

# Urthboy, The Wrong One

(Intro: Urthboy)

Now you know that's not Elgusto  
And it's most definitely not the Tongue  
And no one mistakin' it for Ozi Batla right?  
My names Urthboy, now here we go

(Urthboy)

The crowd all watch and shouted the shot  
Now we off and running we out of the blocks  
You've already put in your lot  
Unable to stop like Peter, follow the leader  
Leave it all out on the line  
You'll see that faint ideas get early graves  
On top of a face to save  
There's still more mistakes you're waiting to make

(The Tongue)

You backing the bull or the matador son  
I'm backing the sword, I'm backing the pen  
It's mightier than any weapon you got  
Stop, Turn it up Gus I'm ready to rock  
Not, gonna misplace my bets now , no sweat now  
Put a thousand on those Elefant Traks boys  
to pull their best out

(Ozi Batla)

Man you got no credits left now  
Like a pokie addict you incorrectly  
adding up your takings  
who got you shaking?  
We take you to task and while the fun lasts  
The bandwagon stays gagging for the favourite  
when the underdog takes the vet to read you what your sayin'

(Chorus: The Tongue with Urthboy)

You backed the wrong one  
Long shots stole ya thunder  
You backed the wrong one  
You had the rug pulled out from under  
You backed the wrong one  
You fall in, we all in  
Hate to be the one to break it to you but you backed the wrong one

(Ozi Batla)

The sound of those drums make this field look like a cattle run  
You wasted your time making those tallys of battles won  
But that all comes to naught so hold that thought  
Until your nose is past the last post  
Charge glasses and make it the winning toast  
Who's having the last laugh?

(Urthboy)

Well you looking at him and you wouldn't want him  
to be getting ahead so you putting one on him  
But who are you conning? The one just born,  
from the Titaninc, come up from the storm  
You backed the forward, we pulled your card  
Built on sand we pull it apart  
Forget your class, forget your cast  
It's how you carry your scars

(The Tongue)

It's funny how moments are frozen in time  
Vital mistakes turn to stone in your mind

They whip you across that finishing line  
And there's always another who's better designed  
Is it luck? Is it faith? Is it skill? Is it talent?  
Coordination, strength or balance?  
Or none of them, or the sum of them  
Standing on giants shoulders is humbling

(Chorus)

The long shot stole your thunder  
You backed the wrong one  
You had the rug pulled out from under  
You backed the wrong one  
You fall in, we all in  
It seemed certain  
But when it's said and done  
You backed the wrong one