Plus Ones

Okkervil River

No one wants to hear about your 97th tear
So dry your eyes or let it go uncried, my dear
I am all out of love to mouth and to your ear
And not above letting a love song disappear
Before it's writtenAnd no one wants a tune about the 100th luftballoon
That was seen shooting from the window of your room
To be a spot against the sky's colossal gloom
And land deflated in some neighbor's state that's strewn
With ninety-nine othersEight Chinese brothers
Well, there's a reason why the last is smiling wide
And sitting higher than the others
Swinging his armsYou would probably die before you shot up nine miles high
Your eyes dilated as light played upon the sight
Of TVC16 as it sings you goodnight
Relaxed as hell and locked up in cell forty-five
Well, I hope you're feeling better51st way to leave your lover
Admittedly, it doesn't seem to be as gentle
Or as clean as all the others
Even a scars all in the after hours of some Greenpoint barI told you, I can't listen, baby, 'bout the 4th time you were a lady
And how your forthrightness betrayed a secret shyness
Stripped away by days of being hailed as your highness
And what's new pussycat as you were once a lioness
They cut your claws outKitten, not everyone's keen on lighting candle 17
The party's done, the cake's all gone, the plates are clean
The chauffeur's near and full of cheerless mezzanine
And in just one year, this straight world could pay to see
What they have been missingYou were caught kissing eight Chinese brothers
Well, there's a reason why the last is smiling wide
And sitting higher than the others
Staking with charmAnd he says, lets get lost, let them send out alarms
He says, lets get crossed out and come to harm
Lets make the world's stupidest stand and truly mean it
Lets hit the limit of loss over lover's arms
No, lets exceed it

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