

# 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