

Wolves Cry – Bryan Martin

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Well, I was born on the banks

Of the Sabine River

Not far from the Texas line

I ain't got much but I'm damn proud of this

Double wide up in the pines

I'll do whatever it takes,

I'll go to my grave

Protecting me and mine

So you better understand

If you step on my land

I'll leave you where you lie

Let the wolves cry

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Let the wolves cry

Well, the devil's seed is money and greed

And we've all paid the cost

There ain't no way to ease

The pain from this disease

Or get back what we've lost

Now history says that the wolves are all dead

But the truth is we've all moved on

We're still around on the outskirts of town

Just wanna be left alone

Let the wolves cry

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh-ooh

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Let the wolves cry

Ooh-ooH-ooH-ooH-ooH

Ooh-ooH-ooH

Ooh-ooH-ooH-ooH-ooH

Ooh-ooH-ooH

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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych