

Over The Rhine

"Poughkeepsie"

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Poughkeepsie
words and music: Bergquist
recording: Good Dog Bad Dog

I thought I'd go up Poughkeepsie,
look out o'er the Hudson,
and I'd throw my body down on the river.
And I'd know no more sorrow,
I'd fly like the sparrow
and I'd ride on the backs of the angels tonight.

I'd ride on the backs of the angels tonight.
I'd take to the sky with all my might.
No more drowning in my sorrow,
no more drowning in my fright,
I'd just ride on the backs of the angels tonight.

There are those who know sorrow
and those who must borrow
and those whose lot in life is sweet.
Well I'm drunk on self-pity,
scorned all that's been given me,
I would drink from a bottle labeled Sure Defeat.

I'd ride on the backs of the angels tonight.
I'd take to the sky with all my might.
No more drowning in my sorrow,
no more drowning in my fright,
I'd just ride on the backs of the angels tonight.

Then the skies, they fell open
and my eyes were opened
to a world of hope falling at my feet.
Now I've no more or less
than anyone else has,
what I have is a gift of life I can't repeat.

So I go up Poughkeepsie,
look out o'er the Hudson
and I cast my worries to the sky.
Now I still know sorrow,

but I can fly like the sparrow
'cause I ride on the backs of the angels tonight.

I ride on the backs of the angels tonight.
I take to the sky with all their might.
No more drowning in my sorrow,
no more drowning in my fright,
I'll just ride on the backs of the angels each night.

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