We Was going through A lifetime I had a banshee on my back we're down in corpus christie now picking up the slack now I was wondering where the wild boys had started off and gone this memories jamming buttons stuck on some old song And if you get this message leave a sign or make a call Mohammed's left his calling card and it's written on the wall Looking for the wild one, wild one Looking for the wild one, Looking for the wild one, Looking for the wild one She was gone in twenty seconds right before my eyes no more honey kisses no more long goodbyes and I feel like pink nevada or cooler shade of blue mother earth is closer now walk me out in the morning dew And if you get this message leave a sign or make a call Mohammed's left his calling card and it's written on the wall Looking for the wild one, wild one Looking for the wild one, Looking for the wild one, Looking for the wild one Looking for the Solo Sometimes I stop breathing just to feel reborn and it's like rolling thunder blowing through the corn through my back pages I can see the change there's a storm a coming now coming through the rain Solo and I'm out here drifitng a million miles alone floating in a spaceship somewhere falling like a stone, falling like a stone Still looking for the wild one, yeah yeah