Where the Spirit Left Us

Okkervil River

Through the war and the soft spring rustle
Streets are selling some summer hustle
Across the Maple Street Bridge, in a bristling fog
Just whistling on is a bowl of prattle
Just a high snowball on a curb in the fall
Through the parking lot at Christmas
I heard a whisper, I heard him call
He was where the chest was
Only way our lives open wide and have a shade
That this is to say
If you're on a ferry, freezing time for a while
Throw the waste, that's where the spirit left
Underneath the house, stuck the frame out here
Smells like sweat and gasoline
And when you get hard and your eyes get mean
'Cause you're on the march but I could almost kiss you
Don't let them swish you, you have this song, you can take it with you
Stay lonely, open wide as a fire, a flame
Don't be ashamed
Loose a little, lied eyes while our lives fade to gray'
Did the silence drop? Did your Walkman stop?
Did the edge turn cold 'cause the message was so close?
Oh, did you chock it? Oh, can I know?
I know where this is going because we always blow it
Only way our lives open wide and have a shade, it's just that way
Flow down that rive, freezing time, fully wide, just throw the waste
That's where the spirit waste
Only way our lives, your eyes on fire, mind your flame
We won't be dismayed
When the sun is out and you're screaming by
I swear that if I had my way
You know I would've blessed it

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