

For Real

Okkervil River

Some nights I thirst for real blood,
for real knives, for real cries.
And then the flash of steel from real guns
in real life really fills my mind.

I really miss what really did exist
when I held your throat so tight.
And I miss the bus as it swerved from us
and came crashing to its side.

Some nights the blood from real cuts
feels real nice when it's really mine.
And if you want it to be real,
come over for one night,
and we can really, really climb.

Cuz blue bridge lights
might really burn most bright
while we watch that dark lake rise.
And if you really want to see
what really matters most to me,
just take a real short drive.

its just a drive into the dark stretch,
long stretch of night,
really stretch this shaking mind.
And this room, unlit, unheated,
and the ceiling striped,
and the dark black blinds....
I want to know this time

If you're really finally mine
I need to know that you're not lying,
and so I want to see you tried.
And I don't want to hear you say
it shouldn't really be this way,
because I like this way just fine.

Cuz there's nothing quite like
the blinding light
that curtain's cast aside,
and no attempt is made to explain away
things that really, really, really really really are behind.

You can't hide.
You can't hide.
You can't hide.
You can't hide...