

HRstrut

"Love A Wild Thing"

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Sometimes you're too close to see,
But now I see there's more here than just you and me,
Sure, there was more I could have done,
But who was the one,
That in the end chose to run?

Oh, I should have known from the start,
The first time you showed me this thirst in your heart,
So when you leave, don't be upset,
Leave me no regret,
'Cause I deserve what I get,

Oh, never love a wild thing,
Whose every dream contains its own unravelling,
And all the pain your love will bring,
Will not change one feather of her wings,
Never love, never love a wild thing.

Don't love anyone's body so much,
Don't lose yourself in the thrill of that touch,
'Cause far too soon will come a day,
Of sink and decay,
A time of slipping away.

If you love, if you love a wild thing,
Prepare yourself to meet with a rude awakening,

And though you bear her winter's sting,
Don't expect to see another spring,
If you love, never love a wild thing.

Oh, I recall in wild rhythm sung,
In cadence of ancient tongue,
Ever green and ever young,

I recall her summer nights,
With only the sensation of light,
Sacred enactments of her mystical rites.

But in my mind's back pages,
Are writ with scars the wars she'd wage,
Savage lunge and silent rage,

Against hidden chains and imagined cages.

When you love, when you love a wild thing,
Recognize the traps that out from every lover's arms
swing,
And all your care and sheltering,
Are in the end to her a shackle's cling,
When you love, when you love a wild thing.

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