

Over The Rhine, The Seahorse

Welcome to the goldrush.
Wait till after dark.
Open up the ceiling, we'll be kneeling,
we'll be breathing on a spark.

Flying kites at midnight,
such a dizzy height.
Up above the small town,
pulling moonlight down and wearing it skin tight.

You can always tell me
anything at all.
Think of all the times
you've let my lips move, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Suddenly I'm weightless.
Gravity is mine.
I see it with my eyes closed,
what my heart knows: we must leave this world behind.

'Cause when I wake from dreaming,
it's then I'm most alive.
Eye lids barely open, no words spoken,
ah, but you were by my side.

You can always tell me
anything at all.
Think of all the times
you've let my lips move, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Oh, what you're missing.
Don't you wanna see what you're missing?

I can always tell you
anything at all.
Break the alaba