Mr. Wrong

The Cribs

It's not easy
But it's harder to just admit it
So we struggle through
But I don't need this
Or the mess I've made
That I don't believe in
Cos I know I'll be saved by my own

Hand in hand, we would never understand
That all along, I was always Mr. Wrong
But I want you to believe me, it's alright
I'm leaving, it's alright

Believe me, even though these words have no real meaning
Spending all this time, thinking I'm anaemic
Or there's something else that's making me sick

Still I know I'll be saved by my own

Hand in hand, we will never understand
That all along, I was always Mr. Wrong
But I want you to believe me, it's alright
I'm leaving, it's alright

Just can't really see myself
Sleeping in the basement forever
Even though it's dark down there
I'm growing into something weaker
Living on recycled air

Hand in hand, we will never understand
That all along, I was always Mr. Wrong
But I want you to believe me, it's alright
I'm leaving it's alright

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