

Idaho

Guy Lombardo, Marie Lombardo

All that love all those mistakes What else can a poor man make? So I gave up a life of crime I gave it to a friend
of mine Something else was on my mind The only ghost I'm haunted by I hear her howling down below Idaho
oh Idaho

Wolves oh wolves oh can't you see? Ain't no wolf can sing like me And if it could then I suppose He belongs
in Idaho Packs of dogs and cigarettes For those who ain't done packing yet My clothes are packed and I want to
go Idaho oh Idaho

Out at sea for seven years I got your letter in Tangier Thought that I'd been on a boat 'Til that single word you
wrote That single word it landlocked me Turned the masts to cedar trees And the winds to gravel roads Idaho oh
Idaho

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