

Okkervil River, Red

Red is my favorite color, red like your mothers eyes after awhile of crying about how you dont love
easy to have me, but I have
seen some things that I cant
even tell to my family
pictures, and Im full of
fictions and fucking
addictions and I miss my mother. Shell never know I
could never forget her. If I
could write her a letter, Id
try with every line to
say She still remembers your touch. And I know that its not much, but you still havent lost