

Title Track

Okkervil River

All of the stage names evaporate
And it's just a blood-flushed and heart-rushing race
Either to kick off too soon or stick around too late
To be far too dear or too cut-rate

Hold my hand again like at the lake
Hold that mirror, babe, up to my face
Hear the whippoorwill? Am I breathing still?

A Hollywood Babylon bike-a-
thon for breakdancers all broken down in their beds
Now intravenously fed from a bag hanging over their heads
Can I put you down for some miles? What do you say?
'Cause don't you know it's going to be a long, long way
But if you've got the cash, I'm ready to bust my ass

So take this thin, broken-down circus clown reject
And give her the name of a queen
Don't I know her from the mezzanine?
Well, she didn't look like no princess to me

But with the proper words bestowed
And with her morning shoot
And her evening clothes
Don't call her a prostitute
She ain't one of those
Just call her a proper little statue come unfroze