

Okkervil River, Our Life Is Not A Movie Or Maybe

It's just a bad movie, where there's no crying
Handing the keys to me in this Red Lion,
Where the lock that you locked in the suite says there's no prying
When the breath that you breathed in the street screams there's no science
When you look how you looked then to me, then I cease lying and fall into silence

It's just a life story, so there's no climax
No more new territory, so pull away the IMAX
In the slot that you sliced through the scene there was no shyness
In the plot that you passed through your teeth there was no pity

No fade in: film begins on a kid in the big city
And no cut to a costly parade (that's for him only!)
No dissolve to a sliver of grey (that's his new lady!)
Where she glows just like grain on the flickering pane of some great movie

It's just a house burning, but it's not haunted
It was your heart hurting, but not for long, kid
In the socket you spin from with ease there is no sticking
From the speakers your fake masterpiece is serenely dribbling

When the air around your chair fills with heat, that's the flames licking
Beneath the clock on the clean mantelpiece. It's got a calm clicking
Like a pro at his editing suite takes two weeks stitching up some bad movie