

## Too Right

Wye Oak

It rises up in the evening  
An invisible motorcade  
I behave as if eyes are on me  
And a force I must obey  
If it's truth then you want me to prove it  
So I'm still as a dead honeybee  
And I cry for love like a baby  
And my baby feeds it to me

I live in terror of it  
Happens all the time  
Contentment is no limit time

I can wire myself to believe it  
Like the shock of the afterbrain  
And I switched my mind to receive it  
Since the day you knew my name  
The absence of light should amaze me  
But it's dark out every night  
And my energy not what it should be  
Cause you put me a bit too right

I live in terror of it  
It is by design  
Inevitable it is time