Wild Wood

Paul Weller

High tide, mid afternoon
People fly by in the traffics boom
Knowing, just where you're blowing
Getting to where you should be goingDon't let them get you down
Making you feel guilty about
Golden rain, will bring you riches
All the good things, you deserve nowClimbing forever trying
Find your way out, of the wildwild wood
Now there's no justice
There's only yourself, that you can trust inAnd I say, "High tide, mid afternoon"
Oh, people fly by, in the traffics boom
Oh, knowing, just where you're blowing
Getting to where you should be goingDay by day your world fades away
Waiting to feel, all the dreams that say
Golden rain will bring you riches
All the good things, you deserve nowAnd I say, "Climbing forever trying"
You're gonna find your way out
Of the wild wild wood
Say that, you're gonna find your way out
Of the wild wild wood, of the wild wild wood

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