In a Radio Song

Okkervil River

Black, 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. Sad 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

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