

# Frontman in Heaven

## Okkervil River

I'm trying to transmute tap water into wine  
Out here, somewhere in this Las Cruces motel room  
The floor and ceiling vibrate so I can barely stand  
"Calm down", says the Sky Man, "you're injured"  
I dreamt last night I was halfway up the ladder to heaven  
And I shot up this morning with an attitude I charged through the city and I wandered the streets  
Trying to get answers with just my irresistible smile  
Shouting "who will provide the celestial blueprint we need?" Echoing voices zigzag in the night  
In and around forest-view apartments  
To crack a bay window and feel the fair winds  
She throws back her head and she lifts up her hands  
She drives herself into an amphetamine madness  
She says "Tell me, just tell me I was right"  
And she's taken all the wrong pills  
Her voice begins cracking  
Her eyes open, staring at nothing Do you get what I'm saying? I feel my heart beating  
I wonder how I couldn't keep it from coming on  
I want you so much in this wild desert heat that it's scary  
But I know I have done so much that could be construed as damage  
And there's something bad within me that makes me want to take advantage When you're tripped up, slipped up  
Blonde hair and black-lipped up  
With all those silk straps round your ankles  
I feel myself convinced we could do whatever all night  
It's high time we broke completely free of all control Hi there! How are you?  
Well I feel like my brain just exploded Tell all your girlfriends  
I'm beautiful, I'm beautiful, I'm someone  
Tell them it's breezy and warm down here in this strange place  
I will wake in the morning displaying the mark of a new man  
Whose whole world has altered in front of his stupefied face I recall when things were way more fun around here  
But the Sky Man reminds me I'm almost a ghost of myself  
It seems to me everything fine fell away  
I've seen the forests burn and learned you have to arm yourself  
It's gonna be a funky fresh Christmas and I don't think I can handle it  
When there's so little dignity in anything Do you feel what I feel? And Christ, will you watch my back where I  
do roam?  
To a room full of murderous boys with no songs of their own I feel sick, I feel compromised all the way down  
Like an eagle with all of its feathers plucked out Can you see it in your mind? I was inconsiderate and cold  
But I can change if it's such a big deal to you  
I watch the dying sun sink on those jerk-offs in their convertibles

I went a little out of control, oh, with the boys out in the parking lot  
Loneliness blinded me, down in the peanut-shell bars Wild wild nights, heavy romance  
There was Percodan spilled on the dancefloor  
There were corpses in plain sight and they were just walking around And the good old boys on their leatherette  
Want a woman who was down for whatever  
I learned to be compassionate by watching those working girls smile  
Heaven was lying 'neath my feet like some wall-to-wall carpeting  
And sometimes I believe that there's actually no such thing as love  
And one of these days I might not be so good to you Can you see what I'm saying? Come and sit where I'm  
sitting, oh darling  
Because now I understand that it wasn't you who held me back  
There were forces beyond my control and maybe I held myself down  
All of that money it gets so hard to stay yourself around But girl, give me just one little chance  
Well, show me some trust again  
I will sing your soul far away, up to a sparkling star Where all our old friends will be waiting  
Hold my hand and sigh in a soft whisper  
That you don't just care about getting what you paid for And on the day that I finally die  
Well I just might start screaming  
In the one private instant I cross over that unseen line The last remaining species of birds will be singing away  
Singing goodbye to my tastes, and my face, and LA  
Goodbye to New Mexico and Texas  
When I'm gone, I know there will be some things I miss  
Hold me and help me remember Cause it's almost time We are born wired-up and our heads are all flooded with  
messages  
That get harder to pick out, except at the start and the end And you, my weeping friend  
I can't wait to describe to you what I'll see up there  
Though I'm sure it will be an adjustment  
There are voices calling me from down the hallway  
There are voices that filter up through the silence  
And "Calm down," says the Sky Man, "you're raving" So alright  
Nighty-night  
Nighty-night

Songwriters

WILL SHEFF Published by

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