

# Buddhuza, If I'm Wrong

This is a letter from the soul to matter,  
Darling you'd better take off your sweater,  
Yes I'm one go-getter, the one you should bet on,  
And if I'm wrong, we'll both get older and balder  
And won't get out of our homes,  
If I'm wrong,  
Won't get out of our homes,  
If I'm wrong.

Down the equator, on some land of the gator,  
I'll be your waiter that you can pay later,  
I'm no speculator, I'm certainly greater,  
And if I'm wrong, don't sing it along and just leave me  
Hanging all on my own,  
And if I'm wrong,  
I'll sing it all on my own,  
And if I'm wrong.

Well it's old like the world  
And they say worth more than gold,  
We always say what we're told  
Till we care for that at all.

But if all that I liked  
Is turning hard to question and doubt,  
I don't mind being wrong at all,  
I don't mind being wrong at all.

This a lecture, or maybe conjecture,  
If it didn't get ya, it'll truly enrapture,  
Have a look at the texture of the moments we captured,  
And if I'm wrong, that's where I belong and I like it,  
So won't you sing it along,  
If you're wrong,  
So won't you sing it along,  
If you're wrong.