

The Wild

"The City That Never Sleeps"

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I left my girl in vacation land,
Now Virginia's barns burn back road memories red
Into my skin Like the southern sun.
I left the trees for the towers,
The woods for the wealth,
The streams for the streets, my friends for myself.
It was a bad fucking idea.
But we still sing... Ohh ohhh ohhh
I learned it, I lived it, and now I'm gonna leave,
But I won't regret it,
It's just that New York City is not my friend.
I just wanna go somewhere where I can rest my head
Where the streets are on fire, not just smoldering,
somewhere like Atlanta.
Well the streets aren't on fire just yet,
But were lighting a motherfucking match.
It wouldn't sink in, and so I tried,
But everything that was real Just squeezed out the
side,
When I closed my eyes real tight.
I'm in the city that never sleeps... And I'm fucking tired.
All of the colors that rained down
From the sky might as well have been explosions
On the inside, that night before the fourth of July,
By the naval yard on the New Hampshire side.
Jason played in the park, while I fumbled on my
acoustic guitar behind a red door.
But we both sang ohh ohhhh ohhhh

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