

Wolves

Maggie Rogers

In the morning
I'll be waking
I'll be rising with the sun

I'll be gearing for the road
To leave this world
And run

I'm no longer speaking
'Cause the perfect words
I always lacked

In the morning
I'll be running
And never coming back

I'm not waiting
For the wolves to take my body
I'm not waiting for the wolves

I'm not waiting
For the wolves to rip my heart out
I'm not waiting for the wolves

In the evening
I'll be resting
Warmed by the autumn harvest moon

I'll be curing
My disease
'Cause to you I'm now immune

Searching
For a reason
'Cause one never did appear

In the evening
I'll be resting
Dreaming of another year

I'm not waiting
For the wolves to take my body
I'm not waiting for the wolves

I'm not waiting
For the wolves to rip my heart out
I'm not waiting for the wolves