

# 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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