

At the witching hour we'll be gone from here  
When the snake-black roads are just about clear  
Onto the hard-line dark horizon  
Through the silver in the air  
And if home is where the heart is  
We'll just keep going until we disappear

The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of a river a mile wide  
I am wired, I am wired, I am so wired  
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of an ocean, rising tide  
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild

Sometimes I feel her with me,  
I feel her eyes upon my face  
I feel her pulling me down in a tangle  
Of sweat and hair and grace  
For the only things worth wishing for  
Are the ones that you cannot possess

The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of a river a mile wide  
I am wired, I am so wired, I am so wired  
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
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And in the shadows of the trees  
You can see like an animal sees  
You can gather up the stars like seeds  
And through them back into the night