

Swervedriver, Wrong Treats

Well I was born on on a close street
Opened arms to the wrong treats
Left alone in the sweet store
High times laying low on the floor
Now my tomorrow is gone
The future's for you
Nothing comes free
You said it before
Open the door
And step into the wrong time
Yeah summertime
Back in the summertime
Back in the wrong time
Back in the wrong time again

I was born on a close street
Down the wrong streets
Up the back streets
By the sea
Curfew has come down
All over the town
They're closing in on you
Alcoholing on soul street
Wrong treats
Sit down
Sit down