

Heather Myles, Untamed

What happened to the sun in California?
Who put all the clouds in Santa Fe?
And the Mississippi River,
Wouldn't recognise Mark Twain.
What happened to the birds in Capustrano?
And the San Francisco Bay?
And the great Alaskan waters,
Might never be the same.

We have ourselves to blame.
We have ourselves to blame.
If you want it to remain,
Then let it go untamed.
From the deserts to the plains.
From Big Sur to the Glades,
If you want it to remain,
Then let it go untamed.
Untamed.
Untamed.

Remember when the whales swam in the ocean?
An' horses ridin' through the plains?
And the kids played in a back yard.
Oh, how the tides have changed.
But I love to see the sun in California,
Shinin' through a hot September day.
An' then maybe all those Swallows,
Might return to stay.

We have ourselves to blame.
There's no-one else to blame.
If you want it to remain,
Then let it go untamed.
From the deserts to the plains.
From Big Sur to the Glades,
If you want it to remain,
Then let it go untamed.
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