

# Singer Songwriter

## Okkervil River

Your great-grandfather was a great lawyer  
And his kid made a mint off the war  
Your father shot stills and then directed films  
That your mom did publicity for I saw your older sis on the year's best book list  
And your brother, he manages bands  
And you're keen to down play but you're quick to betray  
With one welt and that wave of your hand You come from wealth, yeah, you got wealth  
What a bitch, they didn't give you much else I heard Cuss by The Kinks on your speakers  
I saw Poe and Artaud on your shelves  
While The Last Laugh's first scene on your flat panel screen  
Lit Chanel that you've wrapped around yourself You've got outsider art by an artist  
You arguably kidnapped to pin on the wall  
Your designers have slyly directed the eye down  
Pink lines here and your well lit pawn You've got taste, you've got taste  
What a waste that that's all that you have Oh, you wrote your thesis on the gospel of Thomas  
You shot some reversal film in Angkor Wat  
And this book you once read said there's less people dead  
At this point now than those who are not And this film we once saw was reviled for it's flaws  
But it's flaws were what made us have fun  
And the life some folks have might have made us feel bad  
Why feel bad? Man, it's nothing you've done It's all in your hand, it's all in your hand  
Like a gun, like a glove, like a grand And this thing you once said disappeared from my head  
In the time that it took to be amazed  
And this thing you once did might have dazzled the kids  
But the kids once grown up are gonna walk away And your world is gonna change nothing  
And your world is gonna change nothing  
And our world is gonna change nothing  
And our world is gonna change nothing  
And our world is gonna change nothing

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