

The People Who Raised Me

Gregory and the Hawk

I've been the wild one
I've run through the streets and I've suffered
I've been the quiet one
Sequestered and smothered

But I won't mind no time spent to save me
Just trying to be good to the people who raised me
And glide through life without a meaning
On trails torn up between clouds and turf
I've wished for you for what it's worth
And I want to visit on the wind

It's been a strong year
With a bright, bright sun
From here the past looks cold
And the future seems a promising one