

Iron And Wine, Wolves (Song Of The Shepherd's

Wolves by the road
And a bike wheel spinning on a pawn shop wall
She'll wring out her colored hair
Like a butterfly beaten in a summer rainfall
And then roll on the kitchen floor
Of some fucker with a pocketful of foreign change
The song of the shepherd's dog
A ditch in the dark in the ear of the lamb
Who's going to try to run away
Whoever got that brave?

Wolves in the middle of town
And the chapel bell ringing through the windblown trees
She'll wave to the butcher's boy
With the parking lot music everybody believes
And then dive like a dying bird
At any dude with a dollar at the penny arcade
The song of the shepherd's dog
The waiter and the check or the rooster
On a rooftop waiting for day
And you know what he's going to say

Wolves at the end of the bed
And a postcard hidden in her winter clothes
She'll weep in the back of a truck
To the traitors only trying to find her bullet hole
And then run down a canopy road
To some mother and a baby with a cross to bear
The song of the shepherd's dog
A little brown flea in the bottle of oil
For your wool, wild hair
You'll never get him out of there