

Wild Wood

Paul Weller

High tide, mid afternoon
People fly by, in the traffics boom
Knowing, just where you are blowing
Getting to where you should be going

Don't let them get you down
Making you feel guilty about
Golden rain, will bring you riches
All the good things you deserve and now

Climbing, forever trying
Find your way out of the wild, wild wood
Now there's no justice
Only yourself that you can trust in

And I said high tide, mid afternoon
People fly by, in the traffics boom
Knowing, just where you are blowing
Getting to where you should be going

Day by day your world fades away
Waiting to feel all the dreams that say
Golden rain will bring you riches
All the good things you deserve now

And I say, climbing, forever trying
Find you way out of the wild, wild wood
Said you are gonna find you way out of the wild, wild wood
Wild wild wood.