

David Mead**"Hallelujah, i was wrong"**

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we've been working around it, taking the gloves off
working around it, keeping our pants on
working around it, baby my hat's off to ya
hallelujah, I was wrong

we're finally getting our heads around it, under the
weight of the world
the truth can hurt when you're so confounded; just give
me my songs and my girl
making demands when I know you're tired, breaking
the best of these things
bringing you down when you're so inspired, but look
what tomorrow might bring

we'll be working around it, taking the gloves off
working around it, keeping our pants on
working around it, baby my hat's off to ya
hallelujah, I was wrong

I talked it over with the boys in the bar
I took the dogs out walking in the midnight dark
we got it easy if you stare into space
and find a falling freckle on your lover's face

yes, working around it, taking the gloves off
working around it, keeping our pants on
working around it, baby my hat's off to ya
hallelujah, I was wrong

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