Wolves

Christophe Beck

I started my walking with control of my feet.
And I don't give a damn about the people I meet.
'Cause I'm hurt, and I'm tired, and I'm sick of the life
That everybody wants; it's just taught me to spite.
And there's nothing left here but a black heart that won't clear.
'Cause no one gives in when the end is drawing near.
So what's the point of talking?
There is nothing to say.
Lead me to the wolves, love, so we can both play.
Our conversation is better this way.
Please don't ever come home if you can't stay.
'Cause this is the first time,
And hopefully it will be the last time.
Take me to the cleaners:
I want everything washed
From my head to my toes,
To whatever I've lost.
'Cause I'm sick of drinking, smoking, and pretending I'm fine.
Don't ask me how my day was 'cause you know that I'm lying.

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Lead me to the wolves, love, so we can both play.
Our conversation is better this way.
Please don't ever come home if you can't stay.
Oh, stay. Don't stay. Don't stay.
I'm still grateful of you my darling, since, back, dear,
Almost when I go, oh oh oh...
Oh oh. Oh oh. Oh oh oh. Oh oh oh. Oh oh oh oh oh.
So what's the point of talking?
There's nothing to say.
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