

Wolves (Song of the Shepherd's Dog)

Iron & Wine

Wolves by the road
And a bike wheel spinning on a pawn shop wall
She leaned on her colored hair
Like a butterfly wing in a summer rainfall
And the roll on the kitchen floor
Some fucker with a pocketful of foreign change
Song of the shepherd's dog
A pitch in the dark in the ear of the lamb
Who was going to try to run away
Whoever got that brave?

Wolves in the middle of town
And the chapel bell ringing through the wind-blown trees
To wave to the butcher's boy
With the parking lot music everybody believes
And then out like a dying bird
In the corner of the penny arcade
Song of the shepherd's dog
Waiting around the jack call of the rooster
On the rooftop waiting for day
And ain't nobody's going to say

Wolves at the end of the bed
And a postcard hidden in her winter clothes
She beat in the back of a truck
To the trailers when we trying to find the bullet hole
And then run down the canopy rows
Some mother and a baby with a cross to nail
Song of the shepherd's dog
Little brown flea in the bottle of oil
For your woolly wild hair
You'll never get him out of there