

Grant Lee Buffalo "Soft Wolf Tread"

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The soft wolf tread
Thru emerald forest he was lookin' to make a bed
There in the spindly thicket softly did he tread
The soft wolf tread

Sure was starved
And thru his silver coat his ribs shown sharply carved
The hand that feeds was pickin' weeds
Sure looked starved

Up comes hood he's beautiful
As a sirloin steak to a pit bull chained up
It's good to see such an old friend again
Such an old friend again
Such an old friend again

Then he said
Dear hood what brings you to this neck of the woods
In your scarlet cape and your basket full of grapes
What lures you to the woods

The soft wolf tread
The clearing and he's nervously tugging on his earring
He talked how good such an old friend again

Such an old friend again
Such an old friend again

Oh
Such an old
Such an old
Such an old
Ooh ooh ooh

And then he spun
A twisted tale 'bout a child who cried his name
So many times that even when he yelled no one ever
came

The soft wolf tread
The soft wolf tread
The soft wolf tread

Well he tread and tread and tread and tread
Yeah an old friend again
Such an old friend again
Such an old friend again

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