

# On Tour With Zykos

## Okkervil River

He gets close but I choke  
Take your shit, take your clothes  
And get out of my home  
I want you to love me  
Or I want you long gone  
You say your real name is John  
Hey, thanks John  
Go, sing songs, go, rock on  
Roll your crew on down the road  
To the next sold out show  
Think you can get up above me  
Well, I want you to know  
You're a figure of fun to everyone  
Beneath the lone star, neon blue broken sign  
They wish they were you like I wish you were mine  
What a dumb thing to do  
How come I shout goodbye when God knows  
I just want to make this white lie big enough  
To climb inside with you  
Another day, lost and gone  
Clipping pages from the news for the senator's son  
Well, he just strolls through the lobby  
And glad hands everyone  
Another day, tossed and done  
I go home take off clothes  
Smoke a bowl, watched a whole TV movie  
I was supposed to be writing  
The most beautiful poems  
And completely revealing  
Divine mysteries of cloaks  
I can't say that I'm feeling  
All that much at all at twenty seven years old  
I'm disgust with desire by the guys  
Who conspire at the only decent bar in town  
And they drink MGD's  
And they wish they had me  
Like I wish I had fire  
What a sad way to be  
What a girl who got tired

So I wonder who you got your hooks in tonight  
Was she happy to be hooked and on your arm?  
Did she feel alive? Her head all light

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