

You're A Wolf

Sea Wolf

I'm walking on the southern street, cut to the river 'fore I run too low.
I'm walking on the southern street, cut to the river 'fore I run too low.

Old gypsy woman spoke to me, lips stained red from a bottle of wine.
Old gypsy woman spoke to me, lips stained red from a bottle of wine.
The one that you are looking for, you're not gonna find her here.
The one that you are looking for, you're not gonna find her here, here.

I'm runnin' on the northeast street, cut to the ocean 'fore I run too low.
I'm runnin' on the northeast street, cut to the ocean 'fore I run too low,
Cut to the ocean 'fore I run too low.
The one that you are looking for, you're not gonna find her here.
The one that you are looking for, you're not gonna find her here, here.

Old gypsy woman spoke to me, said, You're a wolf, boy, get out of this town.
Old gypsy woman spoke to me, said, You're a wolf, boy, get out of this town.
You're a wolf, boy, get out of this town.
You're a wolf, boy, get out of this town.
You're a wolf.
You're a wolf.
You're a wolf.
You're a wolf.

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