

Wolves

Lloyd Cole

We tired of the mountain
The forest and stream
We'd heard of your cities
And your hot children
We danced to your disco
And your boogaloo
Ah ooh...

We came to be near you
But you're frightened, we see
We stalk on the borders of your decency
We wait for your bitches
We know they will come
Ah ooh...

We tire of the abstract
We long for concrete
This Gothic architecture
This brutality
Your jails and slaughterhouses
Your democracy
Ah ooh...

You worship false idols
You love the deceased
You cower before tyrants
You spread the disease
You lack imagination
You lack imagination
Ah ooh...

Ah ooh...