

All Kinds Of Wrong

Claude Kelly

Just woke up, it's day ten,
It still hurts, like back then,
Tears like rain, flood my face,
Can't erase, what I did,
This is what I get for telling you,
I don't need you around, what a lie,
And this is what I get for thinking,
There was ever someone better in my life,

Now it's all kinds of wrong,
Without you,
I can't breathe when your gone,
Don't know what to do,
And now the best of me is lost in a memory,
And it's all kinds of wrong,
Without you

If I had, one more try,
No more games, no more lies,
Missing you, is a lonely ride,
Feeling more dead than alive,
This is what I get for telling you,
To pack your things and get the hell out,
And this is what I get for wishing you away,
Now no one's going to bail me out,

Cause it's all kinds of wrong,
Without you,
I can't breathe when your gone,
Don't know what to do,
And now the best of me is lost in a memory,
And it's all kinds of wrong,
Without you

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