

Song About a Star

Okkervil River

He cut your strings so that he could float - lit by lights, lifted by alcohol
over acres of loving coast, far away from your lonely ghost.
Now he's cool and all, floating anchorless. Ports of call:
where it's fabulous, after all of this watching himself just crawl.

Think you see him? He's not there, that's just light that's not yet dead.
Wait two hours and watch what'll be there instead.

Was he small and cold, like a ring you call up from home,
held so tightly his limbs went numb, worn away between your finger and thumb?
Well, now he's bought and sold. Cry his call number down the phone,
he can't hear you - he's on his float, waving down to the folks at home.

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Wait two hours and watch what'll be there instead.

As the cameras love all of his faces,
they hide all the traces of you in his heart.
Stand in line to hold forth on his grace,
but you won't even get a head-start,
get a head-start.

As his close-up comes cascading down from above,
the eyes of a nation in love are looking on all of their hopes held up.
And the words that some screenwriter counted and chose,
and then set in their sequence and froze,
unfreeze on his tongue as he speaks for all of us

but one. And honey, he's gone.
And baby, he's everyone's. In the dark sky tonight,
cast your eyes on the dim light
that he will become. You're like everyone

who thinks they see him.
He's not there, that's just light that's not yet dead.
Wait two hours
and watch what'll be there instead.