Slade, Born To Be Wild

Get your motor running
Head out on the highway
Looking for adventure
In whatever comes our way

Chorus
You're not gonna make it happen
All the world is a loving place
Fire all of your guns at once then
Explode into space

I like streaking lightning
A heavy metal thunder
Wrestling with the wind
And the feeling that I'm under

Like a true nature's child
We were born, born to be wild
We were flyin' so high,
I never wanna die

Born to be wild
Born to be wild

I like streaking lightning
A heavy metal thunder
Wrestling with the wind
And the feeling that I'm under

You're not gonna make it happen
All the world is a loving place
Fire all of your guns at once then
Explode into space

Like a true nature's child