Song About a Star

Okkervil River

He cut your strings so that he could float
Lit by lights, lifted by alcohol
Over acres of loving coast
Far away from your lonely ghostNow hes cool and all floating anchorless
Ports of call, where its fabulous
After all of this watching himself just crawlThink you see him?Hes not there, thats just light thats not yet dead
Wait two hours and watch whatll be there insteadWas he small and cold like a ring you call up from home
Held so tightly, his limbs went numb
Worn away between your finger and thumb?Well, now hes bought and sold
Cry his call number down the phone
He cant hear you, hes on his float
Waving down to the folks at homeAs the cameras love all of his faces
They hide all the traces of you in his heart
Stand in line to hold forth on his grace
But you wont even get a head startAs his close-up comes cascading down from above
The eyes of a nation in love are looking on all of their hopes held up
And the words that some screenwriter counted and chose
And then set in their sequence and frozeUnfreeze on his tongue as he speaks for all of us but one
And honey, hes gone, and baby, hes everyones
In the dark sky tonight
Cast your eyes on the dim light that he will becomeYoure like everyone who thinks they see himHes not there, thats just light thats not yet dead
Wait two hours and watch whatll be there instead

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