

# Wild Things Run Fast

Joni Mitchell

He came  
She smiled  
She thought she had him tamed  
But he was just as wild  
Eating from her hand at last  
Wild things run fast

In the dark  
He could see  
The trap that was lying in her  
Sweet company  
Eating from her hand at last  
Wild things run fast

Winter beat the pines about  
He heard the heater  
Cutting in and out  
While she dreamed away

In the night  
It snowed  
Fast tracks in the powder white  
Leading out to the road  
Winding from her tender grasp  
Wild things run fast  
Wild things run fast  
Wild things run fast

What makes you run?  
Wild thing  
I thought you loved me