

The Waking Eyes

"Wolves At The Door"

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Vices are prone to burn holes in my pockets
And they're dryin' up my well
But every so often there's a forgotten cost
And a ringin' on my bell
And when I decided to make like I died they got wise

The sun it was sunny, but I feel downpour
The man wants my money, the wolves at the door
He held out his hand, but I feel down poor
He smiled at my money, the wolves at the door

Phone calls and gold-sealed documentation
Knockin' on my door
Brow-beating threats, they've been making me sweat
They've been ringing on my bell
Collectors and spies and agents of various kinds want
more

The sun it was sunny, but I feel downpour
The man wants my money, the wolves at the door
He held out his hand, but I feel down poor
He smiled at my money, the wolves at the door

So call off your dogs and all hungry minds
They're shedding their hair and sheeply disguise
So call off your dogs and leave them behind
'Cause I'm not paying a dime

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