

I was talkin' to Chuck in his Genghises Khan suit  
And his wizard's hat  
He spoke of his movie and how he was makin' a new sound track  
And then we spoke of kids on the coast  
And different types of organic soap  
And the way suicides don't leave notes,  
Then we spoke of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine

I was speakin' to Bill who was given to pills and small racing cars  
He had given them up since his last crack-up had carried him too far  
Then we spoke of the movies and verse  
And the way an actress held her purse  
And the way life at times can get worse,  
Then we spoke of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine

Ah, she's a wild child, and nobody can get at her  
She's a wild child, oh, and nobody can get to her

Sleepin' out on the street, oh, livin' all alone  
Without a house or a home and then she asked you, please,  
Hey, baby, can I have some spare change  
Oh, can I break your heart ?

She's a wild child, she's a wild child

I was talkin' to Betty about her auditions, how they made her ill  
But life is the theater, is certainly fraught  
With many spills and chills  
But she'd come down after some wine  
Which is what happens most of the time  
Then we sat and both spoke in rhymes  
Till we spoke of Lorraine, ah, always back to Lorraine

I was talking to Ed who's been reported dead by mutual friends  
He thought it was funny that I had no money to spend on him  
So we both shared a piece of sweet cheese  
And sang of our lives and our dreams  
And how things can come apart at the seams  
And we talk of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine

She's a wild child, oh, and nobody can get at her  
She's a wild child, oh, and nobody can get to her

Sleepin' out on the street, oh, livin' all alone  
Without a house or a home and then she asked you, please,  
Oh, baby, can I have some spare change  
Now can I break your heart?"

She's a wild child, she's a wild child