

My Bad Days

Okkervil River

Dear Mother, we all got bad days
And I know you'll understand
Where we open up a foreign door
With a pair of foreign hands

Where we find ourselves alone at the foot
Of a pair of foreign stairs
Dear Mother, you know how our bad days
Can catch you unawares, and catch us unawares

Dear Mother, we all got bad days
And I know that you'll agree
With a bottle that's filled up with Vicodin
And a child who looks just like me

And a cellar that's as dark as winter's cold
With a hole in the stone cold wall
And a child like me who's hiding
A child who can't hear your call

There's a string that runs through our bad days
If you pull that string real tight
The days all crumple together
And all that you see is night

And the doorknob becomes your enemy
And the window, you see through a haze
Dear Mother, I wish you could stand inside
And see all my bad days

Well, my bad days all got together
And they stood in a row for me
And I plunged deep into the row
And I couldn't hear and I couldn't see

And I came out after thousands came
And thousands passed away
Now I stand all alone at the foot of the stairs
And I wait for more bad days

There's a string that runs through our bad days
If you pull that string real tight
The days all crumple together
And all that you see is night

And the doorknob becomes your enemy
And the window, you see through a haze
Dear Mother, I wish you could stand inside
And see all my bad days