

# Terry Allen, Wilderness Of This World

There an old shoe  
Out on the highway  
Tells us of the Wilderness of this World

And an old dirt floor  
Moves under me and you  
Tells us of the Wilderness of this World  
And the moon falls  
Down on a highway  
An that highway crawls  
Cross the desert below  
Like a sad song  
You can stop dancin to  
Tells us of the Wilderness of this World

And the desert falls  
Down on the ocean  
And that motion is all  
Wel ever knowIt just keeps on spinning  
This bunch of dancin fools  
Run crazy across the Wilderness of this World  
Yeah  
Run crazy across the Wilderness of this World  
There an old shoe  
Out on the highway