

# Grant Lee Buffalo, Soft Wolf Tread

The soft wolf tread  
Thru Emerald Forest he was lookin' to make a bed  
There in the spindly thicket softly did he tread  
The soft wolf tread

Sure was starved  
And thru his silver coat his ribs shown sharply carved  
The hand that feeds was pickin' weeds  
Sure looked starved

Up comes Hood he's beautiful  
As a sirloin steak to a pit bull chained up  
It's good to see such an old friend again  
Such an old friend again  
Such an old friend again

Then he said  
Dear Hood what brings you to this neck of the woods  
In your scarlet cape and your basket full of grapes  
What lures you to the woods

The soft wolf tread  
The clearing and he's nervously tugging on his earring  
He talked how good such an old friend again  
Such an old friend again  
Such an old friend again

Oh  
Such an old  
Such an old  
Such an old  
Ooh ooh ooh

And then he spun  
A twisted tale 'bout a child who cried his name  
So many times that even when he yelled no one ever came

The soft wolf tread  
The soft wolf tread  
The soft wolf tread  
Well he tread and tread and tread and tread  
Yeah an old friend again  
Such an old friend again  
Such an old friend again