

Talking with the Wolves

Glen Hansard

Simon, you are the model of your age,
Don't let the bastards take the stage
They don't love you.

And Haddie, you are a pure light on the waves;
Don't let them turn us into slaves.
They don't care for you like I do.

Love that's given freely
Doesn't die; it only changes.
And love that's taken easy; it has to hide,
In these exchanges.

And glory, don't get trampled in the dust.
Don't tell yourself you're right so much
Sometimes words won't be enough

When your talking with the wolves;
You're talkin, talkin,
And they don't even notice it

And love that's given freely-
Doesn't die; it only changes
And love that's taken easy-
It has to hide...
In these exchanges