

Okkervil River "Blanket And Crib"

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Safe, safe - enjoy your time feeling so safe, and
treasure that smile on your face, okay? Because time
will see that it's replaced in a while. So go on, smile.
And handshakes all around: that's your style, and no
one would call it denial, for you're not even sure what's
in store. And it's more than you'll be able to take
standing up straight. And it won't be okay. And you
won't be somebody who it's just happening to, because
it's a trap that you, and only you, have laid. Laid with a
towel up over your face, in your armchair, just lying in
wait, waiting forces were gathering outside your door.
They sharpened their knives and smiled with no smiles
in their eyes, a little bit larger in size and a little bit
hungrier for that tiny prize. And my mother once said
"Son, remember this, no matter what
someone did: that they once were just a kid at breast
and in bib, in blanket and crib. So just reach inside
yourself and find the part that still needs help, find that
part in someone else and you'll do good, so I thought that I would. Hey - I love you, it goes
without saying. I would give you the world on a tray,
though they're already tracing a line across your
throat. Far too late in the game you'll find that you have
been betrayed: propped up and pushed into your
place. I could claim that it all would go great, but the
reason I came is to say that it won't. You should know
that it won't, and so, Phillip, I

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