

Got It Wrong

The Wild Feathers

Cut-throat sunset and Louisiana evening news
Sundown heartache and leaves stickin' to your shoes
I could be, I could be whatever you want
I could be, I could be whatever you want

It's alright, baby
Don't believe what you hear
It's alright, baby
'Cause I need you near
It's alright, you got it all wrong

If I ever let you go you know I'm gonna hate myself
And no one ever has to know that I'm livin' in this hell
When the summer, when the summer's coolin' down
When the summer, when the summer's coolin' down

It's alright, baby
Don't believe what you hear
It's alright, baby
'Cause I need you
It's alright, you got it all wrong

All I want to be
I can never see it, I can never see it all

Everybody's been alone and everybody's got a hometown
And if you never hear the phone, man, that's a lonely sound

It's alright, baby
Don't believe what you hear
It's alright, baby
'Cause I need you near
It's alright, you got it all wrong
It's alright (it's alright), it's alright (it's alright), it's
alright (alright)
It's alright (it's alright), it's alright (it's alright), it's
alright (alright)
It's alright, it's alright