

Sugar Mice (Live At Wembley Arena 5/11/87)

Marillion

I was flickin' through the channels on the TV
On a Sunday in Milwaukee in the rain
Tryin' to piece together conversations
Tryin' to find out where to lay the blame But when it comes right down to it there's no use tryin' to pretend
For when it gets right down to it there's no one here that's left to blame
Blame it on me, you can blame it on me
We're just sugar mice in the rain I heard Sinatra callin' me down through the floorboards
Where you pay a quarter for a partnership in rhyme
To the jukebox cryin' in the corner
While the waitress is countin' out the time For when it gets right down to it there's no use tryin' to pretend
For when it gets right down to it there's no one really left to blame
Blame it on me, oh you can blame it on me
We're just sugar mice in the rain 'Cause I know what I feel, know what I want, I know what I am
Daddy took a rain check
'Cause I know what I want, know what I feel, I know what I need
Daddy took a rain check, your Daddy took a rain check
Ain't no one in here that's left to blame but me
Blame it on me, blame it on me Well the toughest thing that I ever did was talk to the kids on the phone
When I heard them asking questions I knew that you were all alone
Can't you understand that the government left me out of work?
I just couldn't stand the looks on their faces sayin', 'What a jerk!' So if you want my address it's number one at
the end of the bar
Where I sit with the broken angels
Clutchin' at straws and nursin' our scars
Blame it on me, blame it on me
Sugar mice in the rain Your Daddy took a raincheck, your Daddy took a raincheck

Songwriters

Peter John Trewavas; Steven Thomas Rothery; Mark Colbert Kelly; Ian Francesko Mosley; Derek William

Dick Published by

CHARISMA MUSIC PUB. USA, INC.

Lyrics provided by

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