

# Gonna Get It Wrong

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Here I am all worn down to the muscle the bone  
Done all I can  
Seems like everything I do turns into don't  
Still I stand still I try  
And I know I'm gonna get it wrong it's alright

When the wheels come off  
And somewhere between the shoulder and the ditch  
Neither found nor lost  
And I can't say I'll ever know which is which  
There's a road and so I drive  
And I know I'm gonna get it wrong it's alright

It's alright, it's alright  
It's alright if I find a thousand ways  
Just to fall from grace

Got a true blue heart  
But every now and then it must get beat  
And if it falls apart  
And shatters like a whiskey glass around my feet  
Pick it up one more time  
And I know I'm gonna get it wrong  
Yeah I know I'm gonna get it wrong it's alright

It's alright, it's alright It's alright