

Okkervil River

"Our Life Is Not A Movie Or Maybe"

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It's just a bad movie where there's no crying
Handing the keys to me in this Red Lion

Where the lock that you locked in the suite
Says there's no prying
When the breath that you breathed in the street
Screams there's no science
When you look how you looked then to me
Then I cease lying and fall into silence

It's just a life story, so there's no climax
No more new territory, so pull away the IMAX

In the slot that you sliced through the scene
There was no shyness
In the plot that you passed through your teeth
There was no pity

No fade in, film begins on a kid in the big city
And no cut to a costly parade, that's for him only
No dissolve to a sliver of gray, that's his new lady
Where she glows just like grain on the flickering pane
Of some great movie
Hey, I didn't watch it

It's just a house burning, but it's not haunted
It was your heart hurting but not for too long, kid

In the socket you spin from with ease
There is no sticking
From the speakers your fake masterpiece
Comes serenely dribbling

And when the air 'round your chair fills with heat
That's the flames licking
Beneath the clock on the clean mantelpiece
It's got a calm clicking
Like a pro at his editing suite takes two weeks stitching
Up some bad movie

