Pink-Slips

Okkervil River

Three brides before breakfast
These reds, they're just rectus
Right hand on my heart around
My left hand snaps your necklace
Each day is a little more scary
Holding on, get away just barely
Moms and dads are rationing their cash
For the commissary
But I can't stop without going all the way
It's a habit, someone gave me up
This man in the black cage, canary 'the clips
Across here, in a pink-slipThis wish just to going back here
When I know it wasn't ever, ever happening
Show me my best memory, it's probably super crappy
Not here, standing sexless with sluts of both sexes
Liars, lumps and drug addicts and drunks
I love my friends but I can't stop without going all the way
And I've been that way since '83
Oh, midwife with a jet life or a genie with a golden spur
A price to pay to pink-slipsA country Cadillac in the valley of mirrors
With a cold cane, there was nobody here
Came for the communism, I kissed it on the lips
It came with the singers in hazel pink-slipsIs it a kiss or it's just a dream and I'm drifting?
Other fish lay lifted, only happy till the age of 10
It's still a gift, but we can't go back, those two too sad and dies
It's just a dream we all have
Now I know in the touch lane, a post per post of puckered lips
From Academy Awards to pink-slips
I show them my Corvette with no ' for years
And I'm standing in the rain to get the champagne or beers
They said 'who's that shadow sneaking up behind the pier?'
He was rushing he was rattled now he's finally in the clear
To be a, a refugee from the rat race with a swag tuxedo in his face
A music room that you can't place, sing the songs on all them tapes
He's the lonely aid on the planet ' now he doesn't even write, he just rows
And they cover up his cot with pink-slips

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