

# The Doors, Wild Child

All right

Wild child full of grace  
Savior of the human race  
Your cool face

Natural child, terrible child  
Not your mother's or your father's child  
Your our child, screamin' wild

An ancient rulage of grains  
And the trees of the night  
Ha, ha, ha, ha

With hunger at her heels  
Freedom in her eyes  
She dances on her knees  
Pirate prince at her side  
Stirrin' into a hollow idols eyes

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Do you remember when we were in Africa?