

# Wild

## Beach House

My mother said to me that I would get in trouble  
Our father won't come home, cause he is seeing double  
Our windy, endless spring  
Your eyes are so misleading  
That's when your car pulls up  
It's hood is black and gleaming  
A little wine  
You stole a smile  
The earth is wild  
You've got no time  
Wild in our ways  
What will you make it  
Heartless to say  
Go on pretending  
One chance to fall behind the lines that would not let you  
Can I believe in how the past is what will catch you

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