

# All Wrong

Isham Jones

She had black hair  
Like ravens crawling over her shoulders  
All the way downShe had a smile that swerved  
She had a smile that curved  
She had a smile that swerved all over the roadIt's all wrong, all wrong  
All wrong, all wrongShe had a way of making people  
Feel good to be around her  
As it should beIt's all wrong, all wrong  
All wrong, all wrong  
All wrong, all wrong  
All wrongAnd when she laughs I travel back in time  
Something flips the switch  
And I collapse insideIt's all wrong, all wrong  
All wrong, all wrong  
All wrong, all wrong  
All wrong

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