

Wild Age

Warren Zevon

You've seen him leaning on the streetlight
Listening to some song inside
You've seen him standing by the highway
Trying to hitch a ride
Well, they tried so hard to hold him
Heaven knows how hard they tried
But he's made up his mind
He's the restless kind

He's the wild age
He's the wild age
He's the wild age

Wild age
It's the wild age
And the law can't stop 'em
No one can stop 'em
At the wild age

Mostly when the reckless years end
Something's left to save
Some of them keep running
'Til they run straight in their graves

To stay the wild age
Stay the wild age
Stay the wild age

Wild age