Wolf

Chris Clark

Wolf mother, where you been?
You look so worn, so thin,
You're a taker, devils maker
Let me hear you sing,
Hey ya he ya
Wolf Father, at the door
You don't smile any more
You're a drifter, shape shifter,
now let me see you run
Hey ya hey ya
Holy night, oh guard the night
Oh keep the spirits strong
Watch her grow, child of woe,
Oh keep holding on
When I ran through the deep dark forest,
long after this begun,
When the sun would set, the trees were dead,
and the rivers were none,
And I hoped for a trace to lead me back home from this place,
but there was no sound, it was only me, and my disgrace
Hey hey hey, hey hey
Hey hey hey, hey hey
Hey hey hey, hey hey
Hey hey hey, hey ya

Wolf mother, where you been?
You look so worn, so thin,
You're a taker, devils maker
Let me hear you sing,
Hey ya he ya
Wolf Father, at the door
You don't smile any more
You're a drifter, shape shifter,
now let me see you run
Hey ya hey ya
Wayward winds, the voice that sings
of a, forgotten land,
See it fall, oh child of woe, oh lend a mending hand
When I ran through the deep dark forest,

long after this begun,
When the sun would set, the trees were dead,
and the rivers were none,
And I hoped for a trace to lead me back home from this place,
but there was no sound, it was only me, and my disgrace
Hey hey hey, hey hey
Hey hey hey, hey hey
Hey hey hey, hey hey
Hey hey hey, hey ya

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