

Sufjan Stevens, Old Man Of The Lake

We had our bikes
And wearing Spandex
Three of us, my brother and my cousin named Josh
At Crater Lake with California license plates
A Prius and an energy bar
In my fatigue, I turned the key
And drove the car like a frisbee on a methadone high
And just my luck, a Ranger in a pick-up truck
Appeared as the image of God

And I don't like to start a fight
The Ranger rolled with his hands on his gun
He gave us shit, and made us sit
On the curb with our back to the terminal sun

What price would I pay
To reverse my fate?
Old man of the lake
Have a laugh at us now
(Coo-Coo-Coo)

My brother said "don't give him trouble"
As he made a remark at the officer's back
The Ranger reached and swung his gun around
My brother went down like a domino pack

And like a dream the Ranger screamed
"Put your hands on your head
Keep them where I can see them"
He cuffed 'em off
And fucked 'em up
With a laugh while we sat
With our hands on the curb

What wish could I call
From the witches cauldron?
Old man of the lake
Have a laugh at us now
(Coo-Coo-Coo)
(Coo-Coo-Coo)

Old man of the lake
Have a laugh at us now
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