

# Liquido, The final strike

As i was fourteen i was playful  
i had a time when i was plainly touched  
and played it as it lays  
for a moment there was silence  
to look for reasons is beside the point  
and it won't last long  
i was wrong i was cold enough  
to smack you right in the face  
all I want  
all you don't  
will I be right or wrong  
a kick, a punch, a final strike  
it all came up the other night  
i closed my fingers for a fight  
when i was wrong  
i read the book of bad temptations  
down the streets where I was feeling alright  
and slept for quite a while  
still i heard something special  
on a TV and all that i've ever seen  
is what I'll keep in mind  
well, I was wrong  
still I want so much to smack you right in the face  
all I want  
all you don't  
will I be right or wrong  
a kick, a punch, a final strike  
bye now, saying goodbye  
and I call now out for more  
will I be wrong