

Dead Wrong

nothing,nowhere.

Come on, I'll be better before you wake
I'm on, the same shit that we used to take
Dead wrong, how could I have got it so wrong?
Come on, I'll get better, get better

I'll get better
It's like feeling low became my guilty pleasure
You took the gun from me and now it's drastic measures
And I heard you call my name but there was nothing
Is it too late?
I'm finding pieces of your hair
You left your jacket on the stairs
I can't bring myself to move it
'Cause I'm fine to disappoint myself
But I hate to let you down as well
Now I'm trying not to lose it
No

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