

The wildest beasts

Brieve Morison

I run a car
psychologists run presidents
I have to go far
To escape their deepest nets
Stretched out in the ocean
Criss crossing the sky

We see in colour
But we think in black and white
Can't face each other
Is that wrong or is that right
She can't even bear him
He doesn't even know

We're the wildest beasts that still roam free x4

Oh the smallest child
At it's mothers knee
Could be the wildest beast
That still roams free
And how would we know ha!
How can we tell

We're the wildest beast that still roam free (to the end)