

The Industry

Okkervil River

I thought that it was us against the world
But now it's me against something so big and abstract
That I can't tell what it is
All while you're out there, grinding on some poor girl
Who is backstage at the 6.8 rock fest I thought that you'd be on our side
I tuned it out when I heard you shit-talking our friends
Well, I wasn't free-falling, we're terrified
And everyone's just out to grab what they can get I thought I had a bunch of friends, I guess
I just had people pissed at me for shit
And the cheaper that the music starts to get
It's like they're trying to make us cheap along with it I watched you turn into your very opposite
Into everything we were trying to reject
And I figured you had had enough of it
Watching the whole world turn while all you earned was "respect" And look at us; just two dumb country hicks
Trying to bum-rush that VIP
Up there, out where the beautiful people live
But is that ever who we even wanted to be? Do you remember, baby, back in '96?
When some record was enough to make you raise your fist?
When some singer'd make you sure that you exist?
Well, I never thought I'd feel like that again
Just let go

Songwriters

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