

# 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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