

The Music Was to Blame

Peace

There's nothing I can do, I guess to feel less
Over the weather, feet together, stuck in the mess
Maybe she's blue, I guess but if she left
Would there be anything here?
Just a dripping sphere, a lonely speck

Oh no, no, if you keep on striking matches one day
The splinters in your fingers will turn around and say

Oh you're terrible people
And now you've got no corners left to turn
No matches left to burn
Sweet, sweet, terrible people
You said that when you burned out of your brain
The music was to blame

I'm mad at the world today 'cause she didn't say
Stop or go or leave me alone
I'm not in the mood

And oh no, no, if you keep on striking matches one day
The splinters in your fingers will turn around and say

Oh you're terrible people
And now you've got no corners left to turn
No matches left to burn
Sweet, sweet, terrible people
You said that when you burned out of your brain
The music was to blame

Oh no, no, if you keep on marching tragic
International shame
The stupids were to blame

Oh no, no, if you keep on striking matches one day
The splinters in your fingers will turn around and say

Oh you're terrible people
And now you've got no corners left to turn
No matches left to burn
Sweet, sweet, terrible people
You said that when the world gets turned to dust
The music's gonna stop