

# A Wild Heart Looking For Home

John Denver

Life in the city gets all closed in when you stand in a crowd all alone.

Wishing that someone would call out your number, hoping that someone might phone.

Nights in the city can drive you crazy, there so very much going on.

Try to get quiet, you'll miss out on something like someone who's looking for,  
someone who's looking...

There, I almost got caught again, lost in the night all alone.  
With nowhere to hide, crying inside, a wild heart looking for home.

Sleeping without you is always cold, the nights are so dark and so long.

Dreaming of touching your face in the moonlight, filling the silence with song.

Living without you, the days are endless, the clock winding steadily down.

Imagining footsteps, your hand at the gatepost, the wind shuts the open door,  
the wind shuts the open...

There, I almost got caught again, lost in the night all alone.  
With nowhere to hide, crying inside, a wild heart looking for home.

The songbird, she trembles all day long. She sings as if her poor heart must break.

Watching the freedom that flies past her window, dreaming won't fit in a cage.

Fly away songbird, the wind still loves you, your prison is forsaken at last.

Follow your dreaming, you're bound up to heaven, you're reaching for something more,  
reaching for something...

There, I almost got caught again, lost in the night all alone.  
With nowhere to hide, crying inside, a wild heart looking for there, I thought of your face again, a vision to have and to hold.

My spirit still sings, I'm flying again, a wild heart looking for home.

A wild heart looking for home.