

I heard you're suffering.
Come be a wild thing.
Come run with Jackie,
me, and this lady.

The stupid house you made
fell away like paper lace.
Come run with Jackie,
me, and this lady.

And when you're done
crying to everyone
you can go back to your good home.
She will be tired, but she'll be glad,
when you go back to your good home.

Paper burns and paper fades.
Paper crumples into ugly shapes.
Come run with Jackie,
me, and this lady.

And when you're done
crying to everyone
you can go back to your good home...
And when she's done dancing with everyone
she will go back to your good home.
She will be tired from loving everyone,
but she'll be glad that you're back home.

But for now,
until you're home,
you ride with us.
There was no way you could have known
about the things she didn't know she couldn't trust.
Oh, sanctuary...
Oh, what's in the world?
What's in the hearts of pretty girls?
There's nothing left inside the room you filled with lion skins
and laurels.
Those were good ideas, but they weren't diamonds and pearls.