Stolen Shoes & a Rifle

Blitzen Trapper

Weather is like feathers on fire
Ground's like a sound in my feet
I cant stop my shaking Ive been traveling so low
And the shoes Ive been wearing, well they belong to someone slow
And a giant waking bird shakes the trees above my head
Stolen shoes and a rifle I just cant seem to stay dead
Oh the stones wont be lonely here this year it's gone now
My lover shes got brothers down in Natchez
They worship at the foot of the keep
My trails been cold for days but I hear them all the same
Scattered out like wildfire on the plain
And the giant waking bird shakes the trees above my head
Stolen shoes and a rifle I just cant seem to stay dead
Oh the stones wont be lonely here this year it's gone now
Weather is like feathers on fire

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