

Fair to Midland

"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 gone through ghost towns settle past,
Hoping the risk was worth a cause,

Oh, sound off the false alarm,

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 old ghosts in Kevlar vests,
With backbones like a jellyfish,

Oh, stomp on your land again,
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,
Oh, stomp on your land again,

It smells like disaster,
It looks like a trap,
So go by the wayside,

And never look back.

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