

Okkervil River, For The Enemy

Oh, my enemy, youve got company, youre not alone. Theyre watching over me while each town you
fortune comes flowing out -
every word of which, without
a doubt, will find us
together and together bring us down. Theyll tie us down
with those fine thin threads
and run their knives up and
down our skin, until what was
in will be out again, above
the sea on that sunny ledge. And in the day softly well
flow, floating away. And in
the night we will get lost, lost in our fright. La la la la