

# For the Captain

Okkervil River

Relax, no song is written  
It's nothing you thought of yourself  
It's just a ghost, came unbidden  
To this house

This infection gets stronger every year  
This seed in the water of your tear  
There's no escaping it

This seed in the water of your tear  
the way an unborn baby's ear  
Unfolds in your belly

This infection gets stronger every year  
This direction of a tear rolling down your cheek  
And there's no escaping it

There's no escaping  
The thing that is making  
Its home in your radio

Bless this tiny alley  
We have fallen from tall buildings  
We have fallen  
Bless the birth of him  
The chapel he was killed in  
All your tiny flowers  
They have sat under the sidewalk  
They have waited for the pieces  
Of the summer sun to show us  
All that is your beauty  
All and all that is your treasure  
I could smell your skin beside me  
Say I hope I'm here forever  
Oh but captain with your lovers  
With your list of sacred pillows  
With your sacred list of children  
And the wall where you drew windows  
Overlooking tiny gardens  
Cut in half by jagged mountains  
And the secret sacred sharing  
That went on beside the fountain  
Where the water waits forever  
For a tiny, tiny treasure  
That will rise up and recover  
That will leave this tiny alley  
When you meet me in the garden  
With your wings all dipped in cedar  
All those spirits brushing past me  
Brushing past me in the ether  
Say all this is window dressing  
All you are is tiny curtains  
They will flame, they will flame up  
You won't know that you are BURNING!  
BURNING!  
Tiskno z www.txp.cz  
BURNING!