

Opaline

Jeff Tweedy

I hear the police outside my window
I can hear them talking on their radios
Well, I keep my head underneath my pillow
Pray that they're gonna leave me alone

O'Opaline
Make believe that you still love me
O'Opaline
It's hard to see reality
When you've got no love at all

There's nothing worse than a hearse driving slow
Out on the tollway, stopping at the tolls
No change, no E-Z Pass, what a way to go
There's nothing worse than a hearse driving slow

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I'd like to find out why she had to go
My heart wants what a heart can't control
Now I hang in the air as the light gets cold
And I hide in her shadows
Welcome her home

O'Opaline
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It's hard to see reality
When you've got no love at all