

# 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