

The Wrong Stuff

Wayne Watson

How did you get so far from holiness
How did you get so far from true
This road will lead you to destruction
You're not dreaming up something new
Yeah, you live a long, long way from innocence
Steady feeding on the low
Pouring down from every avenue
Everywhere you go

You put in cynical and hostile
Sensual and crude
Hoping holiness will bloom somehow
Man, don't be a fool
May I just remind you
This world is not your friend
Maybe you're putting the wrong stuff in
Yeah, maybe you're putting the wrong stuff in
Just maybe

Is it so surprising that we wrestle here
But not with flesh and blood
The soul's at war with principalities
The evil and the good, oh...

And he one that tends to get the victory, yeah
The stronger part of you and me
Will be the side you give attention to
The nature that you feed, oh...
You put in cynical and hostile
Sensual and crude
Hoping holiness will bloom somehow
Man, don't be a fool
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Yeah, maybe you're putting the wrong stuff in
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Maybe you're putting the wrong stuff in
Maybe, maybe
Maybe, maybe
Yeah, maybe you're putting the wrong stuff in
Maybe, maybe
Maybe you're putting the wrong stuff in