

I Feel So Wrong

Sleaford Mods

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah

I looked at the moon tonight
It looked like a picture
I tried to figure if it was real or just a fixture
Sometimes it winks at me, sometimes it smiles
Sometimes it looks at you 'cause it can see for miles
I hadn't noticed that the brick had made the picture
I'm sick of ashtrays outside the Piano & Pitcher
Sometimes it winks at me, sometimes it smiles
Sometimes it looks at you 'cause it can see for miles

Thunder sky, don't break as I walk home
I want to keep dry under skies that hold their own
Thunder sky, don't break as I walk home
I want to keep dry under skies that hold their own

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I looked at myself tonight, I know I'm richer
It turns itself inside and burns that little bit deeper
I drag a tenner out, I drag much more
And shuffle into sounds across the darkened score

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The look is high flexed wind tonight the warmth is laced with rain
The angle on the faces tell me it's not playing straight
The look is high flexed winged, I knew that it was gonna be
A plungin' death of everything, the death of harmonies

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