

Blame It On God

Jacob Banks

They'll sucker you a punch
Put bullets in your lunch
And somehow still blame it on their God
They'll sway away the odds
They'll pay away the judge
And somehow still blame it on their God

They'll find in your sleep
They'll find you on your knees
Screaming mercy mercy please
And still blame it on their God
Still blame it on their God

They'll hide the smoking gun
Leave missiles in your lungs
And somehow still blame it on their God
They'll send the war machine
To cleanse you of your skin
And somehow still blame it on their God

Well, the future's for the meek
So you must never speak
All the freedom is in their speech
And they'll still blame it on their God
Still blame it on their God

They'll send a thousands boats
To make a million ghosts
And somehow still blame it on their God
They'll say it's just a hoax
Ain't no fire in the smoke
And somehow still blame it on their God

You'll miss it if you blink
They'll push you to the brink
Then they'll say it's in your genes
And still blame it on their God
Still blame it on their God