

Dead Faces

Okkervil River

And we have fun we go laughing and running down to the water there by the sea
Where the body just floats like a rowboat and the moon's like a harbor light lit in the sky
And this picture's got a woman who looks like you and a guy who looks just like someone I've seen
When it turns out, I hope that it turns out, I hope that it turns out the way that you dreamed

Embarcadero train station's empty and I just cannot believe how long it takes
All the way home through the city everyone's looking at least, it's nice to believe everyone's looking
This picture's got a woman who looks like you and a guy who looks just like someone I've seen
When it turns out, I hope that it turns out, I hope that it turns out the way that you dreamed

Ghostly faces at my living room window they are not scared of me cause they know I can't hurt them
They press up and see, in the lamp glow, all of the hurt and the love inside of me

It's their final duty
To see right through me
Twelve hours 'til the dawn
But we've got to hold on
Hold on to me, cause then we'll keep running

Down to the water this morning, well nobody waits for you to believe
In ghosts lit by moonlight or dawning, or in this picture of you and me