

# Archers Of Loaf, One Slight Wrong Move

Under the stairs, behind the neon lamp, the chaps are thinking.  
She does not care to sit and stare, her blood eyes blinking.  
She works forever, each and every day,  
And she's reminded of every small mistake,  
And she's descended from a local \_\_\_\_\_

And so she walks all of her precious trails the wrong direction.  
She does not talk, but rather recommends with good intentions.  
She walks forever, at an even pace,  
And she remembers every last detail  
And she's been counted every single way.

She says "A hundred million people could be wrong.  
A hundred million people could be wrong.  
A hundred million people have been wrong before.  
A hundred million people could be wrong."

And we could wait for him to make just one slight wrong move.  
It is a shame when he walks away with just one slight wrong move. (?)  
And we work forever each and every day and we surrender  
Anyway, in so many different ways.

We said "A hundred million people can be wrong.  
A hundred million people could be wrong.  
A hundred million people could be wrong.  
A hundred million people have been wrong before.  
A hundred million people could be wrong."