

Ophelia

Matt Costa

Strangers crash into the night
This train's headed for you babe
One last song plays on the radio
The sun burns the night away
In the morning I only wanna see your fear's face

I'm not asking to keep you more or longer than you wanna stay
The night was like a deck of cards, you hit me with the ace of clubs
I'm placing all my bets begging you to deal some love

Ophelia come on

Rows and rows of corn grow high
Over the tall grass we could hide
Honest pages of an open book
We tangled up between the lines
That's where you'll find me, dying to fill your empty time

Ophelia come on

I'll bring you gems from faraway lands
Or Italian leather shoes
You're the finest thing I've ever seen
Like fire melts ice, it's true
Ophelia, can I spend the night with you?

Ophelia come on