

Urthboy f/ Ozi Batla, The Tongue

"The Wrong One"

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[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

