

# 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 going Don't let them get you down  
Making you feel guilty about  
Golden rain, will bring you riches  
All the good things, you deserve now Climbing forever trying  
Find your way out, of the wild wild wood  
Now there's no justice  
There's only yourself, that you can trust in And 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 going Day 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 now And 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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