

Okkervil River, John Allyn Smith Sails

By the second verse, dear friends
My head will burst, my life will end
So I'd like to start this one off by saying
"Live and love"

I was young and at home in bed,
I was hanging on the words some poem said in '31;
I was impressionable. I was upsettable.

I tried to make my breathing stop
or my heart beat slow,
so when my mom and John came in I would be cold.

From a bridge on Washington Avenue
the year of 1972 broke my bones and skull
and it was memorable.

It was half a second in;
I was half-way down
do you think I wanted to turn back around and teach a class
where you kiss the ass that I've exposed to you?

And at the funeral, the University
cried at three poems they'd present
In place of a broken me

I was breaking in a case of suds
At the Brass Rail, a fall-down drunk
with his tongue torn out
And his balls removed

And I knew that my last lines were gone,
While, stupidly, I lingered on.
Oh, but wise men know when it's time to go,
And so I should too

And so I fly into the brightest winter sun
Of this frozen town
I'm stripped down to move on
My friends, I'm gone

I hear my father fall
And I hear my mother call
And I hear the others all whispering, come home
I'm sorry to go
I loved you all so
But this is the worst trip I've ever been on

So hoist up the John B. sail
See how the main sail sets
I'm full in my heart and my head
And I want to go home

With a book in my hand
In the way I had planned
This is the worst trip, I've ever been on

Hoist up the John B. sail
See how the main sail sets
I'm full in my heart and my head
And I want to go home

With a book in each hand
In the way I had planned

I feel so broke up, I want to go home