

# The Wrong Road

## The Go-Betweens

A trader in furs living in exile  
Boy what a kook  
Look at that passport  
Stale bread and paper without privilege  
If you live here learn the language  
When the rain hit the roof

With the sound of a finished kiss  
Like when a lip lifts from a lip  
I took the Wrong Road round  
A room in a lighthouse  
Near the park

The ghosts in the next room hear you cough  
Time drags on Sundays spent in Mayfair  
With all your riches, why aren't you there?  
The wind acts like a magnet  
And pulls the leaf from the tree  
And the town's lost its breath  
I took the Wrong Road round  
Handsome is good, pretty is better  
What was that phrase  
Grace under pressure?  
Blind by the light bulb  
Blood to the bank

Lost all yours letters when the ship sank  
In the disjointed breaking light  
The soft blue approach of the water  
Makes a sound you won't forget  
I took the Wrong Road round

Stranded at low-tide where the river bends  
Wouldn't you know it, that's how life ends  
Lucky at cards, that's an old lie  
Lucky in love, that's how life ends  
Well the turncoats turned around

When they heard the sound of the bell  
Dropped their coins into the well  
I took the Wrong Road round  
Started out Oliver, ended up Fagin  
Don't you worry, it's my problem  
What's my name, what's my number?

I'm the lonely one  
It's just at the end of the day  
When the light makes its slow move away  
That I know all I can say is  
I took the Wrong Road round

Gambled with risk  
Paid you back with risk  
So now you know who your friends are  
They'll steel your shadow when your back's turned

Bouquets of flowers

Lesson's over  
When the rain hit the roof  
With the sound of a finished kiss  
Like when a lip lifts from a lip  
I took the Wrong Road round