

For Wolves

James Shayfer

You are the reason
There isn't religion
For wolves

I haven't been sleeping
I still have this scar
On my wrist

Oh, they cut the trees down
On the corner where we kissed
And every girl I meet
Has got a tattoo on her wrist

You are the reason
November will never
Be fine

I haven't been sober
For more than a day
At a time

Oh, I keep my company
Seldom and strange
They wake up cold beside me
In the shadow of your name

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