

# Starry Stairs

## Okkervil River

They ask for more  
What do you think this fan club is for?  
I slithered up each rose corridor  
I kept a warm, safe place at my core  
Before I lost it They ask for blood  
What do you think this woman's made of?  
I stuck a small, thin pin in my thumb  
They dreamt a low, long line to be crossed  
And I crossed it I'm alive but a different kind of life  
Than the way I used to be  
I retire to a split, white smile to be seen  
In some old stag magazine And this girl's eyes  
When they were roughly wrenched open  
I could see a starry stair up your thigh  
You hid behind your hair  
Oh, but I saw you smiling While all these guys, all these curious sets of eyes  
Safe behind a TV screen  
I let them pry, pick apart and hang up to dry  
Almost every piece of me  
If you don't love me, I'm sorry Oh, what a trip? Oh, what a shimmering silver ship?  
Oh, what a hot half-life I half lived?  
Oh, and the stripes and stars, how they stripped off the siding  
When my life ripped off from the part that played as a kid  
Into the part that plays through your lips  
To find a warm, safe place and sit curled up inside it? So, here's goodbye  
From the part that's staying behind  
To the part that has to leave  
To the sublime lips that were never spoiled by lying  
But to the face inside the being  
Who wasn't me, who wasn't me  
Oh, no, no, she's, she's not me, oh, oh

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