

Okkervil River, Okkervil River Song

Down by Okkervil River slow silent thick and black, I stared into the water, and the water it stared b
all the things I dreamed
about. I touched your bone white hips. Far away our
parents slept in while we
watched our fire burn. They
dreamed of nothing and got nothing in return. And the
water slipped on slowly past our bodies in the weeds,
pulling plastic wrap and
razors on its current through
the reeds. Then I woke up one
cold morning, felt an absence
at my back, and I searched and stared but only the river stared