

Red

Okkervil River

Red is my favorite color, red like your mother's eyes after awhile of crying about how you don't love her. She says "I know I don't deserve supervised sight of her, but each day becomes a blur without my daughter." Fall is my favorite season, like falling to reasoning why you crashed from on high. She says "Why is my life so uneven, and what have I done right but given you your life if after I led you on into that bar room?" "Yes" is my favorite answer. I took a dancer home, she felt so alone. We stayed up all night in the kitchen doing my dishes, on and on until the dawn. She said "I know it's easy to have me, but I have seen some things that I can't even tell to my family pictures," and "I'm full of fictions and fucking addictions" and "I miss my mother." She'll never know I could never forget her. If I could write her a letter, I'd try with every line to say "She still remembers your touch. And I know that it's not much, but you still haven't lost

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