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