

## Okkervil River

# "You Can't Hold The Hand Of A Rock And Roll Man"

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This week's cash for last week's grass your crew  
collates  
While you sit in the van and wait  
Gassed and trashed and smashed, young cads  
roasting away  
On a sunny summer day or, okay, an August night  
anyway

And you're living on air, while on the 25th floor up there  
They'd fan a million bucks before your face  
Marie's passed out in a chair with her once fussed-over  
hair  
All mussed into an? I've just been fucked shape

Just an hour before, she crashed, all cashed  
She said, I'm done with looking back, and you look your  
age  
Which is thirty-seven, by the way, and not twenty-eight

And fucking let them stare because at this point I don't  
care  
I have been your bride stripped bare since '98  
And our silver-screen affair, it weighs less to me than  
air  
It's a gas now, it's a laugh, just how far several mil can  
take it

This week's fast as last week's flash of interstate  
When you starved and never ate  
This week's splashed a sick, gold cast across your face  
As you roam on silk, ripped tippy-toe alone through  
Silver lake

Splayed astride a snow-white mare, on a non-stop all-  
night tear  
What a ghastly sight you smear in every face  
In that fat, fur-trimmed affair that your lawyer lets you  
wear  
You'll destroy your chance to ever get repeatedly  
engaged

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