

# Buck 65, Blood Of A Young Wolf

Ten thousand horses, Sable island, endless summer  
Oh my god, I'm hot to steal, beside myself in friendless number  
I ain't got no culture, nothin', dirty words, but that don't count  
Flight attendants, waitresses, superstition, good amount  
There's work to do, hell to pay, memories and finger prints  
Calling Papa ignorance, and I don't wanna go  
Zoom, kick, persuasion, tech

Egg and spoon race, slow and steady, desert highway, a bientot  
Still I'm stuck, I can't afford it, picture postcards, small memento  
Echo shadow, echo shadow, sterling silver, burning furnace  
Frozen, nowhere, just a kid I had a friend, named deadly earnest  
Cross my heart and hope to die, stick a needle in my arm  
Praise the heavens, call the cops, relax, there's no cause for alarm  
Diamond rings and little babies, startlements and miracles  
I remember pretty faces, so severe and lyrical  
I'm talking Amelia Earhart, Neko Case or Frida Kahlo  
All alone the way it should be, I don't even need a shadow  
Seeds of wisdom found no purchase, we don't even have a chance  
Birthday party Armageddon, long stem roses, avalanche  
Broken fingers, goin' nowhere fast and screeching to a halt  
All that work for nothing, uh oh, whipping boy, it's all my fault  
Zoom, kick, persuasion, tech

I don't wanna go to pieces, easy going, afraid to fly and so I'm running  
Catchin' fish and choppin' wood, the revolution slow time coming  
I don't know what else to do, cross my fingers, teach the children  
Read your fortune, storm the studios, come on all ye faithful pilgrims  
No more same ole song and dance, some good ideas get over played  
I eat my breakfast, ride my bike, a knife between my shoulder blades  
See, I'm a man of many problems, up against some scary odds  
We kill, we hide, we all fall down, idiots love to bury gods  
It doesn't happen over night though, never, still I'm filled with wonder  
Lonely like the tight rope walker, hitchhiker, long distance runner  
Zoom, kick, persuasion tech, good night for you, bad night for me  
But I still love you lying down, K-I-S-S-I-N-G  
Not bad, not bad, not bad at all, I tried your shoes on  
Cigarettes and crucifixes, Ingmar Bergman, Alphonse Mouzon  
Really boring modern music, really boring modern girl  
Get me out of here, I'm drowning, I don't like this modern world  
Anti-intellect and marketing, pretty, pretty, who needs talent  
Crying eyes, we're so out numbered, fight for the right to remain silent  
But what do I know, who am I, my two left feet, my big dumb face  
I'd do the same if I had the chance, cheat the system, rig the race  
It's all one big misunderstanding, inside out I turn my coat  
Don't look back, don't move a muscle, one false move, that's all she wrote  
Zoom, kick, persuasion, tech