

# Over The Rhine, Conjectures Of A Guilty Bystander

you are a gardener  
you cultivate my soul  
you water thirsty vines  
that snake along my spine  
in case I forget to shiver  
you are a carpenter  
you build the scaffolding  
replace the windowpane  
I see the sky again  
as if I've been delivered

you are a fisherman  
my weather lets you know  
when and when not to wait  
your hook's inside the bait  
I'm wary but I swallow  
you are a messenger  
you bring me all the news  
the kind that never lies  
it's written in my eyes  
you beckon and it follows  
I get to be guilty I

you are a singer too  
carry me like a tune  
I'm like a newborn child  
I'm wrapped up for a while  
you're swaying like a hobo  
you are a circus clown  
I've never laughed before  
beneath your canopy  
oh say a prayer for me  
I want this in a photo

so be a photographer  
I'm dancing naked now  
across the maple floor  
above the lion's roar  
your pictures will protect me  
you must be a scientist by now  
with rumpled midnight hair  
you're studied ever pore  
and every follicle  
of my bewildered body  
I get to be guilty I

yours is a different light  
I like my face that way  
the canvas of my skin  
serene and strange but true