

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