

Okkervil River "Song About A Star"

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He cut your strings so that he could float
Lit by lights, lifted by alcohol
Over acres of loving coast
Far away from your lonely ghost

Now he's cool and all floating anchorless
Ports of call, where it's fabulous
After all of this watching himself just crawl

Think you see him?

He's not there, that's just light that's not yet dead
Wait two hours and watch what'll be there instead

Was he small and cold like a ring you call up from
home
Held so tightly, his limbs went numb
Worn away between your finger and thumb?

Well, now he's bought and sold
Cry his call number down the phone
He can't hear you, he's on his float
Waving down to the folks at home

As the cameras love all of his faces
They hide all the traces of you in his heart
Stand in line to hold forth on his grace
But you won't even get a head start

As his close-up comes cascading down from above
The eyes of a nation in love are looking on all of their
hopes held up
And the words that some screenwriter counted and
chose
And then set in their sequence and froze

Unfreeze on his tongue as he speaks for all of us but
one
And honey, he's gone, and baby, he's everyone's
In the dark sky tonight
Cast your eyes on the dim light that he will become

You're like everyone who thinks they see him

He's not there, that's just light that's not yet dead
Wait two hours and watch what'll be there instead

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