A Girl In Port

Okkervil River

Let fall your soft and swaying skirt
Let fall your shoes, let fall your shirt
I'm not the lady-killing sort
Enough to hurt a girl in portMarie's gone blonde and lost a stone
She lay on her lawn, spun and alone
And when the morning sun it rose
Upon Marie and her lacy clothesWell, it lit her up, and she walked around
The winding streets of Camden Town
Well, she don't know who she wants to be
And if I knew I'd tell MarieLet fall your soft and swaying skirt
Let fall your shoes, let fall your shirt
I'm not the lady-killing sort
Enough to hurt a girl in portAnd Cindy tells me she's had fun
Sitting backstage, someone's plus one
Up in her room the records spin
Needle in the grooves that she's worn thinWell, she lifts her sleeve and she sees a name
And she's got a smile on her face
And she's got a story you can't see
Well, that's just between that name and CindyAnd before Holly made her way
Over the sea and far away
She's telling me inside her car
Driving us back from the Crystal Corner barI lost her there, I fell from hell
Cut some fresh pieces from myself
And then for a second something in me
Said leave today, it's time, Holly, it's timeOh, I'm a weak and lonely sort
Though I'm not sailing just for sport
I've come to feel out on the sea
These urgent lives press against meI'm just aghast, I'm not apart
My tender head with my easy heart
These several years out on the sea
Made me empty, cold and clear
Pour yourself into meLet fall your soft and swaying skirt
Let fall your shoes, let fall your shirt
I'm not the lady-killing sort
Enough to hurt the girl in port

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