

R.E.M., I Wanted To Be Wrong

You know where I come from
You know what I feel
You're Yul Brenner Westworld
Reporting from the field.
I threw it into reverse,
Made a motion to repeal.
You kicked my legs from under me,
And tried to take the wheel.

I told you I wanted to be wrong,
But everyone is humming a song
That I don't understand.

Now I know that the sun has shined on my side of the street.
The basket of America, the weevils and the wheat.
The milk and honeyed congregation, scrubbed and apple-cheeked
Salute Apollo 13 from the rattle jewelry seats.

Mythology's seductive and it turned a trick on me
That I have just begun to understand.

I told you I wanted to be wrong,
But everyone is humming a song
That I don't understand.

The rodeo is staged, gold circle goat-ropers and clowns.
A rumble in the third act, tie 'em up and burn 'em down.
We're armed to the teeth, born a little breech;
Blue-plate special analysts, cells and SUV's

We can't approach the Allies 'cause they seem a little peeved
And speak a language we don't understand.

I told you I wanted to be wrong
But everyone is humming a song
That I don't understand.

(Prop up The Omega Man, we're primed for victory,
God gave us the upper hand, there's honor among thieves.
Temper it with arrogance, a dash of sad conceit.
The top's down on the T-Bird, we're the children of the free)

Storm into the boardroom of the conquering elite.
Did you recognize the madman who is shouting in the streets?
Destroy the things that I don't understand
Destroy the things that I don't understand.