

# Dudley Saunders, The Wild Men

babyboy  
are you sleeping  
have you heard  
a word I've said  
is your body  
still a-breathing  
can you live  
this life we've led

I wish you were  
a swallow flying  
you'd fly this high  
and lonesome place  
and join your wild men  
in their sighing  
and linger in  
their salty taste

on our sidewalk  
in the summer  
lies a man  
a-baking slow  
seeds and coins  
fall from his slumber  
his burning mother  
holding close

I wish you were  
a swallow flying  
you'd fly this high  
and lonesome place  
and join your wild men  
in their sighing  
and linger in  
their salty taste

I wish I were  
a swallow flying  
I'd find your high  
and lonesome place  
and join your wild men  
in their sighing  
and linger in  
their salty taste