Okkervil River, Black Sheep Boy Number 4

Bleeding black sheep boy,
mirror in pieces.
Turn the receiver,
trace the police station.
Line to my number
and number my reasons
for this paranoia,
for these accusations.

Each night the numbers
paired off like lovers,
collided together
so I can remember
my name or my nation.
Bay black sheep boy.

Go back beyond the pasture,
you cracked out of my head.
Get in your battered Mustang
and the back seat will be your bed.

Burning black sheep boy,
dark denim phantom.
Face full of flames,
the ears full of cheers that have fanned them.
I'd slice off the horns that sprung right from those temples
I was chased from my bedroom,
I was chased from my candles.

By fear of the numbers,
paired off like lovers,
collided together
so I can remember
my face or my station.
Pacing black sheep boy.

The floor just won't support you,
You hovered through the room.
Get in your battered Mustang
and the backseat will be your tomb.

And I rode into Baltimore
and I found a hotel room
where I tried to escape you,
but the phone line wouldn't go through.
And inside the mirror,
well I saw you stamping
staring out
I'd recognize your eyes
You fell for any of the lines that come flying out.
Nothing I've heard from you sounds sane or safe.
Words falling down from the ceiling
where the mirror is stealing
the light to reveal us both tonight
and we're both kneeling in the
black pool of your shadow.

You cracked out of my head.
Go back beyond the pasture,
where I'll smash your mirror
till you're dead.