

# 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