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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