Walking Without Frankie

Okkervil River

Throttling, hurtling, just going, going
And hurting, going
But it's gone, it's going

And not knowing where, in the ground or in the air

A golden stare, whatever

It's going

I stop by the lake of strangled crane

It was the color of copper

I saw the crane operator

Heard the operator swallow

Saying it looks like rain

And I had the operation because steady was a doctor

And I was in pain

Freedom or whatever

Whatever you call it

It's a stairway or a slow ride

It's reality or a land slide

I heard the bartender died

Of a broken heart

And a shattered pelvis

He was buried in Kansas

It was part of a promotion

They were trying to undermine

The confidence of the tumor

The confidence

I saw a beautiful drummer

Get the whip of a spider

Well. I wished I could've saved her

I saw a little boy in serious danger

Of getting old

He was strapped, sitting shotgun

In a cutlass cruiser, cruiser

Well, I'm on the street

And some say it ain't my year

I hear the little voice of love, love, love, love, love

Get my chance

I fear the hunger coming fast Part of the world like mad

And I don't keep them all, ended up all better Slapped some kind of sense in this

That passes between us

But that someone else said

But that someone else's

But that someone else said

I last saw you, Franking, walking that Hampshire due

Would've shot 5000 feet under the sky

We'll work it out, too

I bet you'll express, rocking or whatever

Feel so far away

I got my old typewriter right out '

I got the last stock filing and they forgot the word

Well, they burned my trailer

And they're on my tail '

I walk Frankie, I walk Frankie

Songwriters

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