Hanging From A Hit

Okkervil River

What this night wants is what it gets
Strung in silken knots
Lit by cigarettes flaring side by side,
With the streets all wet,
As the only thing that's bright.
And I don't need to cross that bridge
I find I'm swinging or sailing over the pit tonight
I'm hanging from a hit tonight
Was wild enough to order up and toss across my lips
What's making all my tears
Is taking all my fears away
But I don't need to cry
Because now I'm clear
A moth that's swerving through the sage
A creature crashing from a cage
A shadow vaporized by a new sun ray
A day she spends the night
And I can hear her sighing
As she's almost asleep on one side
I lie back on my pillow
And ask what her husband is like
And she says, "I smile polite,
And I tip and tithe,

And I see the sights with a well-trained eye.
But I calmly cry,
Because I'm too much mine without him.
And I lie, reclined where the room is quiet,
And it's quiet at night.
The soft silk is fine
And the waves are white,
But the wind has died without him.
And I scream my smiles,
And I want my wires and I need my stripes.
And I read the lines until I lid my eyes,
And I'm losing time without him.
And she says,
And I ignite inside
And I flash with fire

And I limp from life
And I'm blazing blind
And I'm surging live
And give up my mind
When with him.
And then every dream inside
Turns to flames, fades to grey and is dying
And the smoke rises into
A white, blank, bare, broke-open sky.

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