

Okkervil River "Latest Toughs"

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ll the latest toughs, you've got to shrug them off or
shut them off. With ten-thousand-time-told truths,
you've still got to ask for proof. Ask for proof, because
if you're dying to be led they'll lead you up the hill in
chains to their popular refrains until your slaughter's
been arranged, my little lamb, and it's much too late to
talk the knife out of their hands. Well, I woke up on a
foggy morning. Hiding from the sun, he was hiding
from the sun. But it came out and it shot its rays down.
Burning everyone, it was burning everyone. But they
were dying, anyway, to turn to ash, to feel their
feelings flash and finally fade away, in a fabulous and
fiery display. Look, though, I don't know what notes you
want to hear played, I can't think what lines you'd like
me to sing or say, and I'm not sure what subjects you
want mentioned. So pause and add your own
intentions. We've included a form you can print out and
fill out and send below:

All the latest toughs, well, we have seen that stuff, and
we have seen enough blood in dying coughs, which
means that we have lost. We have lost, and if you're
crying to be tossed they'll toss you down the oubliette
with all the old things that you let yourself forget
because you'd like to love a star who'd throw you down
below the ground he thinks you are.

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