

One Black Sheep

Mat Kearney

I was born a love child of the '70s
Touched down at Sacred Heart
Three boys in a treehouse family
Saw the lights from the reservoir
Mamma told me angels are watching us
In a green Volkswagen van
In the cities of hippies and angel dust
Just singing along to her Amy Grant

There was money in my pocket
Shoes on my feet
But I always felt like the one black sheep
There was food on the table
A place to sleep
But there's no rest for the one black sheep
Singing
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Won't somebody tell me
What's wrong with me?
Singing
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Won't somebody tell me
What's wrong with me?

Packed up in Eugene, Oregon
Amtrak wearin' soccer cleats
Headed south to California
Conference player of the week
But at night I dreamed of Graceland
Stealing my friend Kyle's guitar
On the racquetball courts playing
Songs for homeless broken hearts

There was money in my pocket
Shoes on my feet
But I always felt like the one black sheep
Got a good education
On Hobart Street
But there's no books on the one black sheep
Singing
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Won't somebody tell me
What's wrong with me?
Singing
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Won't somebody tell me
What's wrong with me?

Two dropouts headed eastbound
Chevy truck with no A/C
Starlight Fort Kearney Campground
Said "Why not Tennessee?"
Got fire in my bones, boy

Got words to say
Lord knows I'm not home
But I'm on my way with

Money in my pocket
Shoes on my feet
But I still feel like the one black sheep
Got these 3 guitar chords
And the road under my feet
But there's no place for the one black sheep
Singing
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Won't somebody tell me
What's wrong with me?
Yeah
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Won't somebody tell me
What's wrong with me?
Yeah
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Won't somebody tell me
What's wrong with me?
Yeah
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Ooh ooh ooh, ay
Won't somebody tell me
What's wrong with me?

Cause there's no rest for the one black sheep