

The Wild People

[Mark Lanegan](#)

My sin, my sin is done and it won't be forgiven
I'm gone, I'm gone
I'm gone where the wild people living
Gone where the wild, wild people living
So long alone, close to the bone They kill the messenger, they kill the taxman waiting in line
They kill the passenger where the train and taxi collide
A holiday has come, my mind has escaped into hiding
I've shot away my life, out where the wild people riding
Out where the wild, the wild people riding
So long alone, close to the bone
Mama mama ma please, please don't kill the messenger man
Mama mama ma please, please don't kill the passenger man
Saturday I'm sick, I'm sick with a virus descending
Burn sunday to the quick, to the quick with a match on a mile long stick
My sin, my sin is done and it won't be forgiven
I'm gone, I'm gone
I'm gone where the wild people living
Gone where the wild, wild people living
So long alone, close to the bone Mama mama ma please, please don't kill the messenger man
Mama mama ma please, please don't kill the passenger man
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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