

## Title Track

Okkervil River

All of the stage names evaporate  
And it's just a blood-flushed and heart-rushing race  
Either to kick off too soon or stick around too late  
To be far too dear or too cut-rate

Hold my hand again like at the lake  
Hold that mirror, babe, up to my face  
Hear the whippoorwill? Am I breathing still?

A Hollywood Babylon bike-a-  
thon for breakdancers all broken down in their beds  
Now intravenously fed from a bag hanging over their heads  
Can I put you down for some miles? What do you say?  
'Cause don't you know it's going to be a long, long way  
But if you've got the cash, I'm ready to bust my ass

So take this thin, broken-down circus clown reject  
And give her the name of a queen  
Don't I know her from the mezzanine?  
Well, she didn't look like no princess to me

But with the proper words bestowed  
And with her morning shoot  
And her evening clothes  
Don't call her a prostitute  
She ain't one of those  
Just call her a proper little statue come unfroze