

Burton Cummings, Wild Child

Oh how she yearns and oh how she burns
Just to be with him
Knowin' he's there and he's real
Puts a gleam in her eye
She how she drapes the sweet young body
With the silk for him
There's nothing too good for the dream lover
Down from the sky

Yeah, you're lookin' at a wild child
The kind that every man is searchin for
A lovely wild child
A little girl, a lovely woman and more
But with a wave of his hand
And some help from a band
He was off in the clouds
And she was cryin' like the day she was born
She was cryin' like the day she was born

See how she dances, see how she prances
To catch his eye
Finding his gaze would be everything
That glitters and more
If it can happen in the movies it can happen to her
And she believes it
She knows it will kill her
But still she keeps beggin' for more

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