

The Handsome Life of Swing

Lostprophets

Point the blame, push the blame, who's to blame today?
Point your finger, lose your mind, all you do is pray,
Look out, get down, fall down, your masquerade will do,
But in time my friend we all will see right through.

Inside won't be here to stay,
King for a day, that's all I'll say.

(such a party bum, you should know that right away,
Let the subject burn, and wish that all the fucking time,)

Point the blame, push the blame, who's to blame today?
Point your finger, lose your mind, all you do is play.
Look out, get down, fall down, your masquerade will do,
But in time my friend we all will see right through.

Yes, in time, won't be here to stay,
King for a day, that's all I'll say.

But here, thought I got a home,
Sit down, got a home,
Got a home, got a home,
Got home, and I know.