John Allyn Smith Sails

Okkervil River

By the second verse, dear friends
My head will burst, my life will end
So I'd like to start this one off by saying
Live and love
I was young and at home in bed
And I was hanging on the words some poem said
And thirty-one
I was impressionable, I was upsettable
I tried to make my breathing stop, my heart beat slow
So when my mom and John came in I would be cold
From a bridge on Washington Avenue
The year of 1972
Broke my bones and skull
And it was memorable
It was half a second and I was halfway down
Do you think I wanted to turn back around
And teach a class
Where you kiss the ass that I've exposed to you
And at the funeral the university
Cried at three poems they'd present in place of a broken me
I was breaking in a case of suds
At the brass rail, a fall-down drunk
With his tongue torn out
And his balls removed
And I knew that my last lines were gone
While stupidly I lingered on
Other wise men know
When it's time to go and so I should too
And so I fly into the brightest winter sun
Of this frozen town
I'm stripped down to move on
My friends, I'm gone
Well, I hear my father fall and I hear my mother call
And I hear the others all whispering, come home
I'm sorry to go, I loved you all so
But this is the worst trip I've ever been on
So hoist up the John B. sail
(Hoist up the John B. sail)
See how the main sail sets

(See how the main sail sets)
I've folded my heart in my head
And I wanna go home
With a book in my hand
In the way I had planned
Well, this is the worst trip I've ever been on
Hoist up the John B. sail
(Hoist up the John B. sail)
See how the main sail sets
(See how the main sail sets)
I've folded my heart in my head
And I wanna go home
With a book in each hand
(With a book in each hand)
In the way I had planned
(In the way I had planned)
I feel so broke up
I wanna go home

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