

Where the Spirit Left Us

Okkervil River

Through the wall in a soft spring rustle.
Street-side selling some summer hustle.
And across the Maple Street Bridge
in a bristling fall, just whistling,
All's a balled-up riddle, just a high snowball, on a curve-and-fall
through a parking lot at Christmas.
I heard her whisper. I heard him call.
Here's what the gist was:

Only wary in our lives-
Open-eyed and half-ashamed that is to say.
A float on a ferry, freezing, tired, fully wired, a total waste,
that's where the spirit left us.

Underneath the house, just like a flameout teen
who smells like sweat and gasoline.
Kid, I stand with you.
And when you get hard, and your eyes get mean
because you're on the march...
well, I could almost kiss you.
Don't let them twist you.
Here have this song- you can take it with you:

Stay lonely, open-wide,
your eyes all fire, your mind aflame.
Don't be disgraced.
Loose of limb, unlionized, while all liars fade to grey.
I know you feel detested.

Did a silence drop? Did your walkman stop?
Did the air turn cold? Was the message just so close?
Oh but did you choke it? Oh, kid, I know.
I know where this is going.
Because we always blow it.

Only wary in our lives -
Open-eyed and half-ashamed.
It's just that way.
Afloat down that river, freezing, tired, fully wired, a total waste,
that's where the spirit left us.
Only wary in our lives,
your eyes all fire, your mind aflame,
and don't be dismayed,
when this sobbing world goes screaming by.
I swear that if I had my way,
you know I would have blessed it.