

## **Mando Diao** **"Sheepdog"**

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Yeah, yeah, yeah

Well, I aim at the first one who'll dare to stand still  
Oh Lord, you're tension is making me ill  
You've got no friends in your home  
You've got no family stone  
You can't go, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Everyone, in every town, on every boat, on every trip  
The multi-talented strip  
Will gather 'round you with coke and pain  
Oh, the trees, ain't no doubt about the seeds  
I had no thought about, no, yeah, yeah, yeah

Don't know why I can't locate this feeling  
That I would rather be with you  
It makes no sense, while crying out loud, well, I may  
love you

This stress is wasting my emotions  
That I would rather be with you  
Don't let them closer to this secret that I may love you

Take 'em outa west, take 'em outa height  
Take 'em on a sweet ride  
Those little angels are numbered nine  
The colored TV once shined on desolation one five  
They've got it, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Bust 'em in the light, bust 'em in the light  
Bust 'em in the daylight  
They ain't worthy being named as thieves  
One of those shorties said, "Hi" up to the Abbot who  
died  
The rebound, yeah, yeah, yeah

Don't know why I can't locate this feeling  
That I would rather be with you  
It makes no sense, you're crying out loud, well, I may  
love you

This stress is wasting my emotions

That I would rather be with you  
Don't let 'em closer to this secret that I may love you  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Now, hear the bluebird whistle hymns like  
"I would rather heal your wounds"  
Now, hear the dark gun punching out  
That, that I may love you

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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