

Waiting for the Wolves

Birds of Tokyo

Tell me when are you coming home? Are you alone?
Bitten by the hand that feeds your house, your home
You've been waiting for the wolves to come and finish you Show a little fake, a smile and waltz on through
You're here to entertain the world but they won't change you
You try to spit another line as your teeth fall out
Choking up on every word they just won't come out Tell me when are you coming home? Are you alone?
Bitten by the hand that feeds your house, your home So you think you've made your mark and they know you
now
Dropping every name around in the coolest crowds
They're telling you you're number one' yeah you wear it well
Underneath the scales and skin it's just sell sell sell

Songwriters

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JACKSON Published by

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