

The Allman Brothers Band, I Got A Right To Be Wrong

by Dickey Betts

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Oh-uh-oh, oooh.

I got a right to be wrong.

I got a right to be lonely when you're gone.

Whoa, I'll get out around, tear up my own home town.

Get mocked up, locked up, wind up in the lost and found,

Oh, I got a right to be wrong.

Well it's so easy to give advice,

When you ain't the one who got to pay the price.

Sit up there on your hill telling me I got to sink or swim.

Well it might thrill you, to make me want to kill ya,

I can't believe you're leavin' me for him,

I got a right to be wrong.

Chorus:

Oh, loan me a dollar and watch me follow you around,

You got all the moves, you're puttin' me through school.

Oh, I give you my best, but I guess I'm still your fool,

Babe, I got you down in my song.

I got a right to be wrong.

I've been con-flicted, e-victed, re-stricted,

Served with a letter sent to whom it may concern,

Still around Lord, I'm still in town,

A lesson hard learned nearly got me down,

It's a cryin' shame, you don't even know my name,

A low down lonesome song,

I got a right to be wrong.

Chorus

I got a right to be wrong.