

The Desperate Ones

Nina Simone

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