

For Real

Okkervil River

Some nights I thirst for real blood, for real knives, for real cries. And then the flash of steel from real guns in real life really fills my mind. Then I really miss what really did exist when I held your throat so tight. And I miss the bus as it swerved from us and almost came crashing to its side. Sometimes the blood from real cuts feels real nice when it's really mine. And if you want it to be real, come over for a night, we can really, really climb, and those blue bridge lights might really burn most bright while we watch that dark lake rise. And if you really want to see what really matters most to me, we can just take a real short drive. Just a drive into the dark stretch, long stretch of night, will really stretch this shaking mind. And this room, unlit, unheated, and the ceiling striped, and the dark black blinds.... I want to know this time if you're really finally mine. I need to know that you're not lying, and so I want to see you tried. And I don't want to hear you say it shouldn't really be this way, because I like this way just fine. And there's nothing quite like the blinding light when that curtain's cast aside, and no attempt is made to explain away the things that really, really, really are b

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