

Our Life Is Not a Movie or Maybe

Okkervil River

Its just a bad movie where theres no crying
Handing the keys to me in this Red LionWhere the lock that you locked in the suite
Says theres no prying
When the breath that you breathed in the street
Screams theres no science
When you look how you looked then to me
Then I cease lying and fall into silenceIts just a life story, so theres no climax
No more new territory, so pull away the IMAXIn the slot that you sliced through the scene
There was no shyness
In the plot that you passed through your teeth
There was no pityNo fade in, film begins on a kid in the big city
And no cut to a costly parade, thats for him only
No dissolve to a sliver of gray, thats his new lady
Where she glows just like grain on the flickering pane
Of some great movie
Hey, I didnt watch itIts just a house burning, but its not haunted
It was your heart hurting but not for too long, kidIn the socket you spin from with ease
There is no sticking
From the speakers your fake masterpiece
Comes serenely dribblingAnd when the air round your chair fills with heat
Thats the flames licking
Beneath the clock on the clean mantelpiece
Its got a calm clicking
Like a pro at his editing suite takes two weeks stitching
Up some bad movie

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