

For the Enemy

Okkervil River

Oh, my enemy,
you've got company,
you're not alone.
They're watching over me
while each town you pass
fades as it folds.

So in the night
we might get lost
lost in our fright.
So in the day
softly we'd flow,
floating away.

And it pours
from the faucet's mouth
like our fortune
comes flowing out
- every word of which,
without a doubt,
will find us together
and together bring us down.

They'll tie us down
with those fine thin threads
and run their knives
up and down our skin,
until what was in
will be out again,
above the sea
on that sunny ledge.

And in the day
softly we'll flow,
floating away.
And in the night
we will get lost,
lost in our fright.
La la la la la la.