Yellow

Okkervil River

You can only talk so much about things
That are never, ever going to happen.
My brother's at home with his dog and his cat
And his wife is at a friend's.You can only go on so long about feelings
That never, ever actually touch you.
No matter how much she told him "I love you,"
He found it would dependon the gifts that he bought her,
Or how badly she was hurt
When the boss was cruel at work.
But he'd just say
"I love you,"
And he'd reach out to her.He was feeling like shit when I came to visit
And walked through the door of his tiny apartment.
We went for a walk through the park by the market
So we could get some air.And I told to him all things intended to help him,
Especially that, simply because it was ending,
That that didn't mean she was always pretending.
Real happiness was there.I could see and I could tell:
It was real love that they felt.
And I'm sorry it didn't end well,
But some things
They just don't - that's life,
And you shouldn't blame yourself.And all of these things, well, I truly believe them.
Our paths and our futures are hidden in mists
That are stretching out over impossible distances,
Totally obscured.And I really do think that there's probably more good
Than anger or selfishness, sickness, or sadness
Would ever completely allow us to have in this life,
I think I'm sure.But that doesn't mean it's bad.
We were walking towards our dad,
While getting out of that school bus,
And he just said
"I love you,"
And he reached out to us.

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