

## **Monroe Johnson & The Cloudhanger Band**

### **"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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