

# Title Track

## Okkervil River

All of the stage names evaporate  
And it's just a blood flushed and heart rushing rates  
Either to kick off too soon or stick around too late  
To be far too dear or too cut rate Hold my hand again like at the lake  
Hold that mirror babe, up to my face  
Hear the whippoorwill  
Am I breathing still? A Hollywood Babylon bikeathon for break dancers  
All broken down in their beds  
Now intravenously fed  
From a bag hanging over their heads Can I put you down for some miles?  
What do you say?  
Cause don't you know it's going to be a long, long way  
But if you've got the cash, I'm ready to bust my ass So take this thin broken down circus clown  
Reject and give her the name of a queen  
Don't I know her from the mezzanine?  
She didn't look like no princess to me But with the proper words bestowed  
And with her morning shoot, her evening clothes  
Don't call her a prostitute, well, she ain't one of those  
Just call her a proper little statue come unfroze

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