

Normals, Two Wrongs And A Right

He keeps his secrets so he doesn't even tell himself
He keeps his ringer off and doesn't hear the telephone
How could he know a pretty girl could mess him up
And he wants to know
More than anything he wants to know
She knew it's wrong but she had to taste the bitterness
She clings to everything that keeps her out of loneliness
Pretty pretty girl meets guy
How could they know that two wrongs can never make a right
That two wrongs can never make a right
Love finds a way to be free
Woe is me
It keeps on holding us closely
Woe are we
Two wrongs don't make a right for me
Woe is me
He told her no but she bit down to the apple core
She spit up worms and everything they knew fell to the floor
Sifting through the pieces all they found was more
And the glory of their garden fell
And the glory of their garden fell
Love finds a way to be free
Woe is me
It keeps on holding us closely
Woe are we
Two wrongs don't make a right for me
Woe is me
Children follow my voice
Children follow my voice
My words are like silk and my tears are like yours
Falling from the sky from which the lost can find love amidst the pain
Love is like a song you can't help but sing