

## Stolen Shoes & A Rifle

Blitzen Trapper

Weather is like feathers on fire  
Ground's like a sound in my feet  
I can't stop my shaking I've been traveling so low  
And the shoes I've been wearing, well they're long and somewhat  
slow  
And a giant waking bird shakes the trees above my head  
Stolen shoes and a rifle I just can't seem to stay dead  
Oh the stones won't be lonely here this year it's gone now  
My lover she's got brothers down in Natchez  
They worship at the foot of the keep  
My trails been cold for days but I hear them all the same  
Scattered out like wildfire on the plain  
And the giant waking bird shakes the trees above my head  
Stolen shoes and a rifle I just can't seem to stay dead  
Oh the stones won't be lonely here this year it's gone now  
Weather is like feathers on fire