

# Black Sheep

Alela Diane

Sometimes I'm riding high in the rusted sky  
Sometimes I sit right here miles off from anywhere  
Some days I'm a black sheep, baby  
Suddenly I'm elegant as evening  
Most of the time, I'm on the ride

I remember waiting by the phone pining away the nights alone  
A tarnished coin into the slot, my number lost in your coat pocket  
Some days I'm a black sheep, baby  
Suddenly I'm elegant as evening  
Most of the time, I'm on the line

Ooh a black sheep, black sheep dark as thunder  
Ooh evening, evening is harder still  
And I am on the line and the line is rusted blue  
I am on the line and the line is rusted blue  
Rusted blue, rusted blue, rusted blue