It's Your Fault

Dillon Carmichael

I've been up all night with bloodshot eyes
Saw the moon fall, saw the sun rise
I'd have no clue there was a world outside
If it wasn't for me crawlin' across these sheets to close the blinds
Wine cork on the floor and a half-empty bottle on the nightstand

It used to be the hard stuff
Used to be the neon
Used to be the Marlboro Reds
First name friends I could blame a hangover on
Hangin' on a heartache
A double on a last call
A Twenty in the tip jar
Just to hear the guitar play me one more song
But that ain't good enough to blame
These staying-up-all-night-long days on
Girl, it's your fault

Blame it on your fingerprints on the shower door
Blame it on your black dress laying on the bedroom floor
Blame it on my flannel shirt wrapped around your soft skin
Yeah, that sexy little look you're givin' me, keeping me home from wo
rk again

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