

The Crossover

Destroyer

You come down from the mountain
They lose your scent in the fountain
You cross over, cross over and make it big

Women whistle while they work
And men make sense when they prevail
From debtor's jail, you have never looked so beautiful, no

"Tread lightly through the fog," said the Apothecary's daughter
"You don't want to go, but you gotta, into the half-
light of dawn."

The elegant attack, the omnivorous, but careful, strokes
The forger's folks are proud of their son
He has traded beauty in for fun

From a sick bed I read the nurse's notes you took the night before
You made the signs come alive
You made me strive for the door, ah

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"Tread lightly through the fog," said the Apothecary's daughter
"You don't want to go, but you gotta, into the half-
light of dawn." Oh

You come down from the mountain
You lose the dogs through the fountain
You cross over, you cross over and you win