

Okkervil River, Plus Ones

No one wants to hear about your 97th tear
So dry your eyes or let it go uncried, my dear
I am all out of love to mouth and to your ear
And not above letting a love song disappear before it's written

And no one wants a tune about the 100th luftballoon
That was seen shooting from the window of your room
To be a spot against the sky's colossal gloom
And land deflated in some neighbor's state that's strewn with 99 others

Eight Chinese brothers
Well, there's a reason why the last is smiling wider
Sitting higher than the others
Swinging his arms

You would probably die before you shot up 9 miles high
Your eyes dilated as light played upon the sight
Of TVC16 as it sings you goodnight
Relaxed as hell and locked up in cell 45
Well, I hope you're feeling better

51st way to leave your lover
Admittedly, it doesn't seem to be as gentle
Or as clean as all the others
Leaving us scars all in the after hours of some Greenpoint bar

I told you I can't listen, baby, 'bout the 4th time you were a lady
And how your forthrightness betrayed a secret shyness
Stripped away by days of being hailed as "Your Highness"
And what's new pussycat, is you were once a lionness
They cut your claws out

Kitten, not everyone's keen on lighting candle 17
The party's done, the cake's all gone, the plates are clean
The chauffeur's near and from the cheerless mezzanine
And in just one year, this straight world could pay to see
What they have been missing

You were caught kissing eight chinese brothers
Well, there's a reason why the last is smiling wider
Sitting higher than the others
Stinking with charm

And he says, "Let's get lost, let them send out alarms."
He says, "Let's get crossed out and come to harm"
&"Let's make the world's stupidest stand and truly mean it
Let's hit the limit of loss over lover's arms
No, let's exceed it"