

## **Brett Fuentes**

# **"The Wrong Man"**

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Took a south train down to Delacroix  
Mississippi Woman handed me a joint  
Asked me if I'd be in this town for long  
I said long enough to make you sing your song  
So slow down baby, you're driving me crazy in the head

Stayed up with me till a quarter to three  
Sleeping in the tub I thought I'd let her be  
As Dylan still played on the radio  
Hopped out the back door it's time for me to go  
So long baby, you've been good to me

Found myself mixing with the socialites  
Fine wine dining, champagne on ice  
Danced with Chloe for an hour or two  
FBI came, we've been looking for you  
See here man, take these shackles off my hands

Hold on, I think you've got the wrong man

Jumped out the cop car, tucked and rolled  
Took a ride headed for El Paso  
Driver said he had seen me someplace  
On the news said they were building a case  
So he took me in his damn self

Locked in Bowie County rested from the night  
Jury sat down ready for a fight  
Mississippi woman had fallen asleep  
House burnt down and they said it was me  
Say what? She was doing fine when I left

So hold, I think you've got the wrong man  
Yes you do

Testimony said they had seen me leave  
They didn't know I had aimed to please  
Bastards said they would throw me in jail  
A twenty year count without bail  
Your honor, justice has not been served

Cell mate Johnny went to lawyer school

Had a fine wife, took him for a fool  
Showed me a picture of his once girl toy  
A Mississippi woman down from Delacroix  
It seems she took all we had

So hold on, I think you've got the wrong man.

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