

# 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 written And 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 others Eight Chinese brothers  
Well, there's a reason why the last is smiling wide  
And sitting higher than the others  
Swinging his arms You 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 better 51st 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 bar I 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 out Kitten, 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 missing You 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 charm And 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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