

# Wild Nights

## Blisterhead

I had to find out, figure it for myself  
Now I have no doubt what it looks like in hell  
Nights of sweet mischief, I lifted quite a few  
Let's light the fuse quick and see just what this thing can do

Let's just get crazy with it  
Once again, give it a spin my friend  
We're gonna test the limits

Where would we be  
Without the wild nights  
Without the lows and highs  
Failing to get it right  
Where would we be  
Without the wild nights  
Barely getting by  
The days of getting high

Whoa-oh-oh

Spinnin' with the rhythm in this world will bring  
DJ's on Friday nights, hungover mornings  
I wanna live a little, and no it's not a riddle  
Your attention yeah, I want in the middle  
Take it up and we hit the stage  
Wrecking ball effect is how we rage  
Pay the price for months and days  
Once in the clouds, now it's just haze

Let's just get crazy with it  
Once again, give it a spin my friend  
We're gonna test the limits

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Failing to get it right  
Where would we be  
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Barely getting by

The days of getting high

Whoa-oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh-oh-oh  
Whoa-oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh-oh-oh

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Whoa-oh-oh-oh, whoa-oh-oh-oh  
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