

Blame

The Weeks

Don't do too much, baby that's expensive
He talks real fast, keeps peeking out windows
He was weak and he could blame it on me
Blame it on me
She was weak and she could blame it on me
Blame it on me

Blame me, blame your lover, blame anyone you want
Blame your family, I've got your number
You like to hear yourself talk

The city streets, they're busy and breathing
The highways and ocean, it's churning and heaving
Go tell your father, bring pen and paper
To sing or write down
Don't know what's safer

Blame me, blame your lover, blame anyone you want
Blame your family, I've got your number
You like to hear yourself talk

The city calls, can't hear what it's saying
We just might go out, same way we came in