

What Am I Doing Wrong?

David Gray

Ghost on the highway
Bird with metal wings
Ghost on the highway
Bird with metal wings
Crowd all around me
Just don't hear a thing
Ghost on the highway
Bird with metal wings

What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing tell me
You don't telephone
You don't telephone
You don't telephone
You don't telephone me

Stand in the doorway
There in yellow light
Down in the doorway
Bathed in morning light
Saw you before me
Thought maybe it might
Down in the doorway
Under yellow light

What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing tell me
You don't telephone
You don't telephone
You don't telephone
You don't telephone me

You never spoke a word
But its over
I saw the way you turned your head
You never spoke a word
But its understood

What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing tell me
She don't telephone
She don't telephone
She don't telephone
She don't telephone me

Sitting here late at night
Sitting here late at night
My heart is aching
Heard it all before

What am I doing wrong

What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing tell me