I Want To Be Wrong

No Use For A Name

Let me introduce myself, my name is no concern
The room is filled with superficial voices
As the smoke clears I can see one hundred little lies
Racing to the finish for a consolation prize
I want to be wrong
I wish that I was uncertain just like yesterday
This is not who I am, been planning my escape
So long now that my map looks like a maze
Always on the dark side of a pessimistic moon
Or burning in the sun of what they're saying
If you have the foresight can you read between the lines?
Finger two and four inviting fingers one and five

To be in this song, it's nothing I can shut off
But I think it's my place
To let you know I know that all your plans are fake
And what you give me I could never take
Are you confusing me with someone else you hardly even know?
I'm sitting here observing and more often I am learning
That you are an artist and this is your show... so sing it
I want to be wrong but what did i really think
That this could become real?
Now writing in cliches to learn from my mistakes
But how much of you could anyone take?

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