

Red

Okkervil River

Red is my favorite color
Red like your mother's eyes after a while
Of crying about how you don't love her
She says, "I know I don't deserve supervised sight of her
But each day becomes a blur without my daughter."

Fall is my favorite season like falling to reasoning why
She crashed from on high
She says, "Why is my life so uneven?
And what have I done right but given you your life
If after I led you on into that bar room
Into that bar room"

Yes is my favorite answer
I took a dancer home, she felt so alone
We stayed up all night in the kitchen doing my dishes
On and on till the dawn
She said, "I know it's easy to have me
But I have seen some things that I cannot even tell to my family pictures
And I'm full of fictions and fucking addictions and I miss my mother."

She'll never know I could never forget her
If I could write her a letter I'd try with every line
To say she still remembers your touch
And I know that it's not much
I know that it's not much
I know that it's not much, but you still haven't lost her
You still haven't lost her
You still haven't lost her
You still haven't lost her

Not yet