

Over The Rhine, Fairpoint Diary

Fairpoint Diary

words and music: Linford Detweiler

recording: Films For Radio

i can't see my hands in front of my
face on a night like this
i just look back on my life
and think of all i've missed
i grew up south of here in towns
they tore apart for coal
as if to excavate the darkest
secrets of my soul

so it seems
life is just a troubled sea
that we sail for free
don't let me drown
if the rest of the world's goin' down
you've got to breathe your breath in me

everybody's story is more
interesting than mine
it took me twenty-some-odd-years
to see i'd been born blind

so i just feel my way to you
i try to keep you close
i'm never very good at getting
what I need the most

so it seems
life is just a troubled sea
that we sail for free
don't let me drown
if the rest of the world's goin' down
you've got to breathe your breath in me

the darkest part of every night
is just before the dawn
the sun begins to rise
when we admit that we were wrong

so here i stumble home to you
to find the words to use
it seems the voices in my head
i seldom get to choose

so it seems
life is just a troubled sea
that we sail for free
don't let me drown