

Monroe Johnson

"When The Wolves Turn In Their Coats"

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I'm standing on a stage staring into a solitary light
Good night she cries from the bedpost of my eye
I can teach you to be a lonely man but first you must understand
It's not your fault, your flaws in thrall to the debts of your hand

Our lines are not always
Written with words on a page
They'll point the way home
When the wolves turn in their coats

Beasts and slaves enchained at the gates of my name
Prostrate on a pyre and all the treasure in flames
The barons of keep had bartered their sacrum and saints
For this sacrosanct choir, this spire of fiery fate

The children need something to eat
Swallowed while in their sleep
They'll point the way home
When the wolves turn in their coats

My demimonde of words now wonder like vagabonds
Lying naked in the aisle lost in their song

Jesus, fools, and ghosts
Are down by the pier giving toasts
They'll point the way home
When the wolves turn in their coats

The Natives are up in arms
The pirates have lost their charm
Onboard the quarter deck the captain speaks
But I don't think he's in charge

When I step down from this stage
And the light slowly fades from my face
I know there is a way home
When the wolves turn in their coats

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