

## It Ends with a Fall

Okkervil River

Wish I could remember why it mattered to me.  
It doesn't matter to me.  
It doesn't matter to me anymore.  
Now that you're feeling fine,  
I'll admit that - though I know it's coming down,  
and see it shattering me - it doesn't matter to me,  
and I'm not sadder for seeing it come.  
I'm not going to run.  
I will just come when I am called.  
You want to cut me off  
because I took too much,  
but don't leave me alone.  
Take off your scarves, your winter coat.  
The night's too cold.  
When we met I should have said  
you're like a sister to me,  
how all that kiss her just seem  
like puny suitors I can see through,  
how none will do, not for you,  
it might as well just be us two.  
And when I pulled you by the jacket  
from the clattering street,  
you started flattering me,  
you started saying I was so strong.  
String me along, but I can't become all that I'm called.  
And I can't claim to know  
what makes love die or grow,  
but I can still take control  
and so refuse to just go home,  
back down the hall.  
And as I crawl,  
as finally all the false confetti blooms up in this attic room,  
I'm going make my stand.  
I want to see both of your hands put down the phone.  
I won't let you go,  
although the moment stole my self-control  
from us all and now it can only end with a fall.