

Gone Jackals

"Wild Hair"

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Type A , Type T ,
Call it what you will.
Dead calm, snake charm,
Just can t get my fill.
I can t say that I don t scare -
But that just turns me on.

So hard to lay in bed, idling, while the world keeps
turning.
Down time is for the dead - sleep is time lost forever.
Some suspect a wild hair,
A wild hair
Up there.

Solid man, humanitarian,
Boy, how I try.
But my weeds impede
The path on that climb.
Everything that is clear to me
Are things that no one sees.

What others understand only serves to confuse me.
Whatever others dread never fails to ignite me.
Some suspect a wild hair,
A wild hair
Oh, yeah.

Why can t I let up?
My neck s as stiff as stone.
One whiff o new land -

And I m gone.

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