

Mike And The Mechanics, Blame

While you're defending yourself
maybe you'd like to explain
are you a king for a day
is it some ancient campaign
Warpaint your flag on your face
Gather the troops on the line
you never made a mistake
There at the scene of the crime.

Chorus:

blood on your hands
blood on your feet
down in the pouring rain
what do you care
out on the street
we're gonna drive you insane
nobody else to blame for all that.
Where are the angry young men
where are the fighters or yore
looking for trouble again
looking to settle a score.
Why do you reincarnate
why will you always be here
pour out a nation of hate
pour out an ocean of tears.

(Chorus)

Nobody questions the power elite
who's gonna take up the strain
nobody else to blame!