

Okkervil River, Unless It's Kicks

What gives this mess some grace unless it's kicks, man
Unless it's fictions, unless it's sweat or it's songs?
What hits against this chest unless it's a sick man's hand
From some midlevel band? He's been driving too long

On a dark windless night, with the stereo on
With the towns flying by and the ground getting soft
And a sound in the sky, coming down from above
It surrounds you and sighs and is whispering of

What pulls your body down, and that is quicksand
So climb out quick, hand over hand, before your mouth's all filled up
What picks you up from down unless it's tricks, man?
When I've been fixed I am convinced that I will not get so broke up again

And on a seven day high, that heavenly song
Punches right through my mind and just hums through my blood
And I know it's a lie, but I'll still give my love
Hey, my heart's on the line for your hands to pluck off, oh

What gives this mess some grace unless it's fiction
Unless it's licks, man, unless it's lies or it's love?
What breaks this heart the most is the ghost of some rock and roll fan
Floating up from the stands with her heart opened up

And I want to tell her, "Your love isn't lost,"
And say "My heart is still crossed!"
I want to scream, "Hey, you're so wonderful!"
What a dream in the dark about working so hard, about growing so stoned
Trying not to turn off, trying not to believe in that lie all on your own."