

Paul Weller, Brand New Start

Wild Wood

High tide, mid afternoon

People fly by, in the traffics boom

Knowing, just where you're blowing

Getting to where you should be going

Don't let them get you down

Making you feel guilty about

Golden rain, will bring you riches

All the good things you deserve now

Climbing, forever trying

Find your way out of the wild, wild wood

Now there's no justice

Only yourself that you can trust in

And I said high tide, mid afternoon

People fly by, in the traffics boom

Knowing, just where you're blowing

Getting to where you should be going

Day by day your world fades away

Waiting to feel all the dreams that say

Golden rain will bring you riches

All the good things you deserve now

And I say, climbing, forever trying

Find your way out of the wild, wild wood

Said you're gonna find your way out of the wild, wild wood

Wild wild wood