

Still Wild (Allister Bradley)

There's a day he recalls from so long ago, he was running from the law down in Mexico
For something he did to impress a pretty girl

Now his legs don't work like they use to do, so he dreams he's running with his bad boy crew
Like back in the day he became a man of the world

Time, wasn't good to him
So he holds on tight to the man that's locked inside

**He's an old man, resting on a front porch swing
His mind still racing like a bird on the wing
Proud of the holy terror he was as a child**

**The years can't take what he never gave up
Like Jim Beam and Pepsi in a paper cup
And dancing with girls in skirts lined up single file**

Oh, inside his mind, he's Still Wild

Well his woman looks out through a dusty pane; wonders if today he knows her name
She watches him gaze to the South with a wicked smile

She thinks back to the boy that she met at fifteen, his head always buried in a magazine
Filled with stories of men who walked the crooked mile

Time, wasn't good to him
But she loves him deep for the man that's lost inside

CHORUS

There are days when the lights come on
When he sees what he's become
A shell of the man he was
Hanging on to a losing cause
That's gone in the blink of an eye

He's an old man resting on a front porch swing
His mind can't be sure of anything
Sometimes he's as lost as a little child

The years have gone and left him all mixed up
As he sips on Pepsi in a paper cup
He dreams of girls in skirts lined up single file

Oh, inside his mind...

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