

## Run Wild

Guided by Voices

Think of a no parking zone  
Where armored cars keep the street  
And every heart seeks inspiration  
It is full to maximum capacity  
Leave your things in the streets  
And run wild  
Wooden heads on the chopping block  
And other hearts pumping ink  
That spills out over dreams of antiquity  
Pale but full of ghostly charm  
Leave your things in the streets  
And run wild