

All the Time Every Day

Okkervil River

[Q:] Do you stop and stare, struck dumb, hands shaking, washed by this constant panicked wishing for what's lost? As you're standing on some curb, waiting to cross, would you say you feel like some weak leaf, wind-turned and tossed?

[A:] All the time. Every Day. Every day, all the time. All the time. Every day, every day.

[Q:] As the streets sail by the seats inside your car, does each face outside collide against your heart? As you watch them blaze, or fade into the dark, do you want to scream that you're so pleased with who they are?

[A:] Every day, all the time. All the time, every day. Every day. All the time. Every day.

[Q:] When that moment arrives (oh, that sweet and tender pain...) do you think how there will come a time when you'll never feel it again? Do you try to make it right by thinking that if someone else feels it, it's real, and it won't go away? Do you?

[A:] ...

[Q:] Do you fall so short of all that's in your heart when your friends, that you should pull up, you instead pick apart? Do you watch the world get cold, and crushed, and small? And when you could do so much, do you do fuck-all?

[A:] All the time. Every day, every day. All the time, all the time, every day, every day.

[Q:] And, considering all this, and agreeing that it's true, is it harder each time just to feel something new? But do you sometimes wish not to feel anymore? To wall it off? To make it all go away? To just put it to an end?

[A:] No question. Any day. All the way, every time. Any day. Any time. All the way, all the day and all the night. All the way every time. All the pain, every day all the same...

[Q:] When you pray for grace to come, were you born yesterday? Are you dumb?? Are you insane??? Don't be ashamed; I'm the same. Yeah, I'm that way. But I try, every day and all the time.