

Sheepdog

Mando Diao

Yeah, yeah, yeah Well, I aim at the first one wholl dare to stand still
Oh Lord, you're tension is making me ill
You've got no friends in your home
You've got no family stone
You can't go, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Everyone, in every town, on every boat, on every trip
The multi-talented strip
Will gather round you with coke and pain
Oh, the trees, ain't no doubt about the seeds
I had no thought about, no, yeah, yeah, yeah Don't know why I can't locate this feeling
That I would rather be with you
It makes no sense, while crying out loud, well, I may love you This stress is wasting my emotions
That I would rather be with you
Don't let them closer to this secret that I may love you Take 'em outa west, take 'em outa height
Take 'em on a sweet ride
Those little angels are numbered nine
The colored TV once shined on desolation one five
They've got it, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Bust em in the light, bust em in the light
Bust em in the daylight
They ain't worthy being named as thieves
One of those shorties said, "Hi" up to the Abbot who died
The rebound, yeah, yeah, yeah Don't know why I can't locate this feeling
That I would rather be with you
It makes no sense, you're crying out loud, well, I may love you This stress is wasting my emotions
That I would rather be with you
Don't let 'em closer to this secret that I may love you
Yeah, yeah, yeah Now, hear the bluebird whistle hymns like
I would rather heal your wounds
Now, hear the dark gun punching out
That, that I may love you Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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