

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