

# Okkervil River, Dead Dog Song

Sam, bless him, has died and left this home, the woodchucks running wild, the bushes overgrown.  
where all of us will go. But  
the woodchucks wouldnt run so wild, the bushes wouldnt  
be so overgrown if we were  
not alone. Bound unbound  
through the boundless air,  
remaining wisps of hair.  
Barking out through  
everywhere, the trees, the grass, the rain, and Sam in  
the air. He was in this  
world, by my side he was  
curled, but he came uncurled  
and this world holds him that much ti