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i ve been the wild one
i ve run through the streets and i ve suffered
i ve been the quiet one
sequestered and smothered

but i won t mind no time spent to save me
just trying to be good to the people who raised me

it s been a strong year
with a bright, bright sun
from here the past looks cold
and the future seems a promising one

but i won t mind no time spent to save me
just trying to be good to the people who raised me
and glide through life without a meaning

on trails torn up between clouds and turf
i ve wished for you for what it s worth
and i want to visit on the wind

and i want to visit on the wind