

Call of the wild

by Frank Mielke

1. Still I can here the voice, it spells out my name
A secret I see, I have to go.
Born in a house of storm and nowhere to hide,
nightmares without an end, a cry.
Last night a heard a voice, it spells out my name
A secret I see, I have to go.

Call of the wild, she told me to go.
Far beyond the point, a wise man ought to know.
Call me the wild, mother nature's son.
Child of the wild, got nowhere to run.

2. Torn by the wings of storm, nowhere to rest.
Journeys without and end and aim.
And I still can hear the voice, it spells out my name.
A secret I see, I have to go.

Call of the wild, she told me to go.
Far beyond the point, a wise man ought to know.
Call me the wild, mother nature's son.
Child of the wild, got nowhere to run.

Can you find out?
Can you find out?
Can you find out?

On my way through the wilderness I saw the mountains so high.
I saw the gorges down below and frozen waters covered with snow.
And I crossed the deserts, hundred miles of sand and salt.
And the swamps I felt with that myriads of midges.

Find it out.
Find it out.
Find it out.