

Nobody's Fault

Jackyl

Lord I must be dreaming, what else could this be
Everybody's screamin', runnin' for the sea
Holy lands are sinkin', birds take to the sky
The prophets all are stinkin' drunk, I know the reason why
Eyes are full of desire, mind is so ill at ease
Everything is on fire, shit piled up to the knees

Out of rhyme or reason, everyone's to blame
Children of the season don't be lame
Sorry, you're so sorry, don't be sorry
Man has known and now he's blown it upside down
And hell's the only sound
We did an awful job and now they say it's nobody's fault

Old Saint Andres seven years ago
Shove it up their richters, red lights stop and go
Noblemen of courage listen with their ears
Spoke but how discouragin' when no one really hears
One of these days you'll be sorry, too many houses on the stilt

Three million years or just a story, four on the floor up to the hilt

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Children of the season don't be lame
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Man has known and now he's blown it upside down
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We did an awful job and now we're just a little too late

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California showtime, 5 o'clocks the news
Said everybody's concubine was prone to take a snooze

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