

Okkervil River, Singer Songwriter

Your great-grandfather was a great lawyer
And his kid made a mint off the war
Your father shot stills and then directed films
That your mom did publicity for

I saw your older sis on the year's best book list
And your brother, he manages bands
And you're keen to downplay, but you're quick to betray
With one well turned out wave of your hand

You come from wealth
Yeah, you've got wealth
What a bitch they didn't give you much else

I heard cuts by The Kinks on your speakers
I saw Poe and Artau on your shelves
While The Last Laugh's first scene on your flat panel screen
Lit Chanel that you've wrapped around yourself

You've got outsider art by an artist
Who arguably kidnapped a kid on the wall
While your designers have slyly directed the eye
Down clean lines in your well-lit hall

You've got taste
You've got taste
What a waste that that's all that you have

Oh, you wrote your thesis on the Gospel of Thomas
You shot some reversal film in Angkor Wat
And this book you once read say there's less people dead
At this point now than those who are not

And this film we once saw was reviled for its flaws
But its flaws were what made us have fun
And the life some folks had might have made us feel bad
Why feel bad man, it's nothing that you've done

It's all in your hand
It's all in your hand
Like a gun, like a globe, like a grand

And this thing you once said disappeared from my head
In the time that it took to be amazed
And this thing you once did might have dazzled the kids
But the kids once grown up are gonna walk away

And your world is gonna change nothing
And your world is gonna change nothing
And our world is gonna change nothing
And our world is gonna change nothing
And our world is gonna change nothing