

Listening to Otis Redding at Home During Christmas

Okkervil River

Home is where beds are made and butter is added to toast
On a cold afternoon you can float room to room like a ghost
Take the creche out and argue about who gets to set up the king
s
And I know that it's home because that's where the stereo sings
I've got dreams, dreams to remember
But not even home will be with you forever

It's Christmastime and the plane flies me over white hills
To a town in a dream where the sky, it is frozen and still
And a room that's not mine but it's just like I left it before
With the wax from the candles all dusty and locks on the door
Where I held you so tenderly
And where in summer I opened your letter to me

Now I'm standing where we kneeled and a miracle mile now border
s it
But if I turn my face to the field I don't even notice it for a
second

There's a tangle of greenery where winter scenery ends
And I hear that song sometimes and imagine us much more than fr
iends
Like if we stayed in this town, bought the first house that wen
t up on sale
And how each Christmastime would bring in-
laws and snow days and holiday mail
Your dad says you're living in Georgia since last September
Yeah well I've got dreams, dreams to remember, I've got dreams,
dreams to remember
I've got dreams, dreams to remember, I've got dreams, dreams to
remember
Oh Sara, come back to New Hampshire we'll stay there forever