

Oh, Precious

Okkervil River

I live in a building where nobody knows me,
I go to bed early, I sleep in my clothes.
At night I hear screaming down in the street,
I dream that I'm slipping, I reach for my feet.

Precious, we are falling down,
catch us.

I fill in the holes in my vision with dexedrine,
the landscape spins sideways, the movies and magazines
whisper as they hide on soft silky surfaces
surely my neighbors and friends have their purposes here.

The building is maddening, thirty floors high
they are building a needle that pierces the sky
like a cold vaccination, like a smile through a polaroid,
surely my neighbors and friends want to be destroyed.

Precious, we are falling down,
catch us.

Oh no, down we go again.

Lend me a leaf from the rill,
lifting the dreams from you,
they sift through the meshes of the ancient afternoon.
Leave me alone for awhile,
leave me alone with your smile,
and listen to the breaking,
all the buildings we are making will be gone.

Precious, we are falling down, falling down,
catch us.