

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