

The Wild

"Ideas Of Home"

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We left our homes, desperate for places far away from
where we're from. and I was afraid, thought I'd be lost
without a map to guide my way, but I was in love...
haunted by a ghost, an open road, freedom. these
ideas of home saturate my mind like a southern
rainstorm, and I fall to my knees when I realize that
what's real ain't just what I believe, and so it seems that
right where we are is right where we're supposed to be.
and now we see ourselves for what we really are...
reflections in car windows as we look at the stars.

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