

## **Blame-shifter's blues**

**The withered daisy chain  
the broken yellow plastic crane  
the pencils and the scratch at the door  
the empty doghouse in the yard  
the handmade get-well-card  
remind you of the life before**

**you started gambling with your life  
and kissed the goddess of strife  
she managed to turn you lose  
the cold ashes are piling  
while you keep on smiling  
whistling the blame-shifter's blues**

**No responsible position  
keeps you away from fishing  
in the foul waters of your mind  
and it's grave to set your sails  
with both foot in the nails  
of dullness and the daily grind**

**she wanted you to take a stand  
you had to go cap in hand  
to your mama – with a light smell of booze  
but she's too drawn to help you up  
you had to sell her loving cup  
and whistle the blame-shifter's blues**

**Another blasted soul  
attempts to fill the hole  
in your heart with her kind of smoked kiss  
it started out with fun  
to end up with the scum  
of your hometown in a tight spot like this**

**they gonna scrape you off the bar  
or cut you out off your car  
some guys weren't born to muse  
put the next round on your slate  
taste the irony of fate  
and listen to the blame-shifter's blues**