

I Blame Kurt Cobain

Alabama 3

Turn off the ventilator
No need for adrenaline
Turn off the defibrillator
And life support machine
No need for valediction
No need for obituary
No point in sending flowers
I've already exited

If push comes to shove
And they're naming names
If I had to blame somebody, babe
I'd blame Kurt Cobain

I went out and bought a record
Put it on my stereo
Felt just like teen spirit
I knew it was time to go
She told him that she loved him
And she'd never break his heart again
Like a fool he believed her
She told him that she loved him
And she'd never break his heart again
And once again he forgave her
Couldn't take it no longer
So he went for his revolver
Blew his head right off his shoulders
Oh the pain