

Soft Wolf Tread

Grant Lee Buffalo

The soft wolf tread
Thru emerald forest he was lookin' to make a bed
There in the spindly thicket softly did he tread
The soft wolf tread Sure was starved
And thru his silver coat his ribs shown sharply carved
The hand that feeds was pickin' weeds
Sure looked starved Up comes hood he's beautiful
As a sirloin steak to a pit bull chained up
It's good to see such an old friend again
Such an old friend again
Such an old friend again Then he said
Dear hood what brings you to this neck of the woods
In your scarlet cape and your basket full of grapes
What lures you to the woods The soft wolf tread
The clearing and he's nervously tugging on his earring
He talked how good such an old friend again
Such an old friend again
Such an old friend again Oh
Such an old
Such an old
Such an old
Oh oh oh And then he spun
A twisted tale 'bout a child who cried his name
So many times that even when he yelled no one ever came The soft wolf tread
The soft wolf tread
The soft wolf tread
Well he tread and tread and tread and tread
Yeah an old friend again
Such an old friend again
Such an old friend again

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