

I was talkin' to Chuck in his Genghises Khan suit
And his wizard's hat
He spoke of his movie and how he was makin' a new sound track
And then we spoke of kids on the coast
And different types of organic soap
And the way suicides don't leave notes,
Then we spoke of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine

I was speakin' to Bill who was given to pills and small racing cars
He had given them up since his last crack-up had carried him too far
Then we spoke of the movies and verse
And the way an actress held her purse
And the way life at times can get worse,
Then we spoke of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine

Ah, she's a wild child, and nobody can get at her
She's a wild child, oh, and nobody can get to her

Sleepin' out on the street, oh, livin' all alone
Without a house or a home and then she asked you, please,
Hey, baby, can I have some spare change
Oh, can I break your heart ?

She's a wild child, she's a wild child

I was talkin' to Betty about her auditions, how they made her ill
But life is the theater, is certainly fraught
With many spills and chills
But she'd come down after some wine
Which is what happens most of the time
Then we sat and both spoke in rhymes
Till we spoke of Lorraine, ah, always back to Lorraine

I was talking to Ed who's been reported dead by mutual friends
He thought it was funny that I had no money to spend on him
So we both shared a piece of sweet cheese
And sang of our lives and our dreams
And how things can come apart at the seams
And we talk of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine

She's a wild child, oh, and nobody can get at her
She's a wild child, oh, and nobody can get to her

Sleepin' out on the street, oh, livin' all alone
Without a house or a home and then she asked you, please,
Oh, baby, can I have some spare change
Now can I break your heart?"

She's a wild child, she's a wild child