

Okkervil River "Red"

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Red is my favorite color, red like your mother's eyes
after awhile of crying about how you don't love her. She
says "I know I don't deserve supervised
sight of her, but each day becomes a blur without my
daughter. Fall is my favorite season, like
falling to reasoning why you crashed from on high. She
says "Why is my life so uneven, and what
have I done right but given you your life if after I led
you on into that bar room?
"Yes" is my favorite answer. I
took a dancer home, she felt so alone. We stayed up all
night in the kitchen doing my dishes, on and on until
the dawn. She said "I know it's easy to
have me, but I have seen some things that I can't even
tell to my family pictures" and
"I'm full of fictions and fucking
addictions" and "I miss my
mother. She'll never know I could never
forget her. If I could write her a letter, I'd try with every
line to say "She still remembers your
touch. And I know that it's not much, but you still
haven't lost

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