

# Over You

Billy Bragg

This street is named for flowers  
It's barren, hot and gray  
And shadows wheel on iron heels  
And move along their way  
The light that soothes me evening  
Has cut me clean in two  
But my blood, it runs with stars  
And they've fallen over you  
Now the birds have stopped their whaling  
They've been whaling all their fear  
The town is meaningless, folks unseen by us these many years  
The waiting crowd in this blinding light like angry rivers do  
But silence builds a bridge which is swinging over you  
It used be the wicked who surrender but no more  
They'll draw a line through heart of mine, then smooth it like a row  
' host give up their ghosts like death is nothing new  
But I could live forever when I'm dying over you  
I may learn someday to offer more than what I feel  
To set aside this wholesome pride and put my shoulder to the wheel  
Build our truth then raise the roof and not confuse the true  
But still we stand of rafters and the swing and there's laughter risen over you

Songwriters

BRAGG, BILLY / HENRY, JOE

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