

Okkervil River, Savannah Smiles

Midnight late last week, my daughter's diary
Didn't know what it might be until it was open
I only read one page and then put it away
Talk about your big mistakes. Hey Shan, nice going

Photos show no tears in her eyes
All those pretty years gone by
I just cannot believe could do that to a child

Shannon just flew down. Four days back in town
She sleeps in, lies around, and then she goes out
And then one day she's gone. What should I have done?
Joe turns the TV on with all the lights out

Photos on the wall, she's my baby, she's my baby doll
Is she someone I don't know at all? Is she someone I betrayed?
It's a grey day in the fall
And the radio's singing down the hall
And I rise to turn it off and all I'm seeing is her face, age eight