

# Okkervil River, It Ends With A Fall

Wish I could remember why it mattered to me. It doesnt matter to me. It doesnt matter to me anymore.  
strong. String me along, but  
I cant become all that Im  
called. And I cant claim to know what makes love die or  
grow, but I can still take  
control and so refuse to just go home, back down the hall.  
And as I crawl, as finally  
all the false confetti blooms  
up in this attic room, Im going make my stand. I want  
to see both of your hands put  
down the phone. I wont let  
you go, although the moment stole my self-control from us  
all and now it can only end with a