

# Wolves

## Garbage

I was busy picking up the pieces of my broken heart  
I stand accused and maybe, on reflection, got a little cruel  
I was too brash for you, I moved too fast, perhaps a little rude  
I know I was a jerk and impolite, and I was loud

No one can say  
That I didn't need you  
That I didn't want you  
That I didn't love you  
No one can say  
That I didn't need you  
That I didn't want you  
That I didn't love you

Which one of my two wolves will I give my attention to tonight?  
Which one will I decide to feed? Which one will I decide to fight?  
I was impulsive, I confess, talked a lot behind your back  
I was judgmental, played too cool, I was not so nice

No one can say  
That I didn't need you  
That I didn't want you  
That I didn't love you  
No one can say  
That I didn't need you  
That I didn't want you  
That I didn't love you

We were young and we loved attention  
We were drunk and we loved attention  
We were sad and we loved attention  
We were scared and we loved attention

Our kind of god is a crazy kind of god  
Our kind of god, he's a crazy kind of god

No one can say  
That I didn't need you  
That I didn't want you  
That I didn't love you  
No one can say  
That I didn't need you  
That I didn't want you  
That I didn't love you

That I didn't love you  
(No one can say)  
That I didn't love you  
(No one can say  
No one can say  
No one can say  
No one can say  
No one can)

Our kind of god is a crazy kind of god  
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