

# Okkervil River, In A Radio Song

Black, black sheep boy, blue-eyed charmer, head hanging with horns from your father - oh, in a col  
tongue was torn by your  
claws, your claws, your  
claws. I rose from a dream; we were running from every  
being that was hunting, but  
we let them get ahead of us.  
We let them lie in wait for  
us. Were fucked, were  
fucked, were fucked. I rose  
from a dream; I had just  
destroyed everything with one crushing blow, and I woke up  
and watched it go, and I woke  
up and wagged my tongue. So long, so long, so