

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