No Key, No Plan

Okkervil River

When I'm hosed and they're closing in, maybe only then,
really, I'll try to get right with myself.
So I'll grope down that ladder again, until I'm tumbling -
but really, I just want to slide, I want to crash-land.
While my friend, my associate, he's a regal man.
He bindles and he twists and ties, gives the reckoning,
and then it's back on the road again with maybe thirteen grand.
Moralize all you might like, I don't believe in it.You've never earned your soul. I know, (x 3)
but I'm gonna try, though, I'm gonna try.I'm a rich young sophisticate, I've got girls and friends.
I'm doing what I really like and getting paid for it.
There is no key, there's no plan; I discovered that.
And, truly, I don't think you'll find a happier man.You've never earned your soul. I know, (x 3)
but I'm gonna try, though, I'm gonna try.
You float up high and it isn't a sin.
And there isn't a hell where we'll be sent.
There's only now, and there isn't then. So just breathe it in.

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