

The Latest Toughs

Okkervil River

All the latest toughs, you've got to shrug them off or shut them off.

With ten-thousand-time-

told truths, you've still got to ask for proof.

Ask for proof, because if you're dying to be led they'll lead you up the hill in chains to their popular refrains until your slaughter's been arranged, my little lamb, and it's much too late to talk the knife out of their hands.

Well, I woke up on a foggy morning. Hiding from the sun, he was hiding from the sun.

But it came out and it shot its rays down. Burning everyone, it was burning everyone.

But they were dying, anyway, to turn to ash, to feel their feelings flash and finally fade away, in a fabulous and fiery display.

Look, though, I don't know what notes you want to hear played, I can't think what lines you'd like me to sing or say, and I'm not sure what subjects you want mentioned.

So pause and add your own intentions. Let's pause and add our own, let's pause and add our own intentions

All the latest toughs, well, we have seen that stuff, and we have seen enough blood in dying coughs, which means that we have lost.

We have lost, and if you're crying to be tossed they'll toss you down the oubliette with all the old things that you let yourself forget because you'd like to love a star who'd throw you down below the ground he thinks you are.