

# Murder Murder

Drapht

Placing the blame, you lose the power to change.  
Less arranging the blame. How we to gain?  
Uh Uh  
How do they blame old, plain old Paul?  
All fall together like they were sitting up on the pay role  
of Adolf Hitler.  
They used the bottle and took more comical shit than  
Kenny could shovel.  
But I love you. Knowing that I loving you,  
hate fuels the flame for me to remain above of you.  
Show them here you couldn't blame me.  
You cruise, shot through cos you adamant like Dick Cheney.  
Still blaming, I owe you shit.  
Don't owe you zip, don't owe you shit.  
'nless I shit in the bag and the flame is lit  
and I place it on your porch and the doorbell ring...  
...a-ring a rosie, now everybody knows me.  
Just more people that can blow me.  
Oh what a shame.

It's like,  
Murder Murder Murder Murder.  
Won't say a word to no one  
and now it's over.  
Cos it's like,  
Murder Murder Murder Murder.  
Cos this is the end  
and you could never see it.

If it was up to him, I would be blaming my Ma for my skintone,  
blame my Dad for never ever being home,  
blame the booze for making me lethal  
and Yoko for breaking up the Beatles.  
And I could blame Hollywood for the world's mess  
and life for giving me jealous girlfriends.  
Lay in faith for the weight on my back,  
but when you point the finger, three point back at you  
and you  
and you  
and youuu

Aww poor baby, you blaming your parents.  
They're in the wrong cos their caring was so rare  
and they never said that they loved you,  
so you Kung-Fu fighting the world  
run through with the one two.  
Can't undo a monsoon, you can't come to my party  
acting like you were Arnie, one man army with the tsunami  
riding, starting with Drapht over punani.  
Nah nah nah nah, man you dreaming.  
You think the world gonna change when you leaving us?  
You ain't Jesus Bruz,  
just a little bit of Cletus  
little bit of Beavis Butthead.  
Can't leave stuck in the past.  
The darkest the fear, where the dark blame the fear  
and the fear blame the dark.

They say D-rapht forgot his roots, but I remember,  
her, her, her, her and you.

It's like,  
Murder Murder Murder Murder.  
Won't say a word to no one  
and now it's over.  
Cos it's like,  
Murder Murder Murder Murder.  
Cos this is the end  
and you could never see it.

Tomorrow will never end like this.  
You out of sight, out of mind.  
Never thought I had friends like this,  
never will let them fool me twice.  
Sorry it had to end like this.  
Sorry you ain't a friend of mine.  
Never again have friends like this  
and sorry that you were left behind.

Because, I should be blaming Ma for my skintone,  
blame my Dad for never ever being home,  
blame the booze for making me lethal  
and Yoko for breaking up the Beatles.  
And I could blame Hollywood for the world's mess  
and life for giving me jealous girlfriends.  
Lay in faith for the weight on my back,  
but when you point the finger, three point back at you.