

# Wired

## New Model Army

At the witching hour we'll be gone from here  
When the snake-black roads are just about clear  
Onto the hard-line dark horizon  
Through the silver in the air  
And if home is where the heart is  
We'll just keep going until we disappear  
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of a river a mile wide  
I am wired, I am wired, I am so wired  
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of an ocean, rising tide  
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild  
Sometimes I feel her with me  
I feel her eyes upon my face  
I feel her pulling me down in a tangle  
Of sweat and hair and grace  
For the only things worth wishing for  
Are the ones that you cannot possess  
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of a river a mile wide  
I am wired, I am so wired, I am so wired  
The moon rides high on a gunmetal sky  
Blood of an ocean, rising tide  
Into the wild, into the wild, into the wild  
And in the shadows of the trees  
You can see like an animal sees  
You can gather up the stars like seeds  
And through them back into the night

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>