

Over The Rhine, Last Night

Last Night

words and music: Detweiler

recording: Besides

Last night I dreamt you cut off all your hair,
discarded all your beauty in despair,
declared yourself a concubine,
filled the bathtub full of wine,
bathed and drank the night away,
and said there'd never come a day
when politics would ever mean a thing.
Last night I dreamt you came and crowned me king.

Last night I dreamt you cut off all your hair
and laid it at the bottom of my stair
and waited by the garden gate
for one more rendezvous with fate,
kept a pistol in your dress
(the iron loved your sweet caress
as trigger-finger twitched at your command.)
Last night I dreamt we fell upon the sand.

Last night I dreamt you cut off all your hair
and sold your stockings at the county fair
and how the clowns did dance and sway
(the sheep and goats all had their say)
and there I'm sitting at the side
of the one who loved to ride
the ferris wheel in nothing but bare skin.
Last night I dreamt you knocked. I let you in.