

**Black Nemo**  
**Okkervil River**

[Intro]

**G C D G**

[Verse]

**G** Meriden months stuck in Indian summers.  
**C G**  
**D G D G** And Dad s on the line, but I m fine. Here s the phone...  
**G**  
Oh, it s floating away. It s going away on the tide.  
**G C G**  
Crystalized wishes, like kids crying for Christmases,  
**D G D G**  
ticking off lists with their pens in their fists  
**G**  
before floating away, and going away on the tide.

[Chorus]

**D**  
Running away on the back of a beast,  
**C**  
in a midnight charge down a broken beach.  
**Am7 G**  
The little stars, they spin the sharpest shards of light on down  
**D**  
to the mouth of the sea.  
**C**  
In a morning curled up in a cab on the edge of the world,  
**Am7 G**  
the light s a fire of gold lying around.

[Verse]

**G C G**  
What, when you heard it - say, forward or furtive,  
**D G D G**  
transferred through a person or mystical blur -  
**G**  
got you going away, got you floating away on the tide?  
**G C G**  
Through Bonner Road basements of Pitfall, of cave-ins,  
**D G D G**  
of crackling tapes, cross fades... When the song ends  
**G**  
I m going away, floating away on the tide.

[Chorus]

**D**  
Finding your way down the bloody beach,  
**C**  
with the burnt-out cars salt-licked by the sea,  
**Am7** **G**  
those slicked-out stars all screaming from a distant high remove.  
**D**  
In the fizzed-out snow of a cathode screen  
**C**  
I saw a broken ghost in an old soap scene.  
**Am7** **G**  
I let his dead and dreamy eyes follow my moves.

[Verse]

**G** **C** **G**  
And I had a vision of everything hidden  
**D** **G** **D** **G**  
but always around me. It fought me. It found me  
**G**  
while going away, floating away on the tide.  
**G** **C** **G**  
Shooting through time with my eyes getting glassy  
**D** **G** **D** **G**  
and lined, while I watch seasons rocketing past me.  
**G**  
They re going away - a little more every day, all the time.

[Chorus]

**D**  
On a balcony, at the brilliant sea  
**C**  
where all rivers meet, a voice spoke to me and said,  
**Am7** **G**  
These things have just got to be. I don t know why.

[Outro]

And I said,  
**D**  
Here s to the freeway flasher!  
**C**  
Here s to the desperate dasher.  
**G**  
Guard him. Keep him from crashing,  
**D**  
on his tear. I know you think you miss him.  
**C**  
I know you think you knew him,  
**G**

but you were passing through him.

**D G D G**

Light as air he s leaving. There... he s gone.