

Listening To Otis Redding At Home During Christmas

Okkervil River

Home is where beds are made and butter is added to toast. On a cold afternoon you can float room to room like a ghost. Take the cr che out and argue about who gets to set up the kings. And I know that it's home because that's where the stereo sings "I've got dreams to remember." But not even home can be with you forever. It's Christmastime and the plane flies me over white hills to a town in a dream, where the sky is frozen and still, and a room (that's not mine but it's just like I left it before, with the wax from the candles all dusty and locks on the door) where I held you so tenderly, and where in summer I opened your letter to me. I'm standing where we knelt and a miracle mile now borders it, but if I turn my back and look at the field I don't even notice it for a second. There's a tangle of greenery where winter scenery ends. And I hear that song sometimes and imagine us much more than friends - like if we stayed in this town, bought the first house that went up on sale, and how each Christmastime would bring inlaws and snowdays and holiday mail. Your dad says you're living in Georgia since last September. Well, "I've got dreams to remember." I've got dreams to remember. Oh Sara, come back to New Hampshire. We'll stay here fo

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