

## Wrong

Microwave

Did you soil the sheets where your conscience sleeps?  
There's a half-gallon of bleach beneath the kitchen pipes  
Let's keep this brief, I was about to leave and  
I didn't really want you to come by

You can call it healing, but I just stopped from feeling  
The parts of you I knew would never feel right  
And you don't need healing, if you never really cared  
I still don't care, it's whatever, you were right

I've got faith in failure; I was bound to get what I expected  
I gave it up upfront to keep my pride  
And I've been slowly inching up my back to this brick wall  
Because I know it's not thick enough to keep you behind

If it was a movie, they would get the ending right  
And cleverly leave out all of the rest of our lives  
And it would zoom out:  
Chain-smoking blunts up in our house  
With junk food in our mouths  
The kind of sleepless dreams that mark our evenings  
Maybe I just missed it, I've been doing this forever  
And still, everywhere I go is somewhere I don't belong  
But, maybe that's just how it is  
That moving on means blending in  
And maybe now it's fair to say that I had it all wrong

Yeah, I was wrong

Yeah, I was wrong  
About everything

I was wrong  
About everything