

Over The Rhine, Jacksie

Her hair
her face
her figure in your window
her hands unlace your innermost
as you retrace the steps of her familiar
her ghost appears with raven eyes

to dance
to spin
to spill into your memory
to glare
to grin
to chill you now
but through the din of silence all around you
she stirs within she still knows how

they laid her in the ground
she still comes around
a love that never dies takes you by surprise

hello
hello
now she's the voice inside you
hello again so soft and low
do you suppose your disbelief could blind you
she's still alive for all you know

heaven couldn't hold her
she'll be by your side when it's your turn
all she's seen without you
to you she'll confide when it's your turn