

Nobody's Fault

L.A. Guns

Lord I must be dreamin'
What else could this be
Everybody's screamin'
Running' for the sea

Holy lands are sinkin'
Birds take to the sky
The prophets are all stinking drunk
I know the reason why

Eyes are full of desire
Mind is so ill at ease
Everything is on fire
Shit piled up to the knees
Out of rhyme or reason
Everyone's to blame
Children of the season
Don't be lame

Sorry, you're so sorry
Don't be sorry
Man has known
And now he's blown it
Upside down and hell's the only sound
We did an awful job
And now they say it's nobody's fault

Old St. Andres
Seven years ago
Shove it up their richters
Red lines stop and go
Noblemen of courage
Listen with their ears
Spoke but how discouragin'
When no one really hears

One of these day's you'll be sorry
Too many houses on the stilt
Three million years or just a story
Four on the floor up to the hilt

Out of rhyme or reason
Everyone's to blame
Children of the season
Don't be lame

Sorry, we're so sorry
Don't be sorry
Man has known
And now he's blown it
Upside down and hell's the only sound
We did an awful job
And now we're just a little too late

Eyes are full of desire
Mind is so ill at ease
Everything is on fire

Shit piled up in debris

California showtime

Five o'clock's the news

Everybody's concubine

Was prone to take a snooze

Sorry, we're so sorry

Don't be sorry

Man has known

And now he's blown it

Upside down and hell's the only sound

We did an awful job

And now we're just a little too late