

Debbie

Your Smith

So sweet, she's original
Never giving you what you want
So sweet, for a renegade
(For a renegade)
For a renegade

You're lying to me, Debbie
I know that you are
I see it written on your face
I know I can do much better
But I'm here in your car
'Cause no one makes me feel the same way
And I blame it on you
I blame it on you

Her wheels beating up the dust
Speeding out of L.A
Smoke screen and the radio
(And the radio)
Where'd you get it from
She won't say

You're lyin' to me, Debbie
I know that you are
I see it written on your face
I know I can do much better
But I'm here in your car
'Cause no one makes me feel the same way
And I blame it on you
I blame it on you

Oh Debbie
What did you get me into?
This always happens when I listen to you
You know I was only doing what you told me to do
Oh Debbie
What did you get me into?
You, I blame it on you
I blame it on you

You're lying to me, Debbie
Lying to me, Debbie
Lying to me, blame it on you
Hey, ey, ey
Lying to me, Debbie

Lying to me, Debbie
Lying, yeah I blame it on you