

The Final Strike

Liquido

As I was fourteen I was playful
I had a time when I was plainly touched
and played it as it lays
for a moment there was silence
to look for reasons is beside the point
and it won't last long
I was wrong I was cold enough
to smack you right in the face
all I want
all you don't
will I be right or wrong
a kick, a punch, a final strike
it all came up the other night
I closed my fingers for a fight
when I was wrong
I read the book of bad temptations
down the streets where I was feeling alright
and slept for quite a while
still I heard something special
on a TV and all that I've ever seen
is what I'll keep in mind
well, I was wrong
still I want so much to smack you right in the face
all I want
all you don't
will I be right or wrong
a kick, a punch, a final strike
bye now, saying goodbye
and I call now out for more
will I be wrong