Unless It Kicks

Okkervil River

What gives this mess some grace
Unless it's kicks, man
Unless it's fiction
Unless it's sweat or it's songsWhat hits against this chest
Unless it's a sick man's hand
From some mid-level band
He's been driving too longOn a dark windless night
With the stereo on
With the towns flying by
And the ground getting softAnd the sound in the sky
Coming down from above
It surrounds you at times
And it's whispering, ohWhat pulls your body down
That is quicksand
So we climb out quick, hand over hand
For your mouth's all filled upWhat picks you up from down
Unless it's tricks, man
When I been fixed, I am convinced
That I will not get so broke up againAnd on a seven day high
That heavenly song
Punches right through my mind
And pumps through my bloodAnd I know it's a lie
But I still give my love
And my heart's all alive
For your hands to pluck off, ohWhat gives this mess some grace
Unless it's fictions
Unless it's licks, man
Unless it's lies or it's loveWhat breaks this heart the most
Is the ghost of some rock 'n' roll fan
Exploding up from the stands
With her heart opened upAnd I wanna tell her, your love isn't lost
Say, my heart is still crossed
Scream, you're so wonderful
What a dream in the darkAbout working so hard
About growing so stoned
Trying not to turn up
Trying not to believe in the light on your own
La, la, la, la, oh, oh, oh, oh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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