

Iron & Wine

"Wolves"

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Wolves by the road and a bike wheel spinning on a
pawnshop wall
She'll wring out her colored hair like a butterfly beaten
in a summer rainfall
And then roll on the kitchen floor of some fucker with a
pocketful of foreign change
The song of the shepherd's dog,
A ditch in the dark in the ear of the lamb who's going to
try to run away
Whoever got that brave?

Wolves in the middle of town and a chapel bell ringing
through the windblown trees
She'll wave to the butcher's boy with the parking lot
music everybody believes
And then dive like a dying bird at any dude with a
dollar at the penny arcade
The song of the shepherd's dog,
The waiter and the check or the rooster on a rooftop
waiting for day
And you know what he's going to say

Wolves at the end of the bed and a postcard hidden in
her winter clothes
She'll weep in the back of a truck to the traitors only
trying to find her bullet hole
and then run down a canopy road to some mother and
a baby with a cross to bear

The song of the shepherd's dog
a little brown flea in the bottle of oil
for your wooly wild hair,
you'll never get him out of there

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