

Wild Ones

The Greasy Slicks

Take, what you need
And leave me, down on my knees,
High, from your friend,
And change yourself, again and again,

Cause with my head in the cloud and my chest filled with doubts,
Walking together on the pathway to heaven,
Leaving all the bags to die all thier deaths, I'll call you at the end of the day,
Take me where the wild ones play,

X2

Leave all the past to die all thier deaths,
I'll call you at the end of the day

Lyrics Submitted by Jacob Humphrey

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