

# 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