

# Wolves Cry

Bryan Martin

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh

I was born on the banks of the Sabine River  
Not far from the Texas line  
I ain't got much but I'm damn proud of this  
Double wide up in the pines  
I'll do whatever it takes, I'll go to my grave  
Protecting me and mine  
So you better understand if you step on my land  
I'll leave you where you lie

Let the wolves cry

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh  
Ooh-ooh-ooh

Let the wolves cry

Well, the devil's seed is money and greed  
And we've all paid the cost  
There ain't no way to ease the pain from this disease  
Or get back what we've lost  
Now history says that the wolves are all dead  
But the truth is we've all moved on  
We're still around on the outskirts of town  
Just wanna be left alone

Let the wolves cry

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh  
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Let the wolves cry

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