

In a Radio Song

Okkervil River

Black sheep boy,
blue-eyed charmer,
head hanging with horns
from your father.

Oh,
in a cold little mirror you were grown,
by a black little wind you were blown,
alone, alone, alone.

Cold smile on your lips,
you shake and shiver.
Some animal sips where the river flows
from a black little crack in a stone.
To a crackle in a radio song,
sing along, sing along, sing along.

Warm light when your eyes
fill with laughter.
Some animal lies in the pasture,
holes in its throat where the
blood was drawn,
in its mouth where the tongue
was torn by your claws,
your claws, your claws.

I rose from a dream;
We were running
from every being
that was hunting,
but we let them get ahead of us.
We let them lie in wait for us.
We're fucked, we're fucked, we're fucked.

I rose from a dream;
I had just destroyed everything
with one crushing blow,
and I woke up and watched it go,
and I woke up and wagged my tongue.
So long, so long, so long