

Okkervil River "For The Enemy"

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Oh, my enemy, you've got company, you're not alone.
They're watching over me while each town you pass
fades as it folds. So in the night we might get lost in
our fright. So in the day softly we'd flow, floating away.
And it pours from the faucet's mouth like our fortune
comes flowing out - every word of which, without a
doubt, will find us together and together bring us
down. They'll tie us down with those fine thin threads
and run their knives up and down our skin, until what
was in will be out again, above the sea on that sunny
ledge. And in the day softly we'll flow, floating away.
And in the night we will get lost, lost in our fright. La la
la la

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