

## Okkervil River

### "Bruce Wayne Campbell Interviewed On The Roof Of The Chelse"

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Pull down the shades, lets kill the morning  
Lets kill the morning, let it die  
Will your eyes flash out a warning  
But they'll be another morning after afternoon and  
tonight  
Fuck long hours sick with singing  
Sick with singing the same songs  
In the bars, they'll soon be drinking  
Let's cash my check and drink along

Old times, hello, hey, I've missed you  
Old life, hey now, let me in  
Because you win on every issue  
Now, can I kiss you?  
Don't you care how long it's been?  
It has been so many years, I lived my yearning  
But in every bed, it led me through  
They only bloom on what was burning  
And it grew, the fire grew  
And now with nothing to consume  
It's turned on me in my glass room  
Where I'll burn, you think I'm finished  
Think I'm not winning  
Well, go on, assume

So, take me, I'm yours, morning starship  
Sparkling stars line your lights  
As they lift off the loneliest street corner  
This clown has yet leaned against  
I'll let all these fine faces fold into me  
The warmth from the space lights illumines the sea  
As the laughingest mouths wetly open  
But we set them sighing  
We'll take them flying  
And we'll take this man left almost passed out  
Cause we're pretty sure he needs a hand  
He says he can't stand  
And when we pick him up  
He asks us where this ship will land  
But he knows we know it isn't coming down  
He knows we know we'll fly so far

Til finally stars hold him in all around  
Til he forgets the ground  
Til he forgets the crawling way  
Real people sometimes are

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