

Jacksie

Over the Rhine

Her hair
her face
her figure in your window
her hands unlace your innermost
as you retrace your steps of her familiar
her ghost appears with raven eyes

to dance
to spin
to spill into your memory
to glare
to grin
to chill you now
but through the din of silence all around you
she stirs within she still knows how

they laid her in the ground
she still comes around
a love that never dies takes you by surprise

hello
hello
now she