

John Waite, Wild Life

Well you fooled me say your livin' in France
Drinkin' cheap champagne
Got a second chance
You got a lover and he's six feet-five
Ain't he shakin' you up
Ain't you glad you're alive
It's a wild life
You're not in my shoes
A wild life (ah)
A wild life
I do what I want
A wild life
My life
Yeah yeah
I'm still living in a hole in the wall
With a jukebox praying
And a heart that's stalled
Got no excuses for the way that I live
You're so eager to take
I'm so eager to give
It's a wild life
You're not in my shoes
A wild life
A wild life
I do what I want
A wild life
My life
Wild life
Wild life
So get off my back
A wild life (ahh)
Wild life
I do what I want
A wild life
My life
Yeah
I ain't looking for a steady romance
Or a lucky break or a second chance
I've been a winner
I've been a loser too
But I don't know any better
I'm still looking for you
It's a wild life
You're not in my shoes
A wild life
I got nothing to lose
A wild life
I do what I want
A wild life
My life
Wild life
Wild life
You're not in my shoes
A wild life
I got nothing to lose
A wild life
I go where I please
A wild life
My life
Wild life
Baby it's a wild life
Wild life
Baby it's a wild life
Wild life

Baby it's a wild life
Wild life