

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