Singer Songwriter

Okkervil River

Your great-grandfather was a great lawyer,
and his kid made a mint off the war,
your father shot stills and then directed films
that your mom did publicity for.
I saw your older sis on the year's best book list,
and your brother, he manages bands.

And you're keen to downplay
but you're quick to betray
with one well turned out wave of your hand,
you come from wealth,
yeah, you've got wealth.
What a bitch they didn't give you much else.

I heard cuts by The Kinks on your speakers,
I saw Poe and Artaud on your shelves.
While The Last Laugh's first scene
on your flat panel screen
lit Chanel that you've wrapped around yourself.
You've got outsider art by an artist who arguably kidnapped a k
id on your wall,
while your designers have slyly
directed the eye down clean lines in your well-lit hall.

You've got taste, you've got taste,
what a waste that that's all that you have.

You wrote your thesis on the Gospel of Thomas,
you shot some reversal film in Angkor Wat,
and this book you once read
says there's less people dead
at this point now than those who are not.
And this film we once saw was reviled for its flaws,
but its flaws were what made us have fun.
And the life some folks had might have made us feel bad,
why feel bad man, it's nothing that you've done.
It's all in your hand, it's all in your hand,
like a gun, like a globe, like a grand.

And this thing you once said disappeared from my head
in the time that it took to be amazed.
And this thing you once did might have dazzled the kids,
but the kids once grown up are gonna walk away.
And your world is gonna change nothing
And our world is gonna change nothing

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