

Title Track

Okkervil River

Capo 4

C G Am  
F C G  
F C Am G

C G Am  
All of the stage names evaporate  
F C G  
And it s just a blood-flushed and heart-rushing race  
F C Am F  
Either to kick off too soon or stick around too late, to be far too  
G  
dear or too cut-rate  
Am  
Hold my hand again  
G  
Like at the lake  
Am  
Hold that mirror, babe  
G  
Up to my face  
Am  
Hear the whippoorwill?  
F  
Am I breathing still?

C G Am  
F C G  
F C Am G

C G Am  
A Hollywood Babylon bike-a-thon for breakdancers  
F C G  
All broken down in their beds  
F C G  
Now intravenously fed  
F C G  
From a bag hanging over their heads  
Am  
Can I put you down for some miles?  
G  
What do you say?  
Am G  
Cause don t you know, it s going to be a long, long way  
Am  
But if you ve got the cash

**F**

I m ready to bust my ass

**C G Am**

**F C G**

**F C Am G**

**C**

**G**

**Am**

So, take this thin broken down circus clown reject and

**F**

**C**

**G**

Give her the name of a queen

**F**

**C**

**G**

Don t I know her from the mezzanine?

**F**

**C**

**G**

She didn t look like no princess to me

**Am**

But with the proper words

**G**

Bestowed

**Am**

And with her morning shoot

**G**

Her evening clothes

**Am**

Don t call her a prostitute

**G**

Well, she ain t one of those

**Am**

Just call her a proper little statue

**F**

Come unfroze

**C G Am**

**F C G**

**F C Am G**