Kansas City

Okkervil River

The river is deep and the river is wide, and the girl that I love is on the other side. She wants to move to Kansas City: "Move, pretty baby, where the sky is so blue." She's walking down Ellum, turning down Main, trying to find someone to sell her cocaine. She wants to move to Kansas City: "Move, pretty baby, where the sky is so blue." With a dayful of promises dead on her lips, Mark 15:34 tucked next to her hip, she wants to move to Kansas City: "Move, pretty baby, where the sky is so blue." I jumped in the water and started to drown. I thought of her walking and turned back around. I want to move to Kansas City, where the sky is so blue. With her pair of old wings that opened just once, she can walk on two feet now, she can go where she wants. She can move to Kansas City, where the sky is so blue. And I'll tell you one thing that you should never do - never let a woman tell you she loves you. She'll call you "baby," she'll look in your eye, then she'll get on that airplane and wave "bye bye bye bye bye bye, baby." And if I could believe what I want to believe, I'd hold you all close and take you with me, all of you to Kansas City, where the sky is so

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