

Okkervil River, Whole Wide World

You'd better wear a dress that covers up that bruise,
how could I refuse your wish that I do that to you?
You'd better take your face from every cloud I see,
how could I have known you'd be so deep inside of me?

And this whole wide world isn't wide enough.
And this big bright sun isn't bright enough.

You'd better call your brother, say I won't be there,
though when I think of your hair I have to stop the car.
You shouldn't tell them that you've seen my face somewhere,
when I leaned in your direction I leaned much too far.

Now this whole wide world isn't wide enough.
And this big bright sun isn't bright enough.
And you could not have lied enough to make me believe.

Please will the highway never end?
Some things get broken and they never fix again.

You'd better buy your ticket, pay for it yourself.
Here's one for your health and here's one empty window seat.
All crooked, all bloody, I'll take my leave.
All the leaves fall and the turnpike lies in front of me.

And this whole wide world isn't wide enough.
And this big bright sun isn't bright enough.
And you could not have lied enough to make me believe
you were telling the truth to me.