

## On a Balcony

Okkervil River

\*momentálně videoklip není k dispozici\*

Misty, when you want to hit those wedding bells, you should stop yourself  
You should see yourself angry  
Screaming to the ceiling  
Girl, you look like hell  
But when riding pills we get heavenly  
On a balcony

And baby's not a wreck on the wayside yet  
Although she stuck out her neck to see how dark she could take it  
The wind is wild while the spray is wet  
And a heart gets high as a heart can get  
On a balcony, high above the sea

You are the woman, on some Firefall  
Do you wanna ball on that brilliant beach?  
So hard I thought I hear my future daughter call through the static wall of a flashing dream  
And it's a wild, weaving ride to the sea  
Little demon, believe it from me  
They say that you're living off something-and-soda, some fine wine from 1983  
They say you're a fantasy

Clap like a comma, Hear the sentence sing  
Hear the whole world ring, Hey, it's bursting with bravery  
Misty, when it's whittled down to just one thing  
It amazes me, that simplicity  
I wandered through the market like a slumming king  
And the sun, it stings. Hell, I hadn't seen the sun for weeks  
When we finally walk away from everything on our own four feet  
I hear you call my name from a balcony

And I like the way you say it