Rear View Mirror

Roddy Frame

I see the sun dip down and disappear
Digging all the music of the young guns here
Sentimental chords without suffering
Jesus carrying all of our sins
Crying at the joy of his children
Playing in the dirtI'd rather wake up with my dreams at sea
Than drown inside somebody's dream of me
Feel alright in the evening
Midnight on the mountain
Wish away the rays of the morning
Feel alrightAnd the summer breeze
Lifts her hair from her eyes
Caught in the mystery, the maze of it all
There's something about her
There's something about herRace track rats trail
Through the needles and the cans
Lit by the five linked neon circles up above
The doctor dries his hands
And says "It must be love"Feel alright, in the evening
Playing midnight on the mountain
Jesus crying at the joy of his children
Playing in the dirt and destruction
Now I'm looking in the rear view mirror
Doing a hundred miles an hour
Thinking we could be together

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