

Joni Mitchell, Wild Things Run Fast

He came
She smiled
She thought she had him tamed
But he was just as wild
Eating from her hand at last
Wild things run fast

In the dark
He could see
The trap that was lying in her
Sweet company
Eating from her hand at last
Wild things run fast

Winter beat the pines about
He heard the heater
Cutting in and out
While she dreamed away . . .

In the night
It snowed
Fast tracks in the powder white
Leading out to the road
Winding from her tender grasp
Wild things run fast
Wild things run fast
Wild things run fast

What makes you run?
Wild thing
I thought you loved me