

WILD CHILD

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There must be a fire somewhere, just look how fast his tires roll
He's driving like his house burned down but it's just the fire in his soul
And he's riding away from all the downtown troubles and small-town fears
As he switches gears, he checks his mirrors and lets the engine take its toll

His mother tried to stop him, his father just sat there and studied his shoes
And she said, "Boy, I was young once too, but is this how you had to choose?"
And he said, "I'll be damned if I'll spend my youth in this dead-end dive
'cause I'm so alive and I intend to show the world what this boy can do"

Oh, wild child, like a river that's bent on finding the sea
Wild child, wild child

He went over to see Lucy, the love of his life since the second grade
And he took her by the hand and he gave her his love out there in the shade
And then he told her his plan about going out to California
"where the wine grapes grow and streets of gold, and the silver screen
And everybody out there's got it made"

Oh, wild child, like a river that's hell-bent on finding the sea
Wild child, wild child

And she said, "I'll follow you anywhere, just tell me what it is that you need"
And he said, "When it comes to freedom I guess I'm guilty of a little greed"
And then he packed his bags and she had no choice but to watch him go
It just goes to show that you can't keep a flower when it's all gone to seed

Oh, wild child, like a river that's long and old and deep
Wild child, like a promise of love that's so hard to keep
Wild child, wild child