

Fair To Midland

"A Wolf Descends Upon The Spanish Sahara"

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If you're keeping score then you're bound to win,
A birds eye view of a burning bridge,
You've come through ghost towns set on pause,
Hoping your risk was worth a cause,

Whoa, sound off the false alarm, whoa

But I'll make my own colleague from wood and from
ivory,
And reap the rewards of proximity,
I'll assemble my equal from what I lack and require,
And gather what's left unaccompanied.

It smells like disaster,
It looks like a trap,
So go by the wayside,
And never look back.

If you could spare me forty winks,
While you cry wolf and I count sheep,
What good are ghosts in Kevlar vests,
With backbones like a jellyfish?

Whoa, stomp on your land again, whoa

But I'll make my own colleague from wood and from
ivory,
And reap the rewards of proximity,
I'll assemble my equal from what I lack and require,
And gather what's left unaccompanied.

It smells like disaster,
It looks like a trap,
So go by the wayside,
And never look back,

If you are keeping score then you are bound to win,
A ring side seat at the main event,
Whoa, stomp on your land again, whoa

It smells like disaster,
It looks like a trap,

So go by the wayside,
And never look back.

It smells like disaster,
Thank God I can smell,
And go by the wayside,
I'll never look back.

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