

Okkervil River, My Bad Days

Dear Mother, we've all got bad days, and I know you'll understand. Where we open up a foreign door
through a haze. Dear Mother,
I wish you could stand inside
and see all my bad days. My bad days all got together and
they stood in a row for me,
and I plunged deep into the
row, and I couldn't hear and
I couldn't see. And I came
out after thousands rose and
thousands passed away. Now I
stand all alone at the foot
of the stairs and I wait for more bad