

If Nothing Else

Over the Rhine

i'm so tired in the mornings i try to go back i try to remember
the light appearing without warning tying up my hands like i'm
good for nothing

if nothing else i can dream i can dream i'll never tell never t
ell all i've seen right in front of me like the ghost of every
thing that i could be

for the night sky is an ocean black distant sea washing up to m
y window all the stray dog night owl junkies orphans vagabonds
angels who lost their halos

if nothing else i can dream i can dream i'll never tell never t
ell all i've seen right in front of me, like the ghost of every
thing that i could be in the cool and callous grip of reality

words in my head like misfits after midnight begging for a ligh
t words left unsaid they may never see the light of day and tha
t may be okay if nothing else i can dream