

Last Love Song for Now

Okkervil River

Take my sword from the slaughter.
Melt it down into vapor, and my armor, too.
I hear hot blood flap and flutter
from your temple to shoulder,
and all through you.

When you hold on to me it isn't easy.
When you hold on to me isn't fair.
But when there's no key you find me there.

I'm turning white, I'm leaves of paper.
Turn my hands from this labor and lift me through.

When you hold onto me it isn't easy,
but you should hold on to me.
It isn't fair, but when there's no key you find me
there.

And kids get lost, lambs out wandering.
And bigger, blacker things come calling
from outside a tiny garden somebody once laid their
hearts on.
And kids get lost, and kids get broken.
And their diaries get found and opened.
And their legs get led astray,
and then they lie inside some secret place
where the sun looks in the open ceiling.
And kids grow up, and kids stop feeling
kids, and feel adults, and face away.

But in last love dreams,
the lost and passed out of this world are softly
sighing.
They're trying to decide if they should leave the
things that keep them crying.
And some will rise and keep on living with open eyes,
with minds forgiven.

The river's flowing is arrested
and resumed after they've blessed it
over and over and over, and over and
over and over, and over again.
(It's over.)