

# John Allyn Smith Sails

Okkervil River

By the second verse, dear friends  
My head will burst, my life will end  
So I'd like to start this one off by saying  
Live and love

I was young and at home in bed  
And I was hanging on the words some poem said  
And thirty-one  
I was impressionable, I was upsettable

I tried to make my breathing stop, my heart beat slow  
So when my mom and John came in I would be cold

From a bridge on Washington Avenue  
The year of 1972  
Broke my bones and skull  
And it was memorable

It was half a second and I was halfway down  
Do you think I wanted to turn back around  
And teach a class  
Where you kiss the ass that I've exposed to you

And at the funeral the university  
Cried at three poems they'd present in place of a broken me

I was breaking in a case of suds  
At the brass rail, a fall-down drunk  
With his tongue torn out  
And his balls removed

And I knew that my last lines were gone  
While stupidly I lingered on  
Other wise men know  
When it's time to go and so I should too

And so I fly into the brightest winter sun  
Of this frozen town  
I'm stripped down to move on  
My friends, I'm gone

Well, I hear my father fall and I hear my mother call  
And I hear the others all whispering, come home  
I'm sorry to go, I loved you all so  
But this is the worst trip I've ever been on

So hoist up the John B. sail  
(Hoist up the John B. sail)  
See how the main sail sets  
(See how the main sail sets)

I've folded my heart in my head  
And I wanna go home  
With a book in my hand  
In the way I had planned  
Well, this is the worst trip I've ever been on

Hoist up the John B. sail  
(Hoist up the John B. sail)  
See how the main sail sets  
(See how the main sail sets)

I've folded my heart in my head  
And I wanna go home  
With a book in each hand  
(With a book in each hand)  
In the way I had planned  
(In the way I had planned)

I feel so broke up  
I wanna go home