Wild Again
words and music by Douglas Wood
written for NWRA
and wildlife rehabilitators
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I came on my sister alone and afraid,
It seems that she fell from the sky,
The gift that had carried her into the clouds,
Now was gone and she couldn't know why.

She'd sailed like a ship upon oceans of air,
As wild and as free as the wind,
But something had taken her out of the sky
And now here to the earth she was pinned

Come with me, my love, and we'll do what we can
To set right what has somehow gone wrong.
We'll work with the sinew and feather and bone,
And give back to your spirit its song.

And you'll feel once more the wind in your wings,
Or climb where the tall mountains stand.
You'll run the wide prairie
Or haunt the dark forest,
My friend, you will be wild again,
My friend, you will be wild again.

With our brothers and sisters we all share one world
And there's one common spirit within.
It's the wild things that help us survive on this earth
Without them we couldn't begin.

So once in awhile we've a chance to give back
A little from all that we take.
And a wild one returned to the circle of life
Is a part of the world that we make.

And we'll feel once more the wind in our wings
Or climb where the tall mountains stand.
We'll run the wide prairie
Or haunt the dark forest,
My friends, we will be wild again,
My friends, we will be wild again.

Yes, we'll feel once more the wind in our wings,
Or climb where the tall mountains stand.
We'll run the wide prairie
Or haunt the dark forest,
My friends, we will be wild again,
My friends, we will be wild again.