

Wrong Century

Happy Rhodes

Last thing I remember
I was standing on a hill
Shaking out my long black hair
I heard the song of an angel
Rising from the trees
I made my way to the source
And it was gone
Now here I am
I don't recognize this village
Where things are made of
Glass and metal
A man is walking toward me
And he's looking pretty strange
He says, "Girl, I think you've
Come to the wrong century"
Now let me get this straight, Man
Not only am I woman
But I'm stuck in this spooky world?
Where everybody moves too fast and
Where are all the trees?
I don't think I can live
In this wrong century
Get me out of here
Show me to my homeland
Get me out of here
I miss my hill
I will not live in fear
Of self-destruct
I am a peaceful man
I don't think I can understand
This
Is this where it stands now?
Must I remain
In this grey and dismal year?
It's plain to see I'm a foreigner
It's clear I do not blend
Still I make a home
In this wrong century
Get me out of here
Show me to my homeland
Get me out of here
I miss my hill
I will not live in fear
Of self-destruct
I am a peaceful man
Gentle man
Get me out of here
Show me to my homeland
Get me out of here
I miss my hill
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