

Wrong

Depeche Mode

wrongwrongwrongwrongI was born with the wrong sign

In the wrong house

With the wrong ascendancy

I took the wrong road

That led to the wrong tendencies

I was in the wrong place at the wrong time

For the wrong reason and the wrong rhyme

On the wrong day of the wrong week

I used the wrong method with the wrong techniqueWrongWrongThere's something wrong with me chemically

Something wrong with me inherently

The wrong mix in the wrong genes

I reached the wrong ends by the wrong means

It was the wrong plan

In the wrong hands

The wrong theory for the wrong man

The wrong eyes on the wrong prize

The wrong questions with the wrong repliesWrongWrongI was marching to the wrong drum

With the wrong scum

Pissing out the wrong energy

Using all the wrong lines

And the wrong signs

With the wrong intensity

I was on the wrong page of the wrong book

With the wrong rendition of the wrong look

With the wrong moon, every wrong night

With the wrong tune playing till it sounded right yeahWrongWrong

(Too long)

Wrong

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