

Where the Wild Things Are

Bryce Vine

I've had good nights, bad days
Popov, champagne
No work, all play
Bad time, wrong way
Been a douchebag, been a shit friend, no chips but I'm all in
No saint but I still sin and scream fuck the world on a Sunday
I am so crass, no class
Gladly walkin' the wrong path
I condone prescription drugs and drivin' off in the badlands
Bad man, wasted youth
Drunk as fuck cause I'm wasted youth
Judge me now but I'm just like you
But a little more hot and a little more cool
Maybe I'm to blame
A little jacked up inside the brain
I belong in some asylum I feel like
A pilot going down
But I still can't hit the ground
You can find me duck and divin'
Find an island they say could never be found
And from the darkness they can hear me singing
Ohhh
And from the darkness they can hear me screaming...
I feel alive
I'm free tonight Blacked out, midnight kingdom
Act out, too much freedom
Pass down that king's crown lets torch town for no good reason
Young, a little bit of dumb, a little bit of bad, a lot a bit of fun
A little bit of give a little, get a little, buy a little, bet a little, run until the devil catches up
Yo I'm just tryna fuck around
Like a Ferris wheel
We just got that space invader style
It's a mass appeal
Arrows falling down
But I still can't hit the ground
You can find us duck and divin' find an island they say could never be found
And from the darkness they can hear me singing
Ohhhh
And from the darkness they can hear me screaming...
I feel alive
I'm free tonight This is where the wild things are I feel alive

I'm free tonight

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>