Cochran Tammy
"That Ain't Right"

Jon McElroy/Billy Crain)

I hear you complaining about the state of things,
Wondering why we can't stay the same.
You don't wanna be changing, but you don't stop to change.
You just sit around, looking for someone to blame.

That ain't right; that ain't right.
Hiding out in the gray, between the black and the white.
Don't make sense.
Sitting on the fence, just watching the fight
That ain't right.

You say you wanna go back to the good ole days,
When you didn't think twice about the choices you made.
You could state your opinion, but now you're too afraid.
You hope all the bad stuff just goes away.

That ain't right; that ain't right.
Hiding out in the gray, between the black and the white.
Don't make sense.
Sitting on the fence, just watching the fight
That ain't right.

Movers and shakers; givers and takers
All got something worth fighting for.
The rest just get by; they don't speak their mind.
They just follow the crowd right out the door.

That ain't right; that ain't right.
Hiding out in the gray, between the black and the white.
Don't make sense.
Sitting on the fence, just watching the fight
That ain't right.
That ain't right.
Oh, that ain't right