

You're Wrong

The Black Crowes

Good evening, hometown folk
Welcome to The Black Crowes rock 'n' roll show
Baby, you gotta want it

Sleepless boy was a friend of mine
Got his cocaine tongue at dinner time
Walking needle 'round a lady friend
So strung out, baby, I don't know when
Brother who lives in the court of king
Knife just like the church bell ring
Started the fire, babe, that burned down Rome
Pin it on him, he went home

You're wrong, you're wrong

You're wrong, you're wrong
Come on, put it right here

The things she said sound like pornography
That knife in her hand and I believe
Lock my door, swallow the key
Stab my heart, baby, can I bleed?

You're wrong, you're wrong
[?], babe
You're wrong, you're wrong
You want all of my blame, babe
You wanna take it? Take it
Put your blame, baby

Be cool, baby, be cool, man
Listen up
Crazy motherfuckers out tonight
I want y'all to get as crazy as y'all wanna get
But let's be cool, this ain't the Persian Gulf
No one's killing nobody here, y'know what I'm saying?
Now let's get back to business

I may be your prince of thieves
I don't know nothing 'bout your chastity
Ever wonder why we're walking so slow?
Ever wonder where the moon won't go?

Ever wonder why the heart [?]
[?], I never know why
I'm not gonna try

You're wrong, you're wrong
Yeah, you want all my blame
You're wrong, you're wrong
Oh yeah, take my blame
Want it, you want it, you want it
Want it, you want it, you want it
Put it right here

Alright
Saturday night in our hometown

And this is the last show we're gonna play this year
But never fear baby, 'cause you knew it, you knew it, you knew it
You knew it's twice as hard