So Come Back, I Am Waiting

Okkervil River

A black sheep boy revolves over canyons and waterfalls.
A black sheep boy dissolves in syringe or in shower stall.He says
"There's plenty of time to make you mine tonight,
there's plenty of time to make you mine."He says
"There's plenty of ways to know you're not dying,
all right.
Hell, there's plenty of light still left in your eyes."A black sheep boy grows horns,
breathing smoke through his microphone.
The airwaves stretch and they groan, bleeding, birthing his black diapason.Says
"There's plenty of things to wear when you come to me,
every color of sleeve to be rolled.
Millions of rolling eyes that still cling to me.
Every language of king is concerned.
So why
did you bawl
from the spell of some old holy song
some liar laughed as he composed,
some liar I loved to control?"A black sheep boy dissolves
in hot cream, in sweet moans,
in each dead bed and empty home,
in each seething bacterium.Killing softly and serial,
he lifts his head, handsome, horned, magisterial.
He's the smell of the moonlight wisteria.
He's the thrill of the abecedarian.
See the muddy hoofprints where he carried you?And there's plenty of ways to claim his crimes tonight,
and there's plenty of things to do on his dime.
And there's plenty of ways to wear his hide tonight,
you've got yours, I've got mine.
You've got yours, I've got mine.
So why
did you flee?
Don't you know you can't leave his control
only call all his wild works your own?
So come back and we'll take them all on.
So come back to your life on the lam.
So come back to your old black sheep man.Says
"I'm waiting on hoof and on hand.
I'm waiting, all hated and damned.
I'm waiting, I snort and I stamp.

I'm waiting, you know that I am,
calmly waiting to make you my lamb"

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/