

# 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