

# Blitzen Trapper, Furr

Yeah, when I was only seventeen  
I could hear the angels whispering  
So I drove into the woods  
And wandered aimlessly about  
Until I heard my mother shouting through the fog  
It turned out to be the howling of a dog  
Or a wolf, to be exact  
The sound sent shivers down my back  
But I was drawn into the pack and before long  
They allowed me to join in and sing their song  
So from the cliffs and highest hills  
Yeah, we would gladly get our fill  
Howling endlessly and shrilly at the dawn  
And I lost the taste for judging right from wrong  
For my flesh had turned to fur  
Yeah, and my thoughts they surely were  
Turned to instinct and obedience to God

You can wear your fur  
Like a river on fire  
But you'd better be sure  
If you're making God a liar  
I'm a rattlesnake, babe,  
I'm like fuel on fire  
So if you're gonna get made  
Don't be afraid of what you've learned

On the day that I turned 23  
I was curled up underneath a dogwood tree  
When suddenly a girl  
Her skin the color of a pearl  
She wandered aimlessly, but she didn't seem to see  
She was listening for the angels just like me  
So I stood and looked about  
I brushed the leaves off of my snout  
And then I heard my mother shouting through the trees  
You should have seen that girl go shaky at the knees  
So I took her by the arm  
We settled down upon a farm  
And raised our children up as gently as you please

And now my fur has turned to skin  
And I've been quickly ushered in  
To a world that, I confess, I do not know  
But I still dream of running careless through the snow  
Through the howling winds that blow  
Across the ancient distant flow  
To fill our bodies up like water till we know

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