

The Next Four Months

Okkervil River

Maybe we could break your ankle clean and
unsuspiciously
An ER trip, a doctor's slip and you could share your
pills with me
Won't it feel so good though when we're lying
Side by side can't move and I'm not trying

Two thousand milligrams each

A hotel by the pharmacy
With drinking straws in toothpaste tubes
Stash them with your toiletries
And I will share my pills with you

Little Michael sleeping in the child safety seat
Lying with the windows rolled up in the August heat

Three thousand milligrams each
Four thousand milligrams

We're driving down the interstate
You're feeling great, you scratch your wrist
And we pretend your kids, your husband, all you left
does not exist
And in some motel that night we're lying
I can barely whisper
It's like dying

Baby do you know what I mean
Well baby, did you hear me?
Well baby, you fell asleep

I know I'm weak, I won't deny
We'll see our trial some day soon
When I know we're fucked I'll half the pile and share
my pills with you

'Cos we've felt fully in our bodies
And we've felt totally alive
So we're prepared to float above this dirty bed where
we both lie
Where we lie, lie, lie
Well we be fine?
Not this time