# Seas Too Far To Reach

## Okkervil River

The ladies in my dream are so obliging. They come on down to do the things I need. Whether skies are calm or cut apart by lightning, they're always there to minister to me. And at break of dawn they're sweetly shining, and at quiet of midnight, cold and dim, they say "don't harm him." And when I wake just as their eyes are crying, I see that bed and I just want to climb back in. But let's gather up your friends and drive up to that country inn. We can stay there, feeling water warmly wash across our skin, giving back all of our tears so that we can cry them again. You want to tell your dad you can't believe he's dying, but let's just walk on down the hall and shut our mouths. The AM radio is broken down and crying as on this hour drive we're silent to ourselves. Let's go back up to your house, take our clothes off, and just push and pull ourselves until we're deep inside of sleep. And with your body next to me, its sleepy sighing sounds like waves upon a sea too far to reach. But I'll gather up my men and try to sail on it again, and we'll walk and quietly talk all through the country of your skin, made up of pieces of the places that you've dreamed and that you've been. We will sleep outside in tents upon this unfamiliar land, and in the morning we'll awake, as a foreign dawning breaks, my men and I we will awake and try

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