

Kevin Max

"Out of the Wild"

Visit "[Out of the Wild](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Yeah, you can bring me up
Just like that)

Two thousand seventy-five
The freeways were still alive
See the people for miles and miles
Two-zero-seven-five
We were searching for a place to hide
Easy rider meets the end of time
You were young and I was wild
Two-zero-seven-five

And they blew down the buildings
And we stood in lines for bread
Just like Mother Russia back when she was still Red

Ding-dong! the Witch is dead
Ding-dong! the Witch is dead
Ding-dong! the Witch, she's dead, she's dead
From the shores of Nantucket to Los Angeles
She was swallowed up in
Petty greed

New York City-the sun doesn't shine
Hollywood is covered in vines
They dug up treasure from the Mayan Times
Two-zero-seven-nine
But the fire in their breast burned like a funeral Pyre

Museums are closing
And the animals all fled
Deep down in the city
Liberty's lost her head

Ding-dong! the Witch is dead
Ding-dong! the Witch, she's dead
Ding-dong! the Witch is dead, she's dead
From the shores of Nantucket to Los Angeles
She was swallowed up in
Petty greed

So tell me a story
And make it sweet
Like a tale from a dream
There is a city of gold up in the sky
A place where we never die (never die)
A place where we never die (never die)

Two-zero-ninety-nine
Two-zero-ninety-nine (nine)
Two-zero-ninety-nine (nine)
Two-zero-ninety-nine (nine)
Two-zero-ninety-nine
Two-zero-ninety-nine

Visit [Kevin Max](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.