

## Okkervil River "Black Sheep Boy, Pt4"

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Bleeding black sheep boy  
Mirror in pieces  
Turn the receiver  
Trace the police station  
Lying to my number  
And number my reasons  
For this paranoia and these accusations  
Each night that the numbers paired off like lovers  
collided together, so I can't remember my name or my  
nation.  
Bathe black sheep boy  
Go back beyond the pasture  
You cracked out my head  
And in your battered mustang, in the back seat will be  
your bed.  
Burning black sheep boy  
Dark denim phantom  
Face full of flames, ears full of cheers that have  
fandom  
I'd slice off the horns the sprung right from those  
temples  
I was chased from my bedroom  
I was chased from my candles by fear of the numbers  
paired off like lovers  
Colliding together so I can't remember my face or my  
station  
Pacing black sheep boy  
The floor just wont support you  
You hover through the room  
Get in your battered mustang, and the back seat will be  
your tomb

And I rode into Baltimore and I found a hotel room  
Where I tried to escape you  
But the phone line wouldn't go through  
And inside the mirror well I saw you stand there staring  
out  
I don't recognize your eyes, your mouth, or any other  
lines that come flying out  
Nothing I've heard from you sounds sane or safe,  
words falling down from the ceiling where the mirror is  
stealing the light to reveal us both

The night that we're both peeling and the black pool of  
your shadow, you cracked out of my head  
Go back beyond the pasture or I'll smash your mirror  
'till you're dead.

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