

My Love Is A Fever

Over the Rhine

My love is a fever
My love is a fable
My love is jazz licks
Improvised by toddlers
Bold Ulysses by nursery rhyme
And firelight

My love is a metamorphosis
Reason cold logic
Intuitively speaking
My love is syncopated
Spoon-fed ignorant
Well-read

My love is singular
My love is commonplace
As a gravedigger's own birthplace
My love is a medicine
Feeds the sick heals the poor
Turns up the volume on the blind

My word it's a trip
Like a migraine
On a moving train
It parachutes aeroplanes
Watch it fly

Eyes soar hands clap
Ears ring it's a sand trap
Hair raising amazing
Grey city transformations
As lips sink stomachs ache
Monkeys shine fire flies
Foxes trot hobs knob
Porches swing brains storm
Hearts attack and air supplies
Heads light tails spin
Steeple chase you along your chin
Rock slides

Out of the woods now
A virgin in buckskin
Moccasins tall thin
She plays your mandolin
So maudlin you begin to spin
Out of the woods now