

## Wild Heart

Bleachers

They closed the parkway late last night  
And as I sat with the echoes of lies that I told  
I felt young never change my crooked heart  
So put your shotgun back in the glove  
I'm only waiting another year for the dream far away  
To come home to be brave

Well everything has changed  
and now it's only you that matters  
I will find anyway to your wild heart

They boarded up the windows and the doors to my house  
No one will ever read the letters of the lies that I told  
From the years I was changed my crooked hearts  
Why did they have to go and do us like that  
Why did they have to go and run from a dream far away  
We'll be there was that grave?

To think everything must die for anyone to matter  
Got to find anyway to your wild heart  
I will find anyway to your wild heart

I will find anyway  
Now everything has changed and I can't tell what matters  
I will find anyway to your wild heart

Your wild heart [x8]