

# You Can't Hold the Hand of a Rock and Roll Man

## Okkervil River

This week's cash for last week's grass your crew collates  
While you sit in the van and wait  
Gassed and trashed and smashed, young cads roasting away  
On a sunny summer day or, okay, an August night anyway  
And you're living on air, while on the 25th floor up  
there  
They'd fan a million bucks before your face  
Marie's passed out in a chair with her once fussed-over hair  
All mussed into an I've just been fucked shape  
Just an hour before, she crashed, all cashed  
She said, I'm done with looking back, and you look your age  
Which is thirty-seven, by the way, and not twenty-eight  
And fucking let them stare because at this point I don't  
care  
I have been your bride stripped bare since 98  
And our silver-screen affair, it weighs less to me than air  
It's a gas now, it's a laugh, just how far several mil can take it  
This week's fast as last week's flash of interstate  
When you starved and never ate  
This week's splashed a sick, gold cast across your face  
As you roam on silk, ripped tippy-toe alone through Silver lake  
Splayed astride a snow-white mare, on a non-  
stop all-night tear  
What a ghastly sight you smear in every face  
In that fat, fur-trimmed affair that your lawyer lets you wear  
You'll destroy your chance to ever get repeatedly engaged

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