

Okkervil River, Starry Stairs

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 woman's 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 some old, sad magazine

And this girl's eyes
When they were roughly wrenched open
I could see a starry stair 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 warm, safe place then to sit
Curled up inside it

So here's goodbye from the part that's staying 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
Oh, no, she- she's not me
Oh, oh