

Howling Bells, The Wild

The wild makes you happy
Yeh, ya howl like the night
The sound of the city
Like the flicker of the lights
You're the wrong kind of person
But the right kind of thing
For this town

A song of the outlaw
You're a ghost from the past
They'll always try to catch you
But they'll always finish last
You're the wrong kind of person
But the right kind of thing

Running in circles again
Playing with fire till the end

The day is getting closer
And the nights moving in
The land knows your secrets
Now the lands' full of sin
You're the only person who can see every fool

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