

Hanging from a Hit

Okkervil River

What this night wants is what it gets
Strung in silken knots
lit by cigarettes flaring side by side,
with the streets all wet,
as the only thing that's bright.

And I don't need to cross that bridge
I find I'm swinging or sailing over the pit tonight
I'm hanging from a hit tonight
Was wild enough to order up and toss across my lips

What's making all my tears
Is taking all my fears away
But I don't need to cry
Because now I'm clear

A moth that's swerving through the sage
A creature crashing from a cage
A shadow vaporized by a new sun ray

A day she spends the night
And I can hear her sighing
As she's almost asleep on one side
I lie back on my pillow
And ask what her husband is like

And she says,