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!

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