

## Really Wrong

Wide Mouth Mason

In a shiny patch of you, my sweet corroded love  
I still recognise my face and all the things I dream of  
I dream of you

Here comes the really wrong  
You know you knew it all along  
But you chase it anyway  
There it goes, you're at home  
She's the nail you're hanging on  
And you'd throw it all away  
The only lover that I've known wears a streak across her  
back  
Made of broken yellow lines stiched on shoulders of black  
And she's holding me up  
Snaking me on down as we're skimming over top of the  
places I dream of  
I dream of you