

It Ends with a Fall

Okkervil River

Wish I could remember why it mattered to me.
It doesn't matter to me.
It doesn't matter to me anymore.
Now that you're feeling fine,
I'll admit that - though I know it's coming down,
and see it shattering me - it doesn't matter to me,
and I'm not sadder for seeing it come.
I'm not going to run.
I will just come when I am called.
You want to cut me off
because I took too much,
but don't leave me alone.
Take off your scarves, your winter coat.
The night's too cold.
When we met I should have said
you're like a sister to me,
how all that kiss her just seem
like puny suitors I can see through,
how none will do, not for you,
it might as well just be us two.
And when I pulled you by the jacket
from the clattering street,
you started flattering me,
you started saying I was so strong.
String me along, but I can't become all that I'm called.
And I can't claim to know
what makes love die or grow,
but I can still take control
and so refuse to just go home,
back down the hall.
And as I crawl,
as finally all the false confetti blooms up in this attic room,
I'm going make my stand.
I want to see both of your hands put down the phone.
I won't let you go,
although the moment stole my self-control
from us all and now it can only end with a fall.