## **Over the Rhine**

## **Birds**

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

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'