

Bread And Bones, The Wolf Is At The Door

My son called me to the living room
Said the wolf was at the door
And I could see him through the window
In the road the dogs of war
Oh and I might have let him in right then
His smile so wide and kind
But the whistle from the kettle
Drove the whole thing from my mind

Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie
Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie

My family seated round the table
The loose tea steamed and brewed
Sliced the bread to make the toast
As the ghosts called out for food
Oh and I might have fed them all right then
Their pictures on the wall
But every one I've ever known
Waits hungry in the hall

Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie
Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie

There are many different places you might travel to
Some on roads for many, some on roads for few

Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie
Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie
Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie
Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie

Through the din of conversation
I heard the words, when I was young
And I can see me by the corner
With my blanket and my thumb
Oh and I might have known it all back then
The world small and confined
But every thing I've ever seen
Pushed it further from my mind

Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie
Deedle-idle-deedle-dum
Bum-bi-die-beedle-dum-bie
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