

## 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.