

# One Black Sheep

Mat Kearney

I was born a love child of the '70s  
Touch down at Sacred Heart  
Three boys and a treehouse family  
Saw the light from the reservoir  
Mamma told me angels are watching us  
In a green Volkswagen van  
In the cities of hippies and angels  
Just singing along to a Amy Grant

There was money in my pocket  
Shoes on my feet  
But I always felt like the one black sheep

There was food on the table  
A place to sleep  
But there's no rest for the one black sheep  
Singing  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Won't somebody tell me  
What's wrong with me?  
Singing  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Won't somebody tell me  
What's wrong with me?

Packed up in Eugene, Oregon  
Amtrak went soccer cleats  
Headed south to California  
Conference player of the week  
But at night I dream of Graceland  
Stealing my friend Carl's guitar  
On the racquetball courts playing  
Songs for homeless broken

There was money in my pocket  
Shoes on my feet  
But I always felt like the one black sheep  
Got a good education

On O'Bart Street  
But there's no books on the one black sheep  
Singing  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Won't somebody tell me  
What's wrong with me?  
Singing  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Won't somebody tell me  
What's wrong with me?

Two dropouts head eastbound  
Chevy truck with no A/C  
Starlite Fort Kearney Campground  
Said why not Tennessee  
Got fiber in my bones for  
God works to save  
Lord know I'm not home  
But I'm on my way with

There was money in my pocket  
Shoes on my feet  
But I always felt like the one black sheep  
Got these 3 guitar chords  
And the road under my feet  
But there's no place for the one black sheep  
Singing  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Won't somebody tell me  
What's wrong with me?  
Singing  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Ooh ooh ooh, ay  
Won't somebody tell me  
What's wrong with me?

'Cause there's no rest for the one black sheep

---