

## **A Song Called Mistake**

He sits all alone on a stool in the corner  
Tunes his guitar and he looks at the room  
He starts to play “Yesterday” something familiar  
He hits the wrong chord and he forgets the tune

After he’s done, then he starts singing  
A song that he wrote for a girl far away  
She went and left him, he wouldn’t give up  
A song for himself and he makes no mistakes.

Makes no mistake, mistake, mistake

The boys at the bar, they just ignore him  
Nothings important like football you see  
The man with the broken heart sings in the corner  
Strums a G chord, a C and a D

After he’s done, he wonders who’s listened  
Was she in the crowd at the bar was that her  
He could have sworn he thought he saw her red hair waving  
Waving good bye as she walked out the door

But he made a mistake, mistake, mistake

This is my song  
I can sing it just right, pick the chords that I like and sing I was wrong  
That’s what I couldn’t say, that I need you to stay  
Now when I play the G you’ll know you mean more to me, than any old song  
I was wrong, wrong, wrong

Their hootin’ and hollerin’  
Now the games over  
Everyone wants to hear a happy song  
All majors no minors something they all know  
Something that they can all sing along

So back he goes to the ones from the 60’s  
All of the favourites from yesteryear  
Everyone smiles as he keeps it familiar  
Not playing a song that no one wants to hear

A song called mistake, mistake, mistake  
Oh but now it's too late