Singer Songwriter

Okkervil River

Your great-grandfather was a great lawyer
And his kid made a mint off the war
Your father shot stills and then directed films
That your mom did publicity forI saw your older sis on the year's best book list
And your brother, he manages bands
And you're keen to down play but you're quick to betray
With one welt and that wave of your handYou come from wealth, yeah, you got wealth
What a bitch, they didn't give you much elseI heard Cuss by The Kinks on your speakers
I saw Poe and Artaud on your shelves
While The Last Laugh's first scene on your flat panel screen
Lit Chanel that you've wrapped around yourselfYou've got outsider art by an artist
You arguably kidnapped to pin on the wall
Your designers have slyly directed the eye down
Pink lines here and your well lit pawnYou've got taste, you've got taste
What a waste that that's all that you haveOh, you wrote your thesis on the gospel of Thomas
You shot some reversal film in Angkor Wat
And this book you once read said there's less people dead
At this point now than those who are notAnd this film we once saw was reviled for it's flaws
But it's flaws were what made us have fun
And the life some folks have might have made us feel bad
Why feel bad? Man, it's nothing you've doneIt's all in your hand, it's all in your hand
Like a gun, like a glove, like a grandAnd this thing you once said disappeared from my head
In the time that it took to be amazed
And this thing you once did might have dazzled the kids
But the kids once grown up are gonna walk awayAnd your world is gonna change nothing
And your world is gonna change nothing
And our world is gonna change nothing
And our world is gonna change nothing
And our world is gonna change nothing

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