

# Feeding The Wolves

Josh Pyke

I fed the wolves, to try to keep them quiet,  
now they just feed off me.  
Now we howl right through the night,  
with our bellies full of hollow,  
and we're not even sure why.

So please don't pack away your summer clothes,  
there's still gardens that I want to grow with you.

And now you know,  
now you know.  
And when you go,  
you're a thousand miles above me,  
and I feel all out at sea.

Yes you walk light, like a dancer,  
but when you turn on your heel,  
you turn away from me too.

So please don't pack away your summer clothes,  
there's still gardens that I want to grow with you.

So I howl, oh I'll howl long,  
till my belly aches with hollow.  
Then I'll howl, oh I'll howl long,  
till I can sit and sing you my songs again.

Now the wolves and I have a battle on our hands,  
and we try to battle well,  
but in full moonlight,  
we just fight amongst ourselves,  
and reason never shows why.

So please don't pack away your summer clothes,  
there's still gardens that I want to grow with you.

So I howl, oh I'll howl long,  
till my belly aches with hollow.  
Then I'll howl, oh I'll howl long,  
till I can sit and sing you my songs again.