Black

Okkervil River

I'm coming into your town. Night is falling to the ground, but I can still see where you loved yourself before he tore it all down. April 12th, with nobody else around; you were outside the house (where's your mother?), when he put you in the car, when he took you down the road. And I can still see where it was open, the door he slammed closed. It was open, the door he slammed closed. It was open, long ago. But don't lose me now, don't lose me now. Though I know that I'm not useful anyhow, just let me stick around while I tell you, like before, you should say his name the way that he said yours. But you don't want to say his name anymore. Oh, Cynda Moore. Baby daughter on the road, you're wrapped up warm in daddy's coat. And I can still see the cigarette's heat. I can't believe all that you're telling me, what is cutting like the smoke through your teeth as you're telling me "forget it." But if I could tear his throat, and spill his blood between my jaws, and erase his name for good, don't you know that I would? Don't you realize I wouldn't pause, that I would cut him down with my claws if I could have somehow never let that happen? Or I'd call, some black midnight, fuck up his new life where they don't know what he did, tell his brand-new wife and his second kid. Though I tell you, like before, that you should wreck his life the way that he wrecked yours, you want no part of his life anymore. Oh Cynda Moore, don't lose me now, let me help you out. Though I know that I can't help you anyhow, when I watch you I'm proud. When I tell you twice before that you should wreck his life the way that he wrecked yours, you want no part of his life anymore. Oh Cynda Moore. And it'll never be the way it was before, but I wish that you would let me through that door. Let me through that door, baby.

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