

Calling and Not Calling My Ex

Okkervil River

She was once mine
that smile that shines from the glossy magazine that's stuck in
side the Sunday times
She was so sweet
On Christmas eve
With the snow set deep when we went walking through the pines
I had just been fired and her first offer had arrived
and the new year would see her flying far away from me
though I didn't know it at the time

With out-stretched hands
now she commands a famous figure
for every picture
and she stands up strong and she demands
and they deliver
yeah she's a fixture
and it's mixture of dumb jealousy and fear that I might feel
should she appear
just like it hasn't been three years
And there's distance to her voice over the phone
and that's because she stands alone
while I'm still sitting here

girl you see me here on another quite night
I will wait until another indistinguishable day arrives
I'll sigh when the light is even and bright
where my life is sweet while it's slightly disappointingly just
gliding softly by
girl you won't wait for me
in some secluded stand of trees
some Christmas eve some god was kind enough to set aside
Although I love you too, I'm proud of you
God knows I'm feeling really stupid now
for ever having said