

# Sufjan Stevens, Old Man Of The Lake

We had our bikes  
And wearing Spandex  
Three of us, my brother and my cousin named Josh  
At Crater Lake with California license plates  
A Prius and an energy bar  
In my fatigue, I turned the key  
And drove the car like a frisbee on a methadone high  
And just my luck, a Ranger in a pick-up truck  
Appeared as the image of God

And I don't like to start a fight  
The Ranger rolled with his hands on his gun  
He gave us shit, and made us sit  
On the curb with our back to the terminal sun

What price would I pay  
To reverse my fate?  
Old man of the lake  
Have a laugh at us now  
(Coo-Coo-Coo)

My brother said "don't give him trouble"  
As he made a remark at the officer's back  
The Ranger reached and swung his gun around  
My brother went down like a domino pack

And like a dream the Ranger screamed  
"Put your hands on your head  
Keep them where I can see them"  
He cuffed 'em off  
And fucked 'em up  
With a laugh while we sat  
With our hands on the curb

What wish could I call  
From the witches cauldron?  
Old man of the lake  
Have a laugh at us now  
(Coo-Coo-Coo)  
(Coo-Coo-Coo)

Old man of the lake  
Have a laugh at us now  
(Coo-Coo-Coo)  
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