

It Ends With a Fall

Okkervil River

Wish I could remember why it mattered to me. It doesn't matter to me. It doesn't matter to me anymore. Now that you're feeling fine, I'll admit that - though I know it's coming down, and see it shattering me - it doesn't matter to me, and I'm not sadder for seeing it come. I'm not going to run. I will just come when I am called. You want to cut me off because I took too much, but don't leave me alone. Take off your scarves, your winter coat. The night's too cold. When we met I should have said you're like a sister to me, how all that kiss her just seem like puny suitors I can see through, how none will do, not for you, how it might as well just be us two. And when I pulled you by the jacket from the clattering street, you started flattering me, you started saying I was so strong. String me along, but I can't become all that I'm called. And I can't claim to know what makes love die or grow, but I can still take control and so refuse to just go home, back down the hall. And as I crawl, as finally all the false confetti blooms up in this attic room, I'm going make my stand. I want to see both of your hands put down the phone. I won't let you go, although the moment stole my self-control from us all and now it can only end with a

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