

And I Have Seen the World of Dreams

Okkervil River

And I have seen the world of dreams,
Fresh-flown through the trees then dropped off at the
curb
Alive, have seen the world awake,
And I don't know which I deserve.
So when sleep nightly comes to me,
With all of these warm blankets piled on my back,
I'll hike to see the church of dreams,
Where all of the shutters are painted black.

And it seems like that's real until the time I awake,
And at midnight the moonlight reflects as the lake
Is shining at me, until night takes it away.
There's one world in the distance, one world in the
way,
And not one can stay.

And I have seen the wood of dreams,
Carved grainless and clean with a sweep of one hand,
And have been happy with the leaves on my body when
laid under land.
So when sleep finally comes to me
Because it comes for the sleek like it comes for the
lame
I'll sink beneath a weight of dreams so full and
complete that I'm pushed from my name.

And it seems like that's real until I fall asleep,
And then we load up the car and drive far to some
street
Where a new life awaits, until day takes it away.
There's one world in the distance, one world in the
way,
And not one can stay