

Okkervil River, A Hand To Take Hold Of The Scene

I'm a band in a show about a man holding hands with his wife
On a therapist's couch, with his face to the ground (after fucking around countless nights)
And, in this one episode, close-up cameras are showing him crying
His red head and his red eyes

I'm a band in a show about a boy being buried alive
From his head to his toes, by a criminal (but with a sensitive soul!) with a set of raccoon eyes
And there's this scene in the show when a hustler knows he's going to die
The ground opens and he climbs inside

And as he speaks his last line
A thought falls from his mind and I pick it up right through the TV:
Oh, oh
Is there a hand to take hold of the scene?

I'm a man in a dream and there, dancing in front of my eyes
Is a queen - formed out of flaws, with her eyes all gone odd and a rod bolted into her spine
She rises up like a yawn. She grips my heart like a claw. She splits apart like a jaw, like an eye
And she asks me with a sigh

"When we're so far from right, when we're losing the fight
When we're letting the light weaken its beam
Oh, oh
Is there a hand to take hold of the scene?"

I want a smile like a glistening shard. I want a kiss that's as sharp as a knife. The day expires
And the dry, cracked, trembling lips God saw fit to put this kiss inside, I push them up to you. I'd like
Love that is innocent of that old cynical, covetous, cancerous vibe
And a beauty that annihilates all life

Like it's lived in these nights, holding your hatred tight like a sign that you're right or you're strong. V