

# Wild Horse

Douwe Bob

The years of riding on a wild horse  
Leave me untameable myself  
The urge of running 'n kicking down doors  
Maybe it's my foolish pride that's kept me putting loved ones on the shelf

Eyes wide open always leaving  
We're all lost stars or so it seems  
Maybe it's my wonderlust  
That's keeping me from following my dreams

Yeah yeah

What the hell  
It ain't no use to pretend  
If I go on like this  
I'll never see the end  
If I had listened to a word my mother said  
Get a grip, settle down  
Man I wish I could but I just can't

Oh no, Oh no

Well, I ain't never been a good boy  
But heaven knows I tried  
Maybe it's the great unknown  
That's keeping me from being satisfied

Oh

What the hell  
It ain't no use to pretend  
If I go on like this  
I'll never see the end  
If I had listened to a word my momma said  
Get a grip, settle down  
Man I wish I could  
I'm trying hard to hold my own  
But there's a siren's call I can't ignore  
I Wish that I could give you more

What the hell  
It ain't no use to pretend  
If I go on like this  
I'll never see the end  
If I had listened to a word my momma said  
Get a grip, settle down  
Get a grip, settle down  
Yeah, get a grip and settle down  
Man I wish I could but I just can't  
No, no