

Wild Eyes

Matthew Mayfield

Young and wild and free
and full of fantasy we search the summer
to find a friend.
Take us higher, whether it's arson or it's wildfire,
We try to catch the ashes as they fly away.
Wicked ways, they swell a mile high
yet all of us still want to ride.
And it's a left turn to the right job,
the wrong man and the _____,
and these wild eyes.
And it's a good look at the last straw
the bad girls and the sweet talk
and their wild eyes, these wild eyes.
Cut the ropes, don't settle in,
Ditch the guidelines and skim the skylines
For an offering.
Reckless ways and fickle crazes
become yesterday's forgotten and abandoned,
and lost along the way.
The blindness is still blindness today.
And it's a left turn to the right job,
the wrong man and the _____,
and these wild eyes.
It's a good look at the last straw
the bad girls and the sweet talk
and their wild eyes, these wild eyes.
Blindly give excitement when
They've clearly lost the way

Swing away.
La la, la la, la la, la la, la la
La la, la la, la la, la la, la la
La la, la la, la la, la la, la la
And it's a left turn to the right job,
the wrong man and the _____,
and these wild eyes.
It's a good look at the last straw
the bad girls and the sweet talk
And their wild eyes, these wild eyes.
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