

David Gray, What Am I Doing Wrong

Ghost on the highway
Bird with metal wings
Ghost on the highway
Bird with metal wings
Crowd all around me
Just dont hear a thing
Ghost on the highway
Bird with metal wings
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing tell me
You dont telephone
You dont telephone
You dont telephone
You dont telephone me
Stand in the doorway
There in yellow light
Down in the doorway
Bathed in morning light
Saw you before me
Thought maybe it might
Down in the doorway
Under yellow light
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing tell me
You dont telephone
You dont telephone
You dont telephone
You dont telephone me
You never spoke a word
But its over
I saw the way you turned your head
You never spoke a word
But its understood
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing tell me
She dont telephone
She dont telephone
She dont telephone
She dont telephone me
Sitting here late at night
Sitting here late at night
My heart is aching
Heard it all before
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing wrong
What am I doing tell me