

# Wild Heart

## Bleachers

They closed the parkway late last night  
And as I sat with the echoes of lies that I told  
I felt young, never changed by crooked hearts  
So put the shotgun back in the glove  
Come on and wait another year for  
that dream far away  
To come home, to be brave Everything has changed  
and now it's only you that matters  
I will find anyway to your wild heart They boarded up the windows  
and the doors to my house  
No one will ever read the letters  
or the lies that I told  
From the years I was changed  
by crooked hearts  
Why did they have to go and do us like that  
Why did they have to go and run from the  
dream far away Were we there? Was I brave? To think everything must die  
for anyone to matter  
Got to find anyway to your wild heart Everything has changed and  
now I can't tell what matters  
I will find any way to your wild heart

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