

## **Over The Rhine**

### **"My Love Is A Fever"**

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My love is a fever, my love is a fable  
My love is jazz licks improvised by toddlers  
Bold Ulysses by nursery rhyme and firelight

My love is a metamorphosis reason  
Cold logic, intuitively speaking  
My love is syncopated, spoon-fed, ignorant, well-read

My 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 man

My word it's a trip like a migraine on a moving train  
It parachutes, aeroplanes, watch it fly

Eyes soar, hands clap  
Ears ring, it's a sand trap  
Hair raising, amazing gray city transformations

As lips sink, stomachs ache  
Monkeys shine, fire flies  
Foxes trot, hobs knob  
Porches swing, brains storm

Hearts attack and air supplies  
It's heads light, tails spin  
Steeple chase you along your chin, rock slides

Out of the woods now a virgin in buckskin moccasins  
Tall thin she plays your mandolin  
So maudlin, you begin to spin

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