

Okkervil River

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

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Pull down the shades, let's kill the morning
Let's kill the morning, let it die
Well, your eyes flash out a warning
There will be another morning, afternoon and tonight

Fuck long hours sick with singing
Sick with singing the same song
In the walls, 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

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la...

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