

Walking Without Frankie

Okkervil River

Throttling, hurtling - just going, going. And hurting knowing that it's gone, and it's going. And not knowing where - in the ground or in the air, up the golden stair (or whatever) - it's going.

I stopped by the Lake of the Strangled Crane. It was the color of copper. I saw the crane operator. I heard the operator's father say, "It looks like rain." And I had the operation because he said he was a doctor, and I was in pain.

"Freedom," or whatever. Whatever you call it. It's a stairway, or a slow ride. It's "Rhiannon" or "Landslide." I hear the bartender died of a broken heart, and a shattered pelvis. It was part of a promotion. They were trying to undermine the confidence of the consumer.

I saw a beautiful drummer in the web of a spider and I wanted to save him. I saw a little boy in serious danger of growing older, and he was trapped sitting shotgun in a Cutlass Cruiser.

When I'm on the street, something's singing in my ear, and I hear a little voice all thumpthumpthumpthump-thumping in my chest. And I feel the hummingbird-fast heart in there whirring like mad got a spiriting feeling swimming around my head and I haven't even had any cocaine yet. And I don't even want any though, I bet. It's like some kind of sentence that passes between us that someone else said.

I last saw you, Frankie, walking through that New Hampshire dew. And when you shot five thousand feet up into the grey sky, what could I do? Now I bet you're in space. Write me, or whatever. I feel so far away. Like I'm an old typewriter, out on the showroom floor. Like I'm the Last Starfighter and they forgot the war. And they burned my trailer. And they're on my tail. And I'm out on tour.

And I want Frankie. Oh man. All right.