

Shooter Jennings "The Wolf"

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Buyin' a pack of Winston Lights
at the news stand and five and dime
I caught a borrowed glance at the problems of the
world

Everything either too high or low
Am I country enough or too rock-n-roll
And God bless poor Anna Nicole

Can't find no shelter from the storm that's coming on
Yeah stick together, or just die like the other dogs
I just can't weather this feeling like I don't belong
In the midst of helter skelter, I just can't find no shelter
for The Wolf

Oh, no no

I keep on writing my songs to sing, along this two bit
smoke parade
I never wanted the money, and I never wanted fame
Like everyone else who rides my name
Who's poised to push right me in front of that train
And make out like pirates, while I sink in the rain

Can't find no shelter from the storm that's coming on
Yeah stick together, or just die like the other dogs
I can't weather this feeling like I don't belong
Oh, the midst of helter skelter, I just can't find no
shelter for The Wolf

Ohhh, no no nooo

{ Just can't find no shelter }
No, na no, na no, na no, na no, na no, na no, no
{ Just can't find no shelter }

I just can't find no shelter for The Wolf

Oh, no shelter, from the storm that's coming on
Yeah stick together, or just die like the other dogs
Oh, I just can't weather, this feeling like I don't belong
Oh, the midst of helter skelter, I just can't find no

shelter

Oh, the midst of helter skelter, I just can't find no
shelter for The Wolf

Oh, no no nooo

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