

Joe Walsh, Wolf

Woke up again this morning

To play another game

It comes without a warning

It's nothing you can name, nothing you can name

It's raining in the meadow

Shepherd's gone to town

Wolf has finished breakfast

No-one else around, no-one else around

And we are feeling fine

Still get lonely, I don't mind

And now we're out of danger

I guess they're all sound, all sound asleep in the fountain

And wishing for a better year, for a better year