

Emmy The Great, Dylan

I pray for rain because I'm trying
To find god and make him cry,
Because I'm dying in a fire beneath my covers.
And somewhere out across the way,
You ask for salt across a plate,
And you can't find a word to say
To your own brother.

And you could call me over now,
And we could fix this with our mouths,
But you don't buy the farm,
If you can't afford the cow.

And you say Dylan is a sentiment
That you don't want to share,
And you say you looked back in anger
And it rose to meet your stare,
And you say I am not the one
Who puts the bullet to your gun
And makes it flare.
And you say Dylan is a sentiment to you,
And you don't want to share.

You say you're looking for the truth,
Like you got rifles in your books,
But up above your parents' roof
I saw no star tonight,
Only the black from whence you came,
And where they'll send you back again,
And no blue plaque will keep your name
From falling out of sight.

And you can wage this war of one,
And I am still the only one
Who will remember you when you are gone.

And you say Dylan is a sentiment
That you don't want to share,
And you say you looked back in anger
And it rose to meet your stare,
And you say I am not the one
Who puts the bullet to your gun
And makes it flare.
And you say Dylan is a sentiment to you,
And you don't want to share.

Oh and all the things you talk about
But never say to me,
And all the things to talk about
That I could say to you,
Like reading an Italian book
From the 13th century,
Is not that hard to do.

And I am not the kind
Who puts their toe against the line
And makes it tear,
But this could be the thing
That puts the blood into your skin
And keeps it there.

And you say Dylan is a sentiment
That no one else will ever understand.
And you say Dylan is a sentiment to you,

But you are only just a man.