

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 steal 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