

# The Wildness

## Deacon Blue

Oh, the rush hour's over  
And the night has been trying  
To drive us and chase us away But we're lovely and drunk now  
And our laugh doesn't rattle or fray  
And the Friday folk are coming round  
Let the wildness have its way Oh, sweet autumn with your dark surprise  
And your short days all smudged with gold  
You covered up worn paths for us  
So no story could be told And send the dark, come tumbling down  
So the wildness that could be cold  
So the morning would never know Of the wildness, of the wildness  
Driving me on again  
Of the wildness, of the wildness  
Shaking me, letting me know There were two of us driving  
We were six miles out  
And a hundred miles to go  
Still the morning lies waiting  
And the light falls on your travel map I'm still here hoping for the wildness to relax  
For the wildness to go back For the wildness, for the wildness  
Driving me on again  
For the wildness, for the wildness  
Shaking me, letting me know I said yeah, can you feel it, feel it?  
I went up to your house one night  
I took the 59 in the rain  
(Feel it)  
And I saw your tiny face shine  
So calm and so bright and so gay I called in, I called out  
I couldn't see any other name  
I woke one morning  
With the wildness once again  
With the wildness shining in Of the wildness, of the wildness  
Driving me on again  
Of the wildness, of the wildness  
Shaking me, letting me know Of the wildness, of the wildness  
Driving me on again, on again, yeah, yeah  
Of the wildness, of the wildness  
Shaking me, letting me know Of the wildness, of the wildness, baby  
Driving me on again, on again  
Of the wildness, of the wildness

Shaking me, letting me know

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