He Passes Number Thirty-Three

Okkervil River

There's no beast,
obviously.
The floor just creaks,
obviously.
The morning with coffee was snowy and sweet,
and there was this small, snow-white dog
that was barking at our feet,
honestly.drove all day to the vacant beach.
Grey mist hanging over the sea,
alleys clogged with magazines,
and the boardwalk is empty.
The house in the valley is open this week,
imagine the sea looking in
at the slowly moving sheets.
Honestly.If you feel weak, leave it to me.
If you need sleep, leave it to me.
Need wool socks for your feet, leave it to me.
Need a walk on the beach, leave it to me.
An ear into which to weep, leave it to me.
A shoulder on which to sleep, leave it to me.And leave it to me to not speak
when I pass you on the street.
Leave it to me to feel weak,
leave it to me to run from your feet.
Leave it to me to not speak
when I pass you on the street,
leave it to me to feel weak,
leave it to me, number thirty-three,
leave it to me.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/