

# 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 port Marie'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 clothes Well, 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 Marie 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 port And 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 thin Well, 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 Cindy And 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 bar I 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 time Oh, 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 me I'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 me 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 the girl in port

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