For the Captain

Okkervil River

Relax, no song is written
It's nothing you thought of yourself
It's just a ghost, came unbidden
To this houseThis infection gets stronger every year
This seed in the water of your tear
There's no escaping itThis seed in the water of your tear
the way an unborn baby's ear
Unfolds in your bellyThis infection gets stronger every year
This direction of a tear rolling down your cheek
And there's no escaping itThere's no escaping
The thing that is making
Its home in your radioBless this tiny alley
We have fallen from tall buildings
We have fallen
Bless the birth of him
The chapel he was killed in
All your tiny flowers
They have sat under the sidewalk
They have waited for the pieces
Of the summer sun to show us
All that is your beauty
All and all that is your treasure
I could smell your skin beside me
Say I hope I'm here forever
Oh but captain with your lovers
With your list of sacred pillows
With your sacred list of children
And the wall where you drew windows
Overlooking tiny gardens
Cut in half by jagged mountains
And the secret sacred sharing
That went on beside the fountain
Where the water waits forever
For a tiny, tiny treasure
That will rise up and recover
That will leave this tiny alley
When you meet me in the garden
With your wings all dipped in cedar
All those spirits brushing past me

Brushing past me in the ether
Say all this is window dressing
All you are is tiny curtains
They will flame, they will flame up
You won't know that you are BURNING!
BURNING!
BURNING!
BURNING!

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

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