My Bad Days

Okkervil River

Dear Mother, we've all got bad days, and I know you'll understand. Where we open up a foreign door with a pair of foreign hands. Where we find ourselves alone at the foot of a pair of foreign stairs. Dear Mother, you know how our bad days can catch us unawares. Dear Mother, we've all got bad days, and I hope that you'll agree. With a bottle filled up with Vicodin and a child who looks just like me. And a cellar that's as dark as winter's cold (with a hole in the stone of the cold wall). A child like me who's hiding, a child who can't hear your call. There's a string that runs through our bad days, and if you pull that string real tight, the days all crumple together and all that you see is night. And the doorknob becomes your enemy, and the window you see through a haze. Dear Mother, I wish you could stand inside and see all my bad days. My bad days all got together and they stood in a row for me, and I plunged deep into the row, and I couldn't hear and I couldn't see. And I came out after thousands rose and thousands passed away. Now I stand all alone at the foot of the stairs and I wait for more bad

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