

A Hand to Take Hold of the Scene

Okkervil River

I'm a band in a show about a man holding hands with his wife
On a therapist's couch, with his face to the ground after fucki
ng around countless nights
And there's this one episode, close-
up cameras are showing him crying
His red head and his red eyes

I'm a band in a show about a boy being buried alive
From his head to his toes, by a criminal, but with a sensitive
soul, with a set of raccoon eyes
And there's this scene in the show when a hustler knows he's go
nna die
The ground opens and he climbs inside

And as he speaks his last line, a thought falls from his mind,
and I pick it up right through the TV
Oh, oh
Is there a hand to take hold of the scene?

I'm a man in a dream and there, dancing in front of my eyes
Is a queen formed out of flaws, with her eyes all gone odd and
a rod bolted into her spine
She rises up like a yawn, grips my heart like a claw, splits ap
art like a jaw, like an eye
And she asks me with a sigh

"When we're so far from right, when we're losing the fight, whe
n we are letting the light weaken its beam
Oh, oh
Is there a hand to take hold of the scene?"

I want a smile like a glistening shard
I want a kiss that's as sharp as a knife
The day expires
And the dry, cracked, trembling lips
God saw fit to put this kiss inside
I lift them up to you
I'd like to bear witness to
A light that is fine and is filling the cryingest eyes
Grace in each face that is making the wastedest, brokenest ones
fairly fly
Love that is innocent of that old cynical, covetous, cancerous
vibe
And a beauty that annihilates all life

Like it's lived in these nights, holding your hatred tight like
a sign that you're right or you're strong
When your doors are shut tight, I will dream you tonight and my

dream will just sweep you along
When all fires are fanned, when we're shucking our plans, when
we're too weak to stand on our two feet
Oh, oh
Is there a hand to take hold of the scene?