

Grass Roots

"Dire Wolf"

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In the timbers to fennario, the wolves are running
round,
The winter was so hard and cold, froze ten feet neath
the ground.
Dont murder me, I beg of you, dont murder me. please,
dont murder me.

I sat down to my supper, twas a bottle of red whisky,
I said my prayers and went to bed, thats the last they
saw of me.
Dont murder me, I beg of you, dont murder me. please,
dont murder me.

When I awoke, the dire wolf, six hundred pounds of sin,
Was grinning at my window, all I said was come on in.
Dont murder me, I beg of you, dont murder me. please,
dont murder me.

The wolf came in, I got my cards, we sat down for a
game.
I cut my deck to the queen of spades, but the cards
were all the same.
Dont murder me, I beg of you, dont murder me. please,
dont murder me.

In the backwash of fennario, the black and bloody mire,
The dire wolf collects his dues, while the boys sing
round the fire.
Dont murder me, I beg of you, dont murder me. please,
dont murder me.
No, no, no dont murder me. I beg of you,
Dont murder me. please, dont murder me.

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