

Love to a Monster

Okkervil River

Lover, now that you've left me, I'm glad you're
unlovely
Because if you could take all the heat in your heart
and just hang it from you
I wouldn't be able to bear the way you cannot love me
It's much easier of me make a monster out of you

And so here I go, substituting the glow from your
temples
All our sighs and our trembles, and each last letter
sent you
From the cheap little pen of this weak little man
The one singing out his jangling, ringing
And hopefully stinging attack upon you

Yeah, so here I go, just exploding the hope we'll be
speaking
some day, years from now, seeking friendship and
understanding
Yeah, I hope you get angry, and hurt, and have the
hardest of landings
And I hope your new man thinks of me when he sees what
a number I did on you

I grow tired of this song, turn my eyes to the blond in
the bleachers
She's a lovely young creature, I think she's seeking
adventure
I think she's ready to see that the world isn't so
sweet or so tender
I won't break her, just bend her, and make her into my
new ringer for you

I stay in the same comfy town, write the same old songs
down, drive the same streets
seek the same sense of dull peace, whisper the same
sweet words to the chippies
The same walk by the road and where the same muddy
snow's finally leaving
But I'll fight off the spring; I don't want lovely
things, I don't want the earth new