

Wolves

One Night Only

It's a thin and pale morning
In a tangle of sheets
Waking to an air of disease

I'm being forced to find a reason
But with the secrets you keep
Truth is as best bittersweet

Well you never were one for ties, still
You'll have to draw the line at someone

Wind like a knife and it turns from time to time, yeah
I don't expect you're so familiar

How it feels with the wolves [?] at your heels
Chasing you through my head
It's a game I've tried to forget
I tried to forget

It's a thin pale morning
With an hour of sleep
Making maybe three for the week

And when I'm claiming pride and reason
Then it crawls to your feet
Truth and [?] bittersweet

[?] you know I never romanticise, so
Now I have to draw a line at someone
Wind like a knife that you turn to keep the time, so
I don't expect you're so the tempo

How it feels as the wolves take skin from your heels
Placing crowns on your head, it's a game of what you felt then

How it feels with the wolves [?] your heels
Chasing you through my head
It's a game I've tried to forget

I tried to forget
I tried to forget
I tried to forget