

## 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