

# 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?