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