Wrong Guy

James Reyne

A dry desert ill-wind it blew in that night
Came down from the mountain and made wrong from right
Makes your skin crawl and jump and itch and feel tight
So watch now to who you be talking

You just shufflin' to keep some beat
When that shrill-wind blew down that darkened street
With your cap in your hand and those shoes on your feet
You shoulda watched out now which way you're walking

In the shadows they're hiding
By the neon slum-light
This way they're riding
Wrong guy, wrong room, wrong night

Oh, the future ne'er bothered you none
'Cause you thought you were one with the sun
But your shadows out-dance you wherever you run
'Til one day you're face-down and tremblin'

Stinkin', suspected, the spin
You'd gone and slipped tricky mass mickey finn
And then eye bolted doors
Lest the past slippers in
And you fear mickey-masses assemblin'

Oh, it was search and destroy
You thought everything was alright
You didn't stay gold pony-boy
Wrong guy, wrong room, wrong night

You know your life was just like a movie
You wink a Stuyvesant eye
You got the moonlight lips

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