

Keep The Wolves Away

Bryan Andrews

Took my first breath where the muddy Brazos
Spills into the Gulf of Mexico
Where the skyline's colored by chemical plants
To put bread on the table of the working man
Where the working man does his best to provide
Safety and shelter for kids and a wife
Giving a little of his soul everyday
Working overtime to keep the wolves away

Well I was barely thirteen when the company man
Tried to dig my daddy's grave
It happened on a French owned tanker ship
Spilling poison in the Galveston Bay
Well the liquid fire filled his lungs and his eyes
Silenced any mortal cries
Cold in the grip of death's stinging pain
He fought like hell to keep the wolves away

For the next few years, dad was sick as a dog
But he made a recovery just to spite the odds
The settlement came and we moved out of town
Where the sky isn't heavy with refinery clouds
Yeah, he's still alive, he's doing good, he's in his 50s
But the money's running out and he's pinching for pennies
So I'm going for broke with every song I play
'Cause now it's my turn to keep the wolves away