

Okkervil River, Song About A Star

He cut your strings so that he could float - lit by lights, lifted by alcohol - over acres of loving coast,
watch whatll be there
instead. Was he small and
cold, like a ring you call up
from home, held so tightly his limbs went numb, worn
away between your finger and thumb? Well, now hes bought
and sold. Cry his call number down the phone, he cant hear
you hes on his float,
waving down to the folks at
home. As the cameras love all
of his faces, they hide all
the traces of you in his heart. Stand in line to hold forth on his grace, but you wont even get a head