**Call me wild / Martin Baltser**

Sitting on a chair

Waiting for the chalk

To dry out all the boards

With the news

Horrified to move

But qualified to sit

And I know this is it

In the ruse

Creature in my gut starts roaring

And strike my blood

Stuck in a daydream

Hoping to stay clear

Of bullets, tasks, and fear

Of the news
Liquefying legs when someone said my name

Was that always your aim?

With the ruse

Creature in my gut starts roaring

And strike my blood

*Call me wild*

*Call me wild and make me sit here*

*‘Till the tick it turns to rope burns*

*As the clock turns
Call me wild*

*When you don’t look I’m not gonna sit here*

*I’m gonna sit up on the hillsides*

*The hillsides*

*Putting on my creature*

Drugs put creatures on the block

I don’t like instructions when my creature talks

Putting on my crock-like creature walk