

## Last Wild Thing in the Ozarks

words and music by Bob Runyon

It's the last wild thing in the Ozarks  
The last thing that's still not for sale  
Too quick to ever be collected  
Too clever to ever leave a trail.

How can I know that it's there? Well I can't  
But I know that it's there just the same.  
Everyone knows lots of things that they don't  
Even if they call it by a different name.

Laying low till it's time to go  
You can't restrain the falling rain

Last time through it made my dog bark  
He loves the way that thing smells  
It changes the color of tree bark  
That's the story the whippoorwill tells

Moving so fast you won't ever know it's there  
Then it's standing there frozen in time  
You probably thought it was a tree branch  
The last time it looked you in the eye

It never shows just what it knows  
You never knew it was watching you

My decisions have written my story  
I know I can never be free  
But I think I sense a little of the glory  
Of the wild thing God has let be

It's the last wild thing in the Ozarks  
Like some transient lightning bolt thrill  
It might come to light after dark  
In some hollow beyond yonder hill

You'll never tame it, it's beyond your control  
You can kill it but it will always be free  
Some things were meant to be out of line and out of time  
I guess that's just the way it's got to be

It's a bunch of fools who make the rules  
A heart of gold is dead and cold