

The Wildness

Deacon Blue

Oh the rush hour is over
And the night has been trying
To drive us and chase us away
But we're lovely and drunk now
And our laugh doesn't
Rattle or fray
And the Friday folk
Are coming round
Let the wildness
Have its way

Oh sweet autumn
With your dark surprise
And your short days all smudged with gold
You covered up
Worn paths for us
So no story could be told
And sent the dark
Come tumbling down
So the wildness
Can't grow cold
So the morning
Would never know

Of the wildness
Of the wildness
Driving me on again
Of the wildness
Of the wildness
Shaking me
Letting me know

There were two of us driving
We were six miles out
And a
Hundred miles to go
Still the morning lies waiting
And the light falls
On your travel map
I'm still here hoping
For the wildness
To relax
For the wildness
To go back

I went up to your house one night
I took 59 in the rain
And I saw your tiny face shine
So calm and so bright
And so gay
I called in
I called out
I couldn't see any other name
I woke
One morning
With the wildness
Once again

With the wildness
Shining in

[CHORUS]