

The Valley

Okkervil River

Watch the sun switching in the sky, off and on,
where our friend stands bleeding on the late summer
lawn,
a slicked back bloody black gunshot to the head.
He has fallen in the valley of the rock and roll dead.

I hear a breeze, it wheezes through the tips of the
pines,
where there's laughter and there's screaming to the
rafters in the night.
The moon rolls dreaming through the late spring sky,
where our friend lies bleeding through his jacket and
his tie.
A slit throat makes a note like a raw winter wind.
We were piled at the river with the rock and roll
skinned.

Times ten.

Like the water loves lapping at the skin of the shore,
hear our friend come tapping at the latches on the
door.
Like a foot slips, slapping on the ladder's last rung,
we were thrashing in the clatter of the rock and roll
hung.

Minus one.

It's just a loud crowd crush.
It's just a thrush, seen flying through the late autumn
dusk
just for the very last time.
It's just a busted-up body in the dust of the last road
out of the city, when the city explodes.
Light grows, and the light grows bright, and red-
tinged.
We were fallen on the border with the rock and roll
singed.

Times ten.
Times ten.

Times ten.
Ten again, then another ten million
Fallen in the valley of the rock and roll dead.

Times ten.
Ten again, then another ten million
Fallen in the valley of the rock and roll dead.

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