

Josh Ritter "Idaho"

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All that love all those mistakes
What else can a poor man make?
So I gave up a life of crime
I gave it to a friend of mine
Something else was on my mind
The only ghost I'm haunted by
I hear her howling down
below Idaho oh Idaho

Wolves oh wolves oh can't you see?
Ain't no wolf can sing like me
And if it could then I suppose
He belongs in Idaho
Packs of dogs and cigarettes
For those who ain't done packing yet
My clothes are packed and I
want to go Idaho oh Idaho

Out at sea for seven years
I got your letter in Tangier
Thought that I'd been on a boat
?Til that single word you wrote
That single word it landlocked me
Turned the masts to cedar trees
And the winds to gravel roads
Idaho oh Idaho

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