

Wolves

Joshua James

Well it's a perfect situation
For anyone in question
The logic just escapes me
The moment my head blows off

It was a lovely Friday evening
With lovely fellow heathens
But, darling, I don't know the reasons
That drinking always leads to sex

But I don't want this atmosphere to stay
When you gave a part of me willingly away
But sometimes in the pitch of night
Did I hear the wolves?
I think they might be coming to take me away

Ah ooh...

A Christian reputation
It distorts our minds' persuasion
No vices or perversions
Can barricade my holy, holy beat

My mother, she would say, "Why, son?"
My father, he won't say nothing
And we will all avoid explaining
That darkness inside my heart

But I don't want this atmosphere to stay
When you gave a part of me willingly away
But sometimes in the pitch of night
Did I hear the wolves?
I think they might be coming to take me away

Ah ooh...