

Okkervil River, Lost Coastlines

Packed and all eyes turned in, no one to see on the key
No one waving for me just the shoreline receding
Ticket in my hand, thinking wish I didn't hand it in

'Cause who said sailing is fine?
Leaving behind all the faces that I might replace
If I tried on that long ride
Looking deep inside but I don't want to look so deep inside yet

Sit down, sit down and look proud to wave bye
There might not be another star further on the line
Look out, look out at each town that glides by
And there's another crowd to drown in crying eyes

And see how that light you love now just won't shine
There might just be another star that's high and far in some other sky
We sing, "Is that marionette real enough yet
To step off of that set to decide what her hands might be doing?
Ruining the play, to end the ensuing melee escape."

We packed up all of our bags
The ship's deck now sags from the weight of our tracks
As we pace beneath flags black and battered
Rattling our swords in service of some faded foreign lord

And we sail out on orders from him but we find
The maps he sent to us don't mention lost coastlines
Where nothing we've actually seen has been mapped or outlined
And we don't recognize the names upon these signs

And every night finds us rocking and rolling on waves wild and wide
Well, we have lost our way, nobody's gonna say it outright
Just go la la la la la la la la la...
Oh, la la la la la la la la la...
Oh, oh, oh

La la la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la la

La la la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la la

La la la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la la