

# 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 dirt I'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 alright And 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 her Race 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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