

# The Valley

## Okkervil River

Watch the sun switching in the sky, off and on,  
where our friend stands bleeding on the late summer  
lawn,  
a slicked back bloody black gunshot to the head.  
He has fallen in the valley of the rock and roll dead.

I hear a breeze, it wheezes through the tips of the  
pines,  
where there's laughter and there's screaming to the  
rafters in the night.  
The moon rolls dreaming through the late spring sky,  
where our friend lies bleeding through his jacket and  
his tie.  
A slit throat makes a note like a raw winter wind.  
We were piled at the river with the rock and roll  
skinned.

Times ten.

Like the water loves lapping at the skin of the shore,  
hear our friend come tapping at the latches on the  
door.  
Like a foot slips, slapping on the ladder's last rung,  
we were thrashing in the clatter of the rock and roll  
hung.

Minus one.

It's just a loud crowd crush.  
It's just a thrush, seen flying through the late autumn  
dusk  
just for the very last time.  
It's just a busted-up body in the dust of the last road  
out of the city, when the city explodes.  
Light grows, and the light grows bright, and red-  
tinged.  
We were fallen on the border with the rock and roll  
singed.

Times ten.  
Times ten.

Times ten.  
Ten again, then another ten million  
Fallen in the valley of the rock and roll dead.

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