

## Blaming The Baby

Imperial Teen

I don't wanna give you the time  
That you give me  
I din't wanna go to a be-in with you  
You put me in a box  
And cut into my psyche  
You will find i'm done before starting with you  
I know that daddy's reached his prime  
Now it's cradle robbing crime  
But i'm too old for whine  
Just get it over with  
I don't wanna give you the time  
That you give me  
I don't wanna go to the islands with you  
Put me in a box and make love to my skeleton  
We can snuff my soul  
And smoke after we're through  
I can't play your touchy feel  
It's not part of the deal  
Won't die for every meal  
Just get it over with  
Good boy gone sour  
Locked in a tower  
Good boy gone sour  
Paid by the hour  
Good boy gone sour