Title Track

Okkervil River

All of the stage names evaporate
And it's just a blood flushed and heart rushing rates
Either to kick off too soon or stick around too late
To be far too dear or too cut rateHold my hand again like at the lake
Hold that mirror babe, up to my face
Hear the whippoorwill
Am I breathing still?A Hollywood Babylon bikeathon for break dancers
All broken down in their beds
Now intravenously fed
From a bag hanging over their headsCan I put you down for some miles?
What do you say?
Cause don't you know it's going to be a long, long way
But if you've got the cash, I'm ready to bust my assSo take this thin broken down circus clown
Reject and give her the name of a queen
Don't I know her from the mezzanine?
She didn't look like no princess to meBut with the proper words bestowed
And with her morning shoot, her evening clothes
Don't call her a prostitute, well, she ain't one of those
Just call her a proper little statue come unfroze

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