

## Blood of a Young Wolf

Buck 65

Ten-thousand horses. Sable island. Endless summer  
Oh my god, I'm hot to steal, beside myself in friendless number  
I ain't got no culture, nothin', dirty words, but that don't count  
Flight attendants, waitresses, superstition - good amount  
There's work to do, hell to pay, memories & finger prints  
Calling Papa ignorance  
And I don't wanna go (sick & tired)

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Egg & spoon race, slow & steady. Desert highway.  
Still I'm stuck, I can't afford it. Picture postcards, small memento  
Echo-shadow, echo-shadow-sterling silver, burning furnace  
Frozen, nowhere, just a kid I had a friend named deadly earnest  
Cross my heart & hope to die, stick a needle in my arm  
Praise the heavens, call the cops. Relax. There's no cause for alarm  
Diamond rings & little babies, 'startlements' & miracles  
I remember pretty faces so severe & lyrical  
I'm talkin' Amelia Earhart, Neko Case or Frida Kahlo  
All alone the way it should be, I don't even need a shadow  
Seeds of wisdom found no purchase, we don't even have a chance  
Birthday party Armageddon, long stem roses avalanche  
Broken fingers, goin' nowhere fast & screeching to halt  
All that work for nothing, oh, whipping boy. It's all my fault  
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech  
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech  
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I don't want to go to pieces, easy going, I'm afraid to fly & so I'm running  
Catchin' fish & chopping wood, the revolution slow time coming  
I don't know what else to do, cross my fingers, teach the children  
Read your fortune, storm the studios, come on all ye faithful pilgrims  
No more same old song & dance, some good ideas get over played  
I eat my breakfast, ride my bike a knife between my shoulder blades  
See, I'm a man of many problems, up against some scary odds  
We kill, we hide, we all fall down, idiots love to bury gods  
It doesn't happen over night though - never. Still I'm filled with wonder  
Lonely like the tight rope walker, hitchhiker, long distance runner  
Zoom-kick-persuasion-tech  
Good night for you. Bad night for me  
But I still love you lying down : K.I.S.S.I.N.G.  
Not bad, not bad, not bad at all, I tried your shoes on  
Cigarettes & crucifixes. Ingmar Bergman, Alphonse Mouzon.  
Really boring modern music, really boring modern girl  
Get me out of here I'm drowning, I don't like this modern world  
Anti-intellect & marketing. Pretty-pretty. Who needs talent?  
Crying eyes we're so out-numbered, fight for the right to remain silent  
But what do I know? Who am I? My two left feet my big dumb face  
I'd do the same if I had the chance. Cheat the system, rig the race  
It's all one big misunderstanding, inside out I turn my coat  
Don't look back, don't move a muscle, one false move, that's all she wrote  
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