

Over The Rhine, Birds

fall on me
fall on me
birds of a feather in a featherless cap
poor lovers breed songs in a two-room flat
moist hands fold to pray for a painless truth
we dance on the tracks of a train called
youth
truth's on the table like a toxic spill
and we wrestle in the sheets with our own freewill
if we never shake hands with a phantom called fame
I'll still have your picture in a picture
frame
if you should fall
fall on me

forty-acre farm we can call our own
with a chocolate lab and no telephone
the full moon's leering in a lover's swoon
and the apple tree's swaying to a windy
tune
(save me I'm falling for you)
but we won't get to heaven if we just sit still
if we don't cry murder maybe no one will
we're riding tandem down Sycamore hill
if we hit the brakes we're gonna take a big spill
if you should fall
fall on me

and if my hand were taken hold of
I'd slip away with you love
slip away with you love