

# Okkervil River, On Tour With Zykos

He gets close, but I choke  
Take your shit, take your clothes  
And get out of my home  
I want you to love me  
Or I want you long gone  
You say your real name is John

Hey, thanks John  
Go sing songs, go rock on  
Roll your crew on down the road  
To the next sold out show  
Think you can get up above me?  
Well, I want you to know

You're a figure of fun to everyone  
'Neath the lone star, neon blue broken sign  
They wish they were you  
Like I wish you were mine  
What a dumb thing to do

How come I shout "Goodbye;"  
When god knows I just want to  
Make this white lie big enough  
To climb inside with you

Another day, lost and gone  
Clipping pages from the news for the senator's son  
Well, he just strolls through the lobby  
And glad-hands everyone  
Another day, tossed and done

I go home, take off clothes  
Smoke a bowl, watch a whole TV movie  
I was supposed to be writing  
The most beautiful poems  
And completely revealing  
Divine mysteries up close  
I can't say that I'm feeling  
All that much at all  
At 27 years old

I'm discussed with desire by the guys who conspire  
At the only decent bar in town  
And they drink MGD's  
And they wish they had me  
Like I wish I had fire  
What a sad way to be  
What a girl who got tired

So, I wonder who you got your hooks in tonight  
Was she happy to be hooked and on your arm?  
Did she feel alive?  
Her head all light