Missing Children

Okkervil River

Kids get lost, limbs out wandering.
Bigger blacker things go falling, then into a patch of forest somebody once planted for this.
Song's not over, phones still ringing, eyes still rolling eyes still clinging.
Something in the air starts singing...Radio switched on and buzzing, something in the wind starts humming.
Something in the field starts hunting.
Kids grow up and kids get no end.
Kids it's coming, kids it's going to come.

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