

# Call Yourself Renee

## Okkervil River

Don't look back until you realise you're pointedly not trying to look back  
Then reconsider trying for a clearer mind, try for a grace of some kind  
Leave your house and walk in the autumn light  
Imagine a river, massive and galloping beneath your feet  
Or you can call yourself Renee again and you can move back to Rapid City  
You live in a hotel, you wait for a  
phone call, you wait for an email  
You look out the window at a tree, weighted down with snow  
You worry about your mother, you watch a couple movies, you take an Ativan  
You walk down a Rapid City street alone  
And at night there's a pink cast underneath the blank grey cloud head  
Well it's something pretty to look at in the sky  
And I don't know why so-and-so's taking much time to breathe something new into my life  
And there's a tip-tap on the window that could be Fate's pale face looking in  
Energy could be in the trembling hands of a tree, or it could be lighter  
Could be nothing at all  
Out in the night  
The world was right against our skin  
And it was right again  
Out in the night  
The world was right against our skin  
And it was right, baby  
Mysteriously absent for the afternoon and suddenly missing for a full month  
His mother called up, called around the corner, called out shivering from a dream  
Called his father five states to the south, said he was gone  
When he could have easily been seen in a Vero Beach Dillard's  
Weaving in and out of the racks of beautiful blue men's shirts  
Or in South Florida, breezing through the drive-through, easy like a song on the stereo  
Letting it all slide like an easy-going god  
Or he could have not existed, just a vision of his mother  
When she wished it so hard into something she could almost see  
Or he could have been a feeling in the air, or the guy who cuts your hair  
He could have been anyone, he could even have been me  
And me, I don't care if I come back as a single wave  
Or an oriole on a spell branch on a tree  
Cause I'm not scared to die as long as I know  
that the universe has something really to do with me  
Out in the night  
The air was right against our skin  
And it was right  
Out in the night  
The air was right against our skin  
And it was right, baby  
I wanna make it nice again  
I wanna make it alright

I wanna make it nice again  
I wanna make it alright Out in the night  
The world was right against our skin  
And it was alright, child  
Out in the night  
The world was right against our skin  
And it was alright, baby I wanna make it nice again  
I wanna make it alright

Songwriters

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