Four Black Sheep

Martha Wainwright

Get in the car
We're late for the gig
But don't go too fast
It's been snowin' since 10 am
And we'll never be this free againCrossin' the bridge
Over the Gatineau
To the side that I know
Where the light becomes strange
We'll never be this free againOn our way home
Singin' the songs
That we learned on our mother's knee
Four black sheep in need
Tryin' or dyin' to be freedJesse's been drinkin' again and again
He won't believe, he can't believe
We can see right through his soulMom and Dad
They're on their way
They know these roads
They've been leading a lonely life
Black sheep, they too were born in the nightAnd we'll meet at the lodge
To suck on life and scream up at the sky
That we don't feel the same
And we'll never be this free againMay walked away in the snow
Sayin' she was through.
And Frere Jacques would never woke to ring the bell
To tell us what we already knew
That out there in the freezing night,
We would not be all rightFour black sheep
Travelin' at different speeds
Angry at the world
Losing the way in the cold, deep snow
Black on white it glowedWe would never be this free again
We would never be this free againAfter the show
Back on the road to Montreal
There were diamonds piercing our eyes
And the snow piling up on either sideJesse took the wheel
There was an appeal to stop the ride
But we were just four black sheep in the night
Trying to hold on for our livesAnd we never made it home
Spinnin'out on the road,

We took to the sky
Where we were finally free for the last timeRed on black on white in the night
I said, red on black on white in the night
I said, red on black on white in the night...

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