

# Nobody's Fault

L.A. Guns

Lord I must be dreamin'  
What else could this be  
Everybody's screamin'  
Running' for the sea

Holy lands are sinkin'  
Birds take to the sky  
The prophets are all stinking 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 St. Andres  
Seven years ago  
Shove it up their richters  
Red lines stop and go  
Noblemen of courage  
Listen with their ears  
Spoke but how discouragin'  
When no one really hears

One of these day's 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

Out of rhyme or reason  
Everyone's to blame  
Children of the season  
Don't be lame

Sorry, we'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 we're just a little too late

Eyes are full of desire  
Mind is so ill at ease  
Everything is on fire

Shit piled up in debris

California showtime  
Five o'clock's the news  
Everybody's concubine  
Was prone to take a snooze

Sorry, we'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 we're just a little too late