## **Blame It on Me**

Maria Mena

The rain falls on your days Giving you a reason for mysterious ways Behind doors the darkness falls You pour a cup of coffee, and get talking walls

But you can blame it on me And the person you thought I wanted you to be But don't you blame it on love Cause you will regret it then, and from now on

Besides from days gone by Hours seem so slow you think you'll surely die You decide to call up a friend When she doesn't answer you are close to the end

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(and the person you thought I wanted you)
(cause you will regret it then)