Song Of Our So-Called Friend

Okkervil River

Remember when our so-called friend would not call out to you while tumbling loosely out a hole punched through your home?It's pretty clear,
though you could hear,
you truly finally knew, in time,
he'll tell his tale the way he'd like it told.Now he isn't on the phone,
and his story might as well be so.Well,loving is as loving does,
and I'd say we should know,
because we both have loved,
and lost, and are alone.Your face is falling tears,
to me they're lovely and they're dear,
though you don't love me and it's clear that I will never see you in my arms.
There's no room in your heart
for even this finely-sharpened dart;
although I had started to think there might be hope,
it isn't so.So wake up,
make up some new song again
around the same tune.The water cools,
the leaves they fall,
the sun it bends,
the summer ends;
our so-called friend doesn't need you.So proceed out the door and down the street.
December's lying near,
but in the oven's heat this house is now a home.Sixty days of trips and stays
you took to tell me, dear, that you cannot love me because you secretly still love a stone.Although I put my lips to your face,
trying to push his kiss out of its place,
although my heart started to race,
now it has slowed,
I'll let it go.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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