

Over The Rhine, How Does It Feel To Be On My

Now if i could disclose secrets heaven only knows
if i'd lose all my ground and see your smile decompose
so i rest on the fact that i love you i suppose
and i hang like the colors on a blind man's clothes

how does it feel
how does it feel
how does it feel
to be on my mind

i'm the pale moon rising i'm the ghost in flight
that steals through the spaces of your inward night
i'm the moth that's resting on your windowsill
with a lust for light and an iron will

prey tell talk to me can you feel me in the fingers
of the wind in your hair as if i'm standing there
very well like a child running to some mademoiselle
in his hand to his ear is pressed a great seashell

i'm the moon-eyed fish swimming up to you
you're the tall Titanic but you'll be subdued
there's someone mapping out a rendezvous
it seems to me

you're in my shadow here in my room
love's such a strange word here in my room
i'm standing barefoot here in my room
sad as a gypsy here in my room