

# The Frames, Right Road (Wrong Road)

The books that you gave me, they had no pages  
No picture book stories to put inside my song  
And the heroes you made me, they had no faces  
No chisel jaw features to carve my own on

And there's a right road  
And there's a wrong wrong road

So I dropped your book you held so high  
For to question is believe  
And I know you said you needed time  
But I never thought you had the balls to leave

And there's a right road  
And there's a wrong wrong road  
I see your card come tumble down  
And I know your future now  
I see your card come tumble down  
I watch the wheel go spinning round  
I see your card come tumble down  
And I know your future now  
I watch the wheel go spinning round  
And I watch your future going down

And there's a right road  
And there's a wrong wrong road

I was a featureless face till you came along  
Now I'm carved by your diamond, won by your song  
And I feel that it's right  
But I know that it's wrong  
And all the love and care and respect  
I had for you is long gone

Right road  
Wrong road  
Wrong road