

Okkervil River

"Bruce Wayne Campbell Interviewed On The Roof Of The Chelsea Hotel, 1979"

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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
Lets 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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