

# Our Life Is Not a Movie or Maybe

Okkervil River

It's just a bad movie, where there's no crying  
Handing the keys to me in this Red Lion,  
Where the lock that you locked in the suite says there's no pry  
ing  
When the breath that you breathed in the street screams there's  
no science  
When you look how you looked then to me, then I cease lying and  
fall into silence

It's just a life story, so there's no climax  
No more new territory, so pull away the IMAX  
In the slot that you sliced through the scene there was no shyn  
ess  
In the plot that you passed through your teeth there was no pit  
y

No fade in: film begins on a kid in the big city  
And no cut to a costly parade (that's for him only!)  
No dissolve to a sliver of grey (that's his new lady!)  
Where she glows just like grain on the flickering pane of some  
great movie

It's just a house burning, but it's not haunted  
It was your heart hurting, but not for too long, kid  
In the socket you spin from with ease there is no sticking  
From the speakers your fake masterpiece is serenely dribbling

When the air around your chair fills with heat, that's the flam  
es licking  
Beneath the clock on the clean mantelpiece. It's got a calm cli  
cking  
Like a pro at his editing suite takes two weeks stitching up so  
me bad movie