to explain why

Oh, no I heard somebody
Hush up
Don't say nothing
I thought I heard someone
Well we walk when we want to go
Nobody's gonna be there
Seen somebody, somebody
Be quiet
Nobody's there ...
Nobody

I could not say no to the light of my desire
I'm not asking so much
But you roll-call the passion
His lips ?
No
His back ?
No
His face?
No, no, no
I'm not asking so much!
I try to imagine another planet, another sun
Where I don't look like me
And everything I do matters
Where you are, girl
In your green paint
With a pin to pull
At the fingertips of gravity
Gravity
I'm telling you where it is
Gravity