

## The Crossover

Destroyer

You come down from the mountain  
They lose your scent in the fountain  
You cross over, cross over and make it big

Women whistle while they work  
And men make sense when they prevail  
From debtor's jail, you have never looked so beautiful, no

"Tread lightly through the fog," said the Apothecary's daughter  
"You don't want to go, but you gotta, into the half-  
light of dawn."

The elegant attack, the omnivorous, but careful, strokes  
The forger's folks are proud of their son  
He has traded beauty in for fun

From a sick bed I read the nurse's notes you took the night before  
You made the signs come alive  
You made me strive for the door, ah

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"You don't want to go, but you gotta, into the half-  
light of dawn." Oh

You come down from the mountain  
You lose the dogs through the fountain  
You cross over, you cross over and you win