

Okkervil River "Yellow"

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You can only talk so much about things that are never, ever going to happen. My brother's at home with his dog and his cat and his wife is at a friend's. You can only go on so long about feelings that never, ever actually touch you. No matter how much she told him "I love you," he found it would depend on the gifts that he bought her, or how badly she was hurt when the boss was cruel at work. But he'd just say "I love you," and he'd reach out to her. He was feeling like shit when I came to visit and walked through the door of his tiny apartment. We went for a walk through the park by the market so we could get some air. And I told to him all things intended to help him, especially that, simply because it was ending, that that didn't mean she was always pretending. Real happiness was there. I could see and I could tell: it was real love that they felt. And I'm sorry it didn't end well, but some things just don't - that's life, and you shouldn't blame yourself. And all of these things, well, I truly believe them. Our paths and our futures are hidden in mists that are stretching out over impossible distances, totally obscured. And I really do think that there's probably more good than anger or selfishness, sickness, or sadness would ever completely allow us to have in this life, I think I'm sure. But that doesn't mean it's bad. We were walking towards our dad, while getting out of that school bus, and he just said "I love you," and he reached out

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