

## **New Model Army "Wired"**

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At the witching hour we'll be gone from here  
When the snake-black roads are just about clear  
Onto the hard-line dark horizon  
Through the silver in the air  
And if home is where the heart is  
We'll just keep going until we disappear

The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of a river a mile wide  
I am wired, I am wired, I am so wired  
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of an ocean, rising tide  
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild

Sometimes I feel her with me,  
I feel her eyes upon my face  
I feel her pulling me down in a tangle  
Of sweat and hair and grace

For the only things worth wishing for  
Are the ones that you cannot possess

The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of a river a mile wide  
I am wired, I am so wired, I am so wired  
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of an ocean, rising tide  
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild

And in the shadows of the trees  
You can see like an animal sees  
You can gather up the stars like seeds  
And through them back into the night

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