

# Wolf

## Shooter Jennings

Wolf mother, where you been?  
You look so worn, so thin,  
You're a taker, devils maker  
Let me hear you sing,  
Hey ya he ya  
Wolf Father, at the door  
You don't smile any more  
You're a drifter, shape shifter,  
now let me see you run  
Hey ya hey ya  
Holy night, oh guard the night  
Oh keep the spirits strong  
Watch her grow, child of woe,  
Oh keep holding on  
When I ran through the deep dark forest,  
long after this begun,  
When the sun would set, the trees were dead,  
and the rivers were none,  
And I hoped for a trace to lead me back home from this place,  
but there was no sound, it was only me, and my disgrace  
Hey hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey hey, hey ya

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You look so worn, so thin,  
You're a taker, devils maker  
Let me hear you sing,  
Hey ya he ya  
Wolf Father, at the door  
You don't smile any more  
You're a drifter, shape shifter,  
now let me see you run  
Hey ya hey ya  
Wayward winds, the voice that sings  
of a, forgotten land,  
See it fall, oh child of woe, oh lend a mending hand  
When I ran through the deep dark forest,

long after this begun,  
When the sun would set, the trees were dead,  
and the rivers were none,  
And I hoped for a trace to lead me back home from this place,  
but there was no sound, it was only me, and my disgrace  
Hey hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey hey, hey hey  
Hey hey hey, hey ya

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