

Plus Ones

Okkervil River

No one wants to hear about your 97th tear
So dry your eyes or let it go uncried, my dear
I am all out of love to mouth and to your ear
And not above letting a love song disappear
 Before it's written
And no one wants a tune about the 100th luftballoon
That was seen shooting from the window of your room
 To be a spot against the sky's colossal gloom
And land deflated in some neighbor's state that's strewn
 With ninety-nine others
 Eight Chinese brothers
Well, there's a reason why the last is smiling wide
 And sitting higher than the others
 Swinging his arms
You would probably die before you shot up nine miles high
 Your eyes dilated as light played upon the sight
 Of TVC16 as it sings you goodnight
 Relaxed as hell and locked up in cell forty-five
 Well, I hope you're feeling better
 51st way to leave your lover
 Admittedly, it doesn't seem to be as gentle
 Or as clean as all the others
Even a scars all in the after hours of some Greenpoint bar
I told you, I can't listen, baby, 'bout the 4th time you were a lady
 And how your forthrightness betrayed a secret shyness
 Stripped away by days of being hailed as your highness
 And what's new pussycat as you were once a lioness
 They cut your claws out
 Kitten, not everyone's keen on lighting candle 17
The party's done, the cake's all gone, the plates are clean
 The chauffeur's near and full of cheerless mezzanine
And in just one year, this straight world could pay to see
 What they have been missing
 You were caught kissing eight Chinese brothers
Well, there's a reason why the last is smiling wide
 And sitting higher than the others
 Staking with charm
And he says, lets get lost, let them send out alarms
 He says, lets get crossed out and come to harm

Lets make the world's stupidest stand and truly mean it
Lets hit the limit of loss over lover's arms
No, lets exceed it

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