

Okkervil River, (Shannon Wilsey On The) Starry S

They ask for more;
What do you think this fanclub is for?
I slithered up each rose corridor,
I kept a warm safe place in my core
before I lost it.

They ask for blood;
What do you think this womans made of?
I stuck a small thin pin in my thumb;
They dreamt a low long line to be crossed
and I crossed it.

I'm alive but a different kind of life
Than the way I used to be;
I retire to a split white smile to be seen
In on an old sad magazine.

And this girls eyes,
Well they were roughly wretched open;
I could see a starry stare up your thigh.
You hid behind your hair, oh, but I saw you smiling

While all these guys, all these curious sets of eyes
safe behind a TV screen.
I let them pry;
Pick apart and hang out to dry
Almost every piece of me.
(If you don't love me, I'm sorry)

Oh what a trip,
Oh what a shivering silver ship,
Oh what a hot half-life I half lived
Oh and the stripes and stars
how they stripped off the siding.

When my life ripped, all from the part that played as a kid
Into the part that blazed through your lips
To find a safe warm place then to sit
curl up inside it.

So here's goodbye
From the part that stays behind
To the part that has to leave
To the sublime lips that were never spoiled
by lying to the face inside the being
Who wasn't me
Who wasn't me
She's not me