

## A Girl in Port

Okkervil River

Let fall your soft and swaying skirt  
Let fall your shoes, let fall your shirt  
I'm not the ladykilling sort  
Enough to hurt a girl in port

Marie's gone blonde and lost a stone  
She lay on her lawn, spun and alone  
And, when the morning sun it rose  
Upon Marie in her lacy clothes

It lit her up, and she walked around  
The winding streets of Camden Town  
She don't know who she wants to be  
And if I knew, I'd tell Marie

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Cindy tells me she's had fun  
Sitting backstage, someone's plus one  
Up in her room the records spin  
Needle in the grooves that she's worn thin

She lifts a sleeve and she sees a name  
And she's got a smile on her face  
And she's got a story you can't see  
It's just between that name and Cindy

And before Holly made her way  
Over the sea and far away  
She's telling me, inside her car  
Driving us back from the Crystal Corner bar

"I lost it there, I fell from health  
Cut some fresh pieces from myself."  
And then, for a second, something in me  
Said, "Leave today. It's time, Holly."

Well, I'm a weak and lonely sort  
Though I'm not sailing just for sport  
I've come to feel, out on the sea  
These urgent lives press against me

I'm just a guest. I'm not a part  
With my tender head, with my easy heart  
These several years out on the sea  
Have made me empty, cold, and clear. Pour yourself into me

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