

# Unless It's Kicks

## Okkervil River

What gives this mess some grace  
Unless it's kicks, man  
Unless it's fiction  
Unless it's sweat or it's songs  
What hits against this chest  
Unless it's a sick man's hand  
From some mid-level band  
He's been driving too long  
On a dark windless night  
With the stereo on  
With the towns flying by  
And the ground getting soft  
And the sound in the sky  
Coming down from above  
It surrounds you at times  
And it's whispering, oh  
What pulls your body down  
That is quicksand  
So we climb out quick, hand over hand  
For your mouth's all filled up  
What picks you up from down  
Unless it's tricks, man  
When I been fixed, I am convinced  
That I will not get so broke up again  
And on a seven day high  
That heavenly song  
Punches right through my mind  
And pumps through my blood  
And I know it's a lie  
But I still give my love  
And my heart's all alive  
For your hands to pluck off, oh  
What gives this mess some grace  
Unless it's fictions  
Unless it's licks, man  
Unless it's lies or it's love  
What breaks this heart the most  
Is the ghost of some rock 'n' roll fan  
Exploding up from the stands  
With her heart opened up  
And I wanna tell her, your love isn't lost  
Say, my heart is still crossed  
Scream, you're so wonderful  
What a dream in the dark  
About working so hard  
About growing so stoned  
Trying not to turn up  
Trying not to believe in the light on your own  
La, la, la, la, oh, oh, oh, oh

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