The Next Four Months

Okkervil River

Maybe we could break your ankle, clean and unsuspiciously.
An ER trip, a doctor's slip,
and you could share your pills with me.
Won't it feel so good, though, when we're lying,
side by side, can't move and i'm not trying?2000 milligrams each.A hotel by the pharmacy with drinking straws in toothpaste tubes.
Stash them with your toiletries and I will share my pills with you.
Little Michael sleeping in the child safety seat,
lying with the windows rolled up, in the August heat.3000 milligrams each,
4000 milligrams.We're driving down the interstate,
you're feeling great,
you scratch your wrist,
and we pretend your kids,
your husband, all you left does not exist.
And in some motel that night we're lying,
I can barely whisper "it's like dying.Baby, do you know what I mean?
Well baby, did you hear me?
Well baby, you fell asleep."I know I'm weak, I won't deny we'll see our trial someday soon.
But when we know we're fucked,
I'll half the pile and share my pills with you.
Cause we've felt fully in our bodies,
and we've felt totally alive,
so we're prepared to float above this
dirty bed where we both lie.
Where we lie, lie, lie. Will we be fine?
Not this time.

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