Another Radio Song

Okkervil River

Sit back, no song is written
It's nothing you thought of Yourself
It's just a ghost, came unbidden
To this houseThis infection gets stronger every year
This seed in the water of your tear
There is no escaping itThis seed in the water of your tear
The way an unborn baby's ear
Unfolds in your bellyThis infection gets stronger every year
This direction of a tear rolling down your cheek
And there is no escaping itThere is no escaping
The thing that is making
It's home in your radioBless this tiny alley
we have fallen from tall buildings
we have fallen through the air
Into a garden sweetly smelling of the softest
Sleeping flowers now they sit under the sidewalk
Now they're waiting for the shining of some future sun to show us
All that is your beauty
Oh and all that brings you pleasure
I could sigh into your hide
And say I hope I'm here forever
But Black Sheep Boy with your lovers
With your list of favorite pillows
with your list of missing children
With the wall where you drew windows
Overlooking hidden gardens
Cut apart by jagged mountains
Climbing up into the air
And crumbling down into a fountain
Where the water waits forever
Like a quiet distant treasure
When you rise up to recover
When you leave this tiny alley
When you meet me in the garden
With your horns all hung with cedar
Every spirit brushing past me
Brushing past them in the ether
Scream all this is window dressing
All you are is flimsy curtains

Watch you flame up with a word from us
And won't know that you're Burning!
Burning
Burning!(There's no escaping
The thing that is making
It's home in your radioThere's no escaping
The thing that is making
It's home in your radio)

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