Dead Dog Song

Okkervil River

Sam, bless him, has died and left this home
The woodchucks running wild, the bushes overgrown
Slip unseen into the skein of trees
Slide through dusky grasses and scatter his ashes

Oh, it's all over, he's never coming back
There'll be no more roaming
He was only here for fourteen years
And now the branches scratch my face and I can't hold back my t
ears

Long ago I'd see him running in the snow
He'd come in from the cold and he'd lie down by the stove
Pass along this loping road
The needley grasp of briars on the slope

Oh, it's all over, he's never coming back
There'll be no more roaming
He was only here for fourteen years
And now the branches scratch my face and I can't hold back my t
ears

He'd never been to church, so he doesn't have a soul
He isn't waiting at the place where all of us will go
But the woodchucks wouldn't run so wild
The bushes wouldn't be so overgrown if we were not alone

Bound unbound through the boundless air, remaining wisps of hai
r
Barking out through everywhere
The trees, the grass, the rain
And Sam in the air

Oh, it's all over, he ain't never coming back
There'll be no more roaming
He was in this world, by my side he was curled
But he came uncurled and this world holds him that much tighter

That much tighter, that much tighter
That much tighter, that much tighter
Tighter, tighter, tighter, tighter
Tighter, tighter, tighter, tighter, oh

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