Running Wild

Drenge

As you were, like a child
Innocent and running wild
And now you're old and you're grey-haired
Your dead-eyed stare
You're running scaredWhen you were young the fires spread
Southeasterly to Beachy Head
And London's husk of burnt out rust
That led the lungs a bag of dustDraw a line in the sand
Coast to coast and man to man
Repopulate the Sherwood Forest
And lynch the deathly pale dishonestCarve a scar across the earth
Visible from high above
North and South, sever ties
Kiss your enemies goodbye

Songwriters
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