I Was Wrong

The Oh Hellos

I was born at the hands of the potter
And I was torn from the start
I was torn between my god and my father

I was born at the dawn of our folly
And I was young, and stubborn to the bone
As I took from the tree that was rotting

I took my chance and bit down deep
The weight of the world was crippling
Now I'll hide my shame with woven leaves
I was wrong
And I'm so, so sorry

I knew you'd never forgive me
But I was wrong
And I'm so, so sorry

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