

Over The Rhine, Il Est Dans Mon Poche

Il Est Dans Mon Poche
words and music: Bergquist
recording: Patience

Here is my fortune
here is my fame
here is my future
it's in my pocket

and if my fortune
weren't only lint and small change
wishing in one hand
bird in another
see which one will take me farthest from here

here is my hopelessness
though i'm not helpless
i need a window
that i can climb through

just one small opening
a little lantern to light my way
discovering my hands
catch at the altar
i fall on my face as the words hit my ear

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il est dans mon poche