

Over You

Billy Bragg

This street is named for flowers

It s barren, hot and gray

And shadows wheel on iron heels

And move along their way

The light that soothes me evening

Has cut me clean in two

But my blood, it runs with stars

And they ve fallen over you

Now the birds have stopped their whaling

They ve been whaling all their fear

The town is meaningless, folks unseen by us these many years

The waiting crowd in this blinding light like angry rivers do

It used be the wicked who surrender but no more

They ll draw a line through heart of mine, then smooth it like
a row

host give up their ghosts like death is nothing new

But I could live forever when I m dying over you

I may learn someday to offer more than what I feel

To set aside this wholesome pride and put my shoulder to the wh
eel

Build our truth then raise the roof and not confuse the true

But still we stand of rafters and the swing and there s laughte
r risen over you