

## Etcetera Whatever

## Over the Rhine

Don't speak.  
Words come out your eyes.  
You're wet with this nightmare.  
Like thorns you hold these secrets to your breast,  
your slender fingers closing into fists.

Trace your bruise  
like a guilty streak.  
Hold the pain.  
You're a connoisseur.  
You think you have no other gift to give,  
but we have so much left to live.

We don't need a lot of money.  
We'll be sleeping on the beach,  
keeping oceans within reach.  
(Whatever private oceans we can conjure up for free.)  
I will stumble there with you  
and you'll be laughing close with me,  
trying not to make a scene  
etcetera. Whatever. I guess all I really mean

is we're gonna be alright.  
Yeah, we're gonna be alright.  
You can close your eyes tonight,  
'cause we're gonna be alright.

So come on now,  
I can almost see  
that place  
on a distant shore.  
And courage is a weapon we must use  
to find some life you can't refuse.

We don't need a lot of money.  
We'll be sleeping on the beach,  
keeping oceans within reach.  
(Whatever private oceans we can conjure up for free.)  
I will stumble there with you  
and you'll be laughing close with me,  
trying not to make a scene  
etcetera. Whatever. I guess all I really mean

is we're gonna be alright.  
Yeah, we're gonna be alright.  
You can close your eyes tonight,  
'cause we're gonna be alright.  
All that I can see is your eyes.  
Close your eyes.  
Close your eyes.