On a Balcony

Okkervil River

Misty, when you want to hit those wedding bells,
you should stop yourself. You should see yourself angry.
Screaming to the ceiling, girl, you look like hell.
But when riding pills we get heavenly, on a balcony.And baby's not a wreck on the wayside yet,
although she stuck out her neck to see how dark she could take it.
The wind is wild. Why, the spray is wet!
And a heart gets high as a heart can get, on a balcony, high above the sea.You are the woman, on some Firefall.
Do you wanna ball on that brilliant beach?
So hard I thought I hear my future daughter call
through the static wall of a flashing dream.
And it's a wild, weaving ride to the sea.
Little demon, believe it from me.
They say that you're living off something-and-soda,
some fine wine from 1983. They say you're a fantasy.Clap, like a comma. Hear the sentence sing.
Hear the whole world ring. Hey, it's bursting with bravery.
And, Misty, when it's whittled down to just one thing it amazes me, that simplicity.
I wandered through the supermarket like a slumming king.
And the sun, it stings. Hell, I hadn't seen the sun for weeks.
When we finally walk away from everything on our own four feet,
I hear you call my name from a balcony.

Songwriters
WILL SHEFFPublished by
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