

Over The Rhine, Jack's Valentine

Help me. Spread my table.
I've been tryin' but I'm just not able.
There's so much left inside,
so very much I've been tryin' to hide.
Life gets pretty heavy and I wish it was light,
but after all I love the night,
and there's that word again.
I still hear it every now and again.

I breathe you 'cause you help me forget
everything I don't know about love yet.
I need you 'cause you help me forget,
yeah, you help me forget.
I drink you 'cause you help me to see
it's mostly myself that's killin' me.
I think I have to, to help me forget
everything I don't know about love yet.

Someone said these were the best days,
best days of our life.
I suppose there could be worse ways,
worse ways to learn to cry.
And if these should be the last days,
the last days for you and I,
I suppose this is the best way,
best way to say goodbye.

I breathe you 'cause you help me forget
everything I don't know about love yet.
I need you 'cause you help me forget,
yeah, you help me forget.
I drink you 'cause you help me to see
it's mostly myself that's killin' me.
I think I have to, to help me forget
everything I don't know about love yet.

It snows in here. It snows forever,
but there's no Christmas underneath this weather.
When it blows here and gets real cold,
I wanna trip myself and fall upon your fabulous sword
and move here by the stained-glass window.
Forget about the inside ghetto.
Down here on the hardwood floor,
the lines on the ceiling start to swim once more
like a cheap Renoir, a fake Van Gogh,
a pop Monet, a blue Degas.
I breathe you. I need you. Ah.