

# Fair To Midland, A Wolf Descends Upon The Spa

If you're keeping score then you're bound to win,  
A birds eye view of a burning bridge,  
You've gone through ghost towns settle past,  
Hoping the risk was worth a cause,

Oh, sound off the false alarm,

But i'll make my own colleague from wood and from ivory,  
And reap the rewards of proximity,  
I'll assemble my equal from what I lack and require,  
And gather what's left unaccompanied,

It smells like disaster,  
It looks like a trap,  
So go by the wayside,  
And never look back,

If you could spare me forty winks,  
While you cry wolf and I count sheep,  
What good old ghosts in Kevlar vests,  
With backbones like a jellyfish,

Oh, stomp on your land again,

But i'll make my own colleague from wood and from ivory,  
And reap the rewards of proximity,  
I'll assemble my equal from what I lack and require,  
And gather what's left unaccompanied,

It smells like disaster,  
It looks like a trap,  
So go by the wayside,  
And never look back,

If you are keeping score then you are bound to win,  
A ring side seat at the main event,  
Oh, stomp on your land again,

It smells like disaster,  
It looks like a trap,  
So go by the wayside,  
And never look back.