

Dead Faces

Okkervil River

And we have fun - we go laughing and running down to the water, there by the sea where the body just floats like a rowboat and the moon's like a harbor light lit in the sky. And this picture's got a woman who looks like you and a guy who looks just like someone I've seen. When it turns out, I hope that it turns out the way that you dreamed. Embarcadero train station's empty, and I just cannot believe how long it takes to go all the way home through the city. And everyone's looking - at least, it's nice to believe that everyone's looking. And this picture's got a woman who looks like you, and a guy who looks just like someone I've seen. When it turns out, I hope that it turns out the way that you dreamed. Ghostly faces at my living-room window aren't scared of me because they know I can't hurt them. They press up and see, in the lamp-glow, all of the hurt and the love inside of me. It's their final duty to see right through me. I tell them "twelve hours until the dawn, but we've got to hold on. Hold on to me, because we'll be running down to the water this morning." Well, nobody waits for you to believe in ghosts, lit by moonlight or dawning, or in this picture of you a

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