

Wired

New Model Army

At the witching hour well be gone from here
When the snake-black roads are just about clear
Onto the hard-line dark horizon
Through the silver in the air
And if home is where the heart is
Well just keep going until we disappear
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky
Blood of a river a mile wide
I am wired, I am wired, I am so wired
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky
Blood of an ocean, rising tide
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild
Sometimes I feel her with me,
I feel her eyes upon my face
I feel her pulling me down in a tangle
Of sweat and hair and grace
For the only things worth wishing for
Are the ones that you cannot possess
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky
Blood of a river a mile wide
I am wired, I am so wired, I am so wired
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky
Blood of an ocean, rising tide
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild

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