Blood Of A Young Wolf

Buck 65

Ten-thousand horses. Sable island. Endless summer
Oh my god, I'm hot to steal, beside myself in friendless number
I ain't got no culture, nothin', dirty words, but that don't count
Flight attendants, waitresses, superstition - good amount
There's work to do, hell to pay, memories & finger prints
Calling Papa ignorance
And I don't wanna go (sick & tired)Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech
Egg & spoon race, slow & steady. Desert highway.
Still I'm stuck, I can't afford it. Picture postcards, small memento
Echo-shadow, echo-shadow-sterling silver, burning furnace
Frozen, nowhere, just a kid I had a friend named deadly earnest
Cross my heart & hope to die, stick a needle in my arm
Praise the heavens, call the cops. Relax. There's no cause for alarm
Diamond rings & little babies, 'startlements' & miracles
I remember pretty faces so severe & lyrical
I'm talkin' Amelia Earhart, Neko Case or Frida Kahlo
All alone the way it should be, I don't even need a shadow
Seeds of wisdom found no purchase, we don't even have a chance
Birthday party Armageddon, long stem roses avalanche
Broken fingers, goin' nowhere fast & screeching to hault
All that work for nothing, oh, whipping boy. It's all my fault
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech-tech-techI don't want to go to pieces, easy going, I'm afraid to fly & so I'm running
Catchin' fish & chopping wood, the revolution slow time coming
I don't know what else to do, cross my fingers, teach the children
Read your fortune, storm the studios, come on all ye faithful pilgrims
No more same old song & dance, some good ideas get over played
I eat my breakfast, ride my bike a knife between my shoulder blades
See, I'm a man of many problems, up against some scary odds
We kill, we hide, we all fall down, idiots love to bury gods
It doesn't happen over night though - never. Still I'm filled with wonder
Lonely like the tight rope walker, hitchhiker, long distance runner
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech
Good night for you. Bad night for me
But I still love you lying down : K.I.S.S.I.N.G.
Not bad, not bad, not bad at all, I tried your shoes on
Cigarettes & crucifixes. Ingmar Bergman, Alphonse Mouzon.
Really boring modern music, really boring modern girl

Get me out of here I'm drowning, I don't like this modern world
Anti-intellect & marketing. Pretty-pretty. Who needs talent?
Crying eyes we're so out-numbered, fight for the right to remain silent
But what do I know? Who am I? My two left feet my big dumb face
I'd do the same if I had the chance. Cheat the system, rig the race
It's all one big misunderstanding, inside out I turn my coat
Don't look back, don't move a muscle, one false move, that's all she wrote
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech-tech-tech

Songwriters
CHARLES WISHART AUSTIN, GRAEME ROSS CAMPBELL, RICHARD TERFRYPublished by
Lyrics Â© Peermusic Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/