

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 change my crooked heart
So put your shotgun back in the glove
I'm only waiting another year for the dream far away
To come home to be brave

Well 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 of the lies that I told
From the years I was changed my crooked hearts
Why did they have to go and do us like that
Why did they have to go and run from a dream far away
We'll be there was that grave?

To think everything must die for anyone to matter
Got to find anyway to your wild heart
I will find anyway to your wild heart

I will find anyway
Now everything has changed and I can't tell what matters
I will find anyway to your wild heart

Your wild heart [x8]