

George Ezra, Blame It On Me

The garden was blessed by the Gods of me and you
We headed West to find ourselves some truth, ooh
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
We counted all our reasons, excuses that we made
We found ourselves some treasure, and threw it all away
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?

When I dance alone, and the Sun's bleeding down,
Blame it on me
When I lose control and the veil's overused,
Blame it on me
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?

Caught in the tide of blossom, caught in the carnival
Your confidence forgotten, and I see the gypsies run
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?

When I dance alone, and the Sun's bleeding down,
Blame it on me
When I lose control and the veil's overused,
Blame it on me
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?

When I dance alone, and the Sun's bleeding down,
Blame it on me
When I lose control and the veil's overused,
Blame it on me
When I dance alone, I know I'll go
Blame it on me ooh
When I'll lose control, I know I'll go
Blame it on me ooh

What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?
What you're waiting for?