

# Okkervil River, Love To A Monster

Lover, now that you've left me, I'm glad you're unlovely.  
Because if you could take all the heat in your heart and just hang it from you,  
I wouldn't be able to bear the way you cannot love me.  
It's much easier of me make a monster out of you.

And so here I go, substituting the glow from your temples,  
all our sighs and our trembles, and each last letter sent you  
from the cheap little pen of this weak little man  
- the one singing - out his jangling, ringing  
and hopefully stinging attack upon you.

Yeah, so here I go, just exploding the hope we'll be speaking  
some day, years from now, seeking friendship and understanding.  
Yeah, I hope you get angry, and hurt, and have the hardest of landings.  
And i hope your new man thinks of me when he sees what a number I did on you.

I grow tired of this song. Turn my eyes  
to the blonde in the bleachers.  
She's a lovely young creature.  
I think she's seeking adventure.  
I think she's ready to see that the world isn't so sweet or so tender.  
I won't break her, just bend her, and make her into my new ringer for you.

I stay in the same comfy town, write the same old songs down, drive the same streets,  
seek the same sense of dull peace, whisper the same sweet words to the chippies.  
The same walk by the road and where the same muddy snow's finally leaving,

But i'll fight off the spring; I don't want lovely things,  
I don't want the earth new.