

Over The Rhine, If Nothing Else

If Nothing Else

words and music: Linford Detweiler

recording: Films For Radio

i'm so tired in the mornings
i try to go back
i try to remember
the light appearing
without warning
tying up my hands
like i'm good for nothing

if nothing else i can dream
i can dream
i'll never tell never tell
all i've seen
right in front of me
like the ghost of every thing that i could be

for the night sky is an ocean
black distant sea
washing up to my window
all the stray dog night owl junkies
orphans vagabonds
angels who lost their halos

if nothing else i can dream
i can dream
i'll never tell never tell
all i've seen
right in front of me,
like the ghost of every thing that i could be
in the cool and callous grip of reality

words in my head
like misfits after midnight
begging for a light
words left unsaid
they may never see the light of day
and that may be okay
if nothing else i can dream