

Tackhead

"Wolf In Sheep's Clothing"

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Flaunting his fleece dressed to kill slowly,
I guess you could call him a wolf in sheeps clothing.
Midnight searsucker suit under a sheepskin full moon
on the shadow,
A face scarred by a certain sharp deal in that designer
thrift shop number,
A senator a statesman or a shark & smiling candy
sweet,
That glint in his eye like a pimp and if so inclined vote
worthy too.

Chorus

From Brooklyn to Britain,
Moscow to Bonn,
Sizing up arms deals in the back of a bar,
From hotels to motels from Kansas to Perth, popcorn
hard porn, Donner & Blitzen
A sweaty palm greeting for kings & hookers while
counting,
The slums with a real estate vision,
Caring not in him it's not his style,
It's home to the wife with the smile of a child.

Chorus

In speeches his words carry a lot of weight,
Like a man in insurance who beats up his date,
No plans for the future no thought of the past,
Life's in his pocket he knows it won't last,
What a story he can tell,
Whatever you want he's ready to sell a worm in a three
piece in search of a fleece,
I guess you can call him a wolf in sheeps clothing.

Chorus

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