

A Stone

Okkervil River

Hot breath, rough skin,
warm laughs and smiling,
the loveliest words whispered and meant -
you like all these things.

But, though you like all these things,
you love a stone. You love a stone,
because it's smooth
and it's cold.

And you'd love most to be told
that it's all your own.

You love white veins, you love hard grey,
the heaviest weight, the clumsiest shape,
the earthiest smell, the hollowest tone -
you love a stone.

And I'm found too fast, called too fond of flames,
and then I'm phoning my friends,
and then I'm shouldering the blame,
while you're picking pebbles out of the drain, miles ago.

You're out singing songs, and I'm down shouting names
at the flickerless screen, going fucking insane.
Am I losing my cool, overstating my case?
Well, baby, what can I say?

You know I never claimed that I was a stone.
And you love a stone.

You love white veins, you love hard grey,
the heaviest weight, the clumsiest shape,
the earthiest smell, the hollowest tone -
you love a stone.

You love a stone, because it's dark, and it's old,
and if it could start being alive you'd stop living alone.

And I think I believe that, if stones could dream,
they'd dream of being laid side-by-side, piece-by-piece,
and turned into a castle for some towering queen
they're unable to know.

And when that queen's daughter came of age,
I think she'd be lovely and stubborn and brave,
and suitors would journey from kingdoms away
just to make themselves known.

And I think that I know the bitter dismay
of a lover who brought fresh bouquets every day
when she turned him away to remember some knave
who once gave just one rose, one day, years ago.