

She's a Wild One

Down by the river, she welcomes the morning,
Gracing the shore like the angel of light.
She dances alone to the music of the sunrise.
I don't understand her, hard as I've tried.
The girl is untamed—tough to take hold of—
No telling which way she'll run.

She's a wild one—
She sparks and roars like a summer storm
When the lightning strikes and the thunder rolls along.
She's a wild one—she's a wild one.

Sometimes she's clinging to my life like sweetbrier.
Sometimes she's hard as a twister to hold.
Now she's a wounded bird trembling in my hand.
Now she's a fire raging out of control.
The girl is untamed—tough to take hold of—
No telling which way she'll run.

She's a wild one—
She sparks and roars like a summer storm
When the lightning strikes and the thunder rolls along.
She's a wild one—she's a wild one.

I think she's kin to the stallion and the sparrow,
Kin to the four winds that blow . . .

She's a wild one—
She sparks and roars like a summer storm
When the lightning strikes and the thunder rolls along.
She's a wild one—
I don't want to tame her,
Just want to live and love the way she does.
She's a wild one—she's a wild one.

Words & Music by Mark H. Chesshir, Randy Chesshir, & Michael Cody
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