

Wolves (Song of the Shepherd's Dog)

Iron & Wine

Wolves by the road
And a bike wheel spinning on a pawn shop wall
She leaned on her colored hair
Like a butterfly wing in a summer rainfall

And the roll on the kitchen floor
Some fucker with a pocketful of foreign change
Song of the shepherd's dog
A pitch in the dark in the ear of the lamb who was going to try to run away
Whoever got that brave?

Wolves in the middle of town
And the chapel bell ringing through the wind-blown trees
To wave to the butcher's boy with the parking lot music everybody believes
And then dive like a dying bird and then they do with the daughter at the penny arcade

Song of the shepherd's dog
Waiting around the jack caught the rooster
On a rooftop waiting for day
And you know what he's gonna say

Wolves at the end of the bed
And a postcard hidden in her winter clothes
She beat in the back of a truck
To the trailers when we trying to find the bullet hole

And then run down the canopy rows
Some mother and a baby with a cross to bear
Song of the shepherd's dog
Little brown flea in the bottle of oil for your woolly wild hair
You'll never get him out of there

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