

Wild One

Black Lips

Open your eyes, it's another day in hell
You go back to sleep, crawl back in your shell
Take a deep breath, and you try to feel alive
But nothing is open, and you just wanna die
Walking outside and the sun's beating down
Makes your skin crawl and you fall to the ground
All the trees out in Dreamland were bearing their fruit
You just happened to be a juicy peach on their root

You gotta hold on
Keep dreaming on

Wild one
You're too wild for this world
All that sweet, golden beauty
You had all the goods
They were thirsty and pining
But now they want blood
Sorry, baby
But your time has come

When they hold you out to dry
Take in each last golden drop from your eyes
Drink you all up till you're all good and gone
Glorious, sweet glory, just another sad song

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Keep dreaming on

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But now they want blood
Sorry, baby
But your time has come

Holding on tight to all that you have
'Cause once you were pretty, now the world is your bag
The truth is that truth doesn't make the fruit grow
In Dreamland, your bullshit, radioactive, you know

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