

## Memphis

### "Into The Wild"

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Cinnamon could never do justice  
To the way you look tonight  
Proud-faced, your eyes are all shiny  
In the sub-zero dawning light  
I drove like a madman to get here  
And you barely remember my name  
I called from the road and you told me to come  
'Cause you had a bad case of the shame

Shame, shame, shame  
Shame, shame, shame  
What's your game?  
Shame, shame, shame

The towers of glass are like idols  
And I'm running away from them now  
One morning, they'll all turn to ashes  
I don't want to be here to see how  
It's hard for two weeks now, I figure  
And all the traps are the color of sand  
The skyline is made out of stories  
So tell me yours while you're holding my hand

Hand, hand, hand  
Hand, hand, hand  
You'll never understand me  
So take my hand, hand, hand

It's hard for two weeks now, I figure  
And all the traps are the color of sand  
The skyline is made out of stories  
Tell me yours while you're holding my hand  
While you're holding my hand  
While you're holding my hand

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