

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 firelightMy love is a metamorphosis reason
Cold logic, intuitively speaking
My love is syncopated, spoon-fed, ignorant, well-readMy 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 manMy word it's a trip like a migraine on a moving train
It parachutes, aeroplanes, watch it flyEyes soar, hands clap
Ears ring, it's a sand trap
Hair raising, amazing gray city transformationsAs lips sink, stomachs ache
Monkeys shine, fire flies
Foxes trot, hobs knob
Porches swing, brains stormHearts attack and air supplies
It's heads light, tails spin
Steeple chase you along your chin, rock slidesOut of the woods now a virgin in buckskin moccasins
Tall thin she plays your mandolin
So maudlin, you begin to spinOut of the woods now a virgin in buckskin moccasins
Tall thin she plays your mandolin
So maudlin, you begin to spinOut of the woods now
Out of the woods
Out of the woods
Out of the woods nowMy love is a fever, my love is a fable
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