

## Wrong

Kilo Kish

I'm buttoning my blouse  
You're walking down the stairs  
I would have let you out  
But no one seems to care  
What a waste of water  
What a waste of sand  
To travel all the earth  
And no one knows you're there?

We like to feel all tough  
We like our fists in our gloves  
Where we can kick and punch  
And they all have to take it  
But when you shut your door  
And finally alone  
You're crying for a touch  
But no one wants to say it

Maybe I was wrong  
Going out alone

It's like a cat and mouse  
You win and then you don't  
You're filling the canteen  
And steady running out (again)  
What a waste of water  
What a waste of air  
To reach the highest highs  
And then you're low again?

We like to feel all tough  
We like our fists in our gloves  
Where we can beat the living hell  
Out of a stranger  
But when you turn it off  
And all the quiet starts  
You're gonna find that  
You're the only one in danger

Maybe I was wrong  
Going out alone

Maybe I was wrong  
Going out alone

La la la la la