Wolf

Joe Walsh

Woke up again this morning
To play another game
It comes without a warning
It's nothing you can name, nothing you can nameIt's raining in the meadow
Shepherd's gone to town
Wolf has finished breakfast
No-one else around, no-one else aroundAnd we are feeling fine
Still get lonely, I don't mind
And now we're out of danger
I guess they'll sound, all pennies in the fountain
And wishing for a better year, for a better year

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