

Birds

Over the Rhine

Fall on me
Fall on me
Fall on me
Fall on me

Birds of a feather and a featherless cap
Poor lovers breed songs in a two-room flat
Moist hands fold to pray for a painless truth
We dance on the tracks of a train called Youth

Truth's on the table like a toxic spill
And we wrestle in the sheets with our own freewill
If we never shake hands with a phantom called Fame
I'll still have your picture in a picture frame

If you should fall
Fall on me, yeah
Fall on me
Fall on me, yeah
Fall on me

Forty-acre farm we can call our own
With a chocolate lab and no telephone
The full moon's leering in a lover's swoon
And the apple tree's swaying to a windy tune
(Save me I'm falling for you)

But we won't get to heaven if we just sit still
If we don't cry murder maybe no one will
We're riding tandem down Sycamore hill
If we hit the brakes we're gonna take a big spill

If you should fall
Fall on me, yeah
Fall on me
Fall on me, yeah
Fall on me

And if my hand were taken hold of
I'd slip away with you love
Slip away with you love
Slip away with you love
Slip away with you love

Slip away with you love
Slip away with you love
Slip away with you love
Slip away with you love

Slip away with you love
Slip away with you love
Slip away with you love
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Birds of a feather and a featherless cap
Poor lovers breed songs in a two-room flat
Moist hands fold to pray for a painless truth

We dance on the tracks of a train called 'Youth'