

Cruel and Pretty

Over the Rhine

He woke
He knew that he was dying
He spoke
And found that he was flying
Upstairs
High above the city
Through the ceiling of the stars
So cruel and pretty

Arms spread across the dark river
The night air causing him to shiver
Like the fluorescent lights in the Seven Eleven
Meet me in the backstreets of heaven

I don't wanna kiss you goodbye
I don't wanna kiss you goodbye
Hello, hello, hello, how the time flies
I don't wanna kiss you goodbye

He woke
He knew that he was dying
He spoke
And found that he was flying
Upstairs
High above the city
Through the ceiling of the stars
So cruel and pretty

Electric lines and wispy jet contrails
Ships at sea and B&O train rails
A tunnel of light like the Seven Eleven
Meet me in the backstreets of heaven

Lyrics submitted by Isabella.

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