For the Enemy

Okkervil River

Oh, my enemy, you've got company, you're not alone. They're watching over me while each town you pass fades as it folds. So in the night we might get lost in our fright. So in the day softly we'd flow, floating away. And it pours from the faucet's mouth like our fortune comes flowing out - every word of which, without a doubt, will find us together and together bring us down. They'll tie us down with those fine thin threads and run their knives up and down our skin, until what was in will be out again, above the sea on that sunny ledge. And in the day softly we'll flow, floating away. And in the night we will get lost, lost in our fright. La la la la

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