

You Can't Hold the Hand of a Rock and Roll Man

Okkervil River

This week's cash for last week's grass
Your crew collates while you sit in the van and wait
Gassed and trashed and smashed young cads
roasting away on a sunny summer day
(Or, okay, an August night anyway)

And you're living on air
While on the 25th floor, up there
They'd fan a million bucks before your face
Marie's passed out in a chair with her once fussed-over hair
All mussed into an I've-just-been-fucked shape

Just an hour before, she crashed, all cashed
She said, "I'm done with looking back, and you look your age
Which is thirty-seven, by the way and not twenty-eight
And fucking let them stare, because at this point I don't care.
I have been your bride stripped bare since '98.
And our silver-screen affair, it weighs less to me than air.
It's a gas now. It's a laugh just how far several mil can take
it."

This week's as fast as last week's flash of interstate
When you starved and never ate
This week's splashed a sick, gold cast across your face
As you roam on silk ripped tippy-toe alone through Silver lake

Splayed astride a snow-white mare on a non-stop all-night tear.
What a ghastly sight you smear in every face
In that fat, fur-trimmed affair that your lawyer lets you wear
You'll destroy your chance to ever get repeatedly engaged