

# Company of Wolves

G.B.H.

We gotta' raise some money for our children,  
so when they're old they don't have to fear.  
Scratch their back, they'll stab yours,  
it's obvious boy, it's crystal clear. We ain't got much all we got is,  
the company of wolves.  
They'll approach you, try to coax you,  
make you sell your soul.  
The company of wolves,  
the company of wolves.  
Get out of their den, start again,  
they ain't nothing but fools. We get tangled in the web of hate,  
from our piggy bank's straight back to the fat guy.  
Turn the tables, throw a rock and roll him,  
tell him reach for the sky. We got nothin' on our table,  
nothing on our plate just dirt on the floor.  
We listen hard for an answer,  
but only hear the wolf at the door.

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