

Okkervil River, Another Radio Song

Sit back
No song is written
Its nothing you thought of Yourself
Its just a ghost
that came unbidden to the house
This infection gets stronger every year
This seed in the water of your tear
There is no escaping it
This seed in the water of your tear
The way an unborn babys ear unfolds in your belly
This infection gets stronger every year
This direction of a tear rolling down your cheek
and There is no escaping it
There is no escaping
the thing that is making its home in your radio

Bless this tiny alley we have fallen from tall buildings we have fallen through the air
Into a garden sweetly smelling of the softest Sleeping flowers now they sit under the sidewalk now
All that is your beauty oh And all that brings you pleasure
I could sigh into your hide and say I hope Im here forever
But Black Sheep Boy with your lovers
With your list of favourite pillows
with your list of missing children
With the wall where you drew windows
Overlooking hidden gardens
Cut apart by jagged mountains
Climbing up into the air and
Crumbling down into a valley
Where the water waits forever like a quiet distant treasure
When you rise up to recover when you leave this tiny alley
When you meet me in the garden with your horns all hung with cedar
Every spirit brushing past me brushing past them in the Ether scream
All this is Window dressing All you are is Flimsy curtains
Watch you flame up with a word from us and wont know that youre Burning
Burning