

# Wild Child

Joseph Arthur

I was talking to Chuck  
In his, dark suit, in his wizard tie  
I've spoke of his movie, and how I was making a sunshine.  
We've spoke of kids on the coast  
And different types of organic souls  
And the way suicides don't leave notes,  
Then we've spoke with the rain  
Always back to the rain!  
I was speaking to Phil, I was giving the pills  
The small days and  
You're giving them all, since his last crack carried  
We've spoke of movies and verse  
And the way an actress held the purse  
And the way life at times could get worse  
Then we've spoke with the rain  
Always back to the rain! She's a wild a child, and nobody can get to her  
She's a wild a child, and nobody can get to her  
Sleeping on the street, living all alone  
Without a hustle, a heart, and then she asks you, please  
Hey baby, can I have some spare change  
Can I break your heart?  
She is a wild child, she is a wild child! I was talking to Betty, about her additions  
How they made her ill  
Life at the theater, certainly fought with many spills and chills  
She come down after some wine  
It's what happens most of the time  
And we sat and both spoke in rhymes  
Then we've spoke with the rain  
Always back to the rain! I was talking to Eddie our mutual friend  
He thought it was funny, I had no money to spend on him.  
So we both shared a piece of sweet cheese  
And sang about lives and our dreams  
And how things could come a part of the  
And then we talked to the rain  
Always back to the rain!

Songwriters

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