# Happy Hearts

## Okkervil River

Why must happy hearts break so hard, leave you curled up in the back seat of a car, staring up at the windshield? When will broken hearts learn how to heal? This boy I knew was five years older than me. His daddy'd left him when he was three. After we went walking by a stream, he held me down and made me feel as bad as he. Why must happy hearts break so hard, leave you standing in the darkness of the barn, staring at those rusty wheels? When will broken hearts learn how to heal? And everybody's searching for a place to put their love. See the people on the street? They go home and what do you think they dream of? Unconditional love. Why did you leave me? Mother, why do you sleep with him? He says he's smothering, then he comes back again, in our house for the weekend. Why must people's breaking hearts pretend? Why must happy hearts break so hard, leave you staring in the mirror at a bar? Leave you talking to yourself, because you can't talk to anybody

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