

# Reaperbahn

[Steve Smyth](#)

Kickin a stone, kickin a stone  
six feet closer to you  
Tattoo pain, tattoo stained  
to show you are under my skin. How the morning sun goes down golden to pink.  
I drink to the missing of your lips. Silent cigarettes, silent cigarette  
sickeningly broke,  
River currents, river tide.  
Your words swirl in my echo mind.  
How the anchor hits the waves to hold rest  
your memory harbouring my vessel heart. The workin ladies whisper your name  
a wind colder, closer to the bone.  
Another stumble home drunk  
another piece of the puzzle lost  
You'll find me down, on ol' Reaperbahn Plastic rose, lantern glow  
your photo never fades  
Jukebox cries, back street fights  
Imaginary spirit dancing. the smoke from the bar mix with the fog horn call  
but I don't want to hear my tale in warning.  
The workin ladies whisper your name  
a wind colder, closer to the bone.  
Another stumble home drunk  
another piece of the puzzle lost  
You'll find me down, on ol' Reaperbahn How many years, years gone by  
to lay down by your side...  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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