

# Okkervil River, A Stone

Hot breath, rough skin, warm laughs and smiling, the loveliest words whispered and meant - you lik  
stubborn and brave, and  
suitsors would journey from  
kingdoms away to make  
themselves known. And I think that I know the bitter dismay  
of a lover who brought fresh  
bouquets every day when she  
turned him away to remember some knave who once gave just  
one rose, one day, year