

## 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