

Okkervil River

"This Song is Not a home"

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Floating up to the top of the sea, sunlight and I'm sorry
Chocolate and condolences from the boy who hit me
Lying in an infirmary bed in the starch and silence
Watching birds as they hit the screen, suddenly in slow
motion

Floating up from being born, my throat all hot and
bloody
Watching doctors drift through the room, the light is
slipping quietly
The sheets are on. The bed is gone. The building isn't
floating
My other birth is hiding behind the plastic curtains

Her eyes you'd think you lost something, slipped
through your many rooms
Cold got in the middle of the night and cracked the
bathroom mirror
This house is not a home, you say, and I've got
fourteen fingers
The autumn holds your hand and sits beside you in an
armchair

Other's face steams in the cold, the doorknob sob's
behind you
So hold yourself, so hold yourself, with practice, in a
movie
This world is not your own but when you're gone it's
going to miss you
This world is not your own, and all the women, as they
kiss you
Are fading fast, and wouldn't last, you exit from this
old house
The window's cracking casing, the pictures painted
clovers
They tell you all their secrets, in which they're
spreading rumours
This world is not your own but when you're gone, it's
going to miss you
This world is not your own but when you're gone, it's
going to miss you

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