Blame It on the Girls

[Mika](#)

He's got looks that books take pages to tell
He's got a face to make you fall on your knees
He's got money in the bank to thank and I guess
You could think he's livin' at easeLike lovers of the open shore, what's the matter?
When you're sitting there with so much more, what's the matter?
When you're wondering what the hell to do
Are you wishing you were ugly like me?Blame it on the girls who know what to do
Blame it on the boys who keep hitting on youBlame it on your mother for the things she said
Blame it on your father but you know he's deadBlame it on the girls
Blame it on the boys
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Blame it on the boysLife could be simple but you never fail
To complicate it every single timeYou could have children and a wife, a perfect little life
But you blow it on a bottle of wineLike a baby you're a stubborn child, what's the matter
Always looking for an axe to grind, what's the matter
While you're wondering what the hell to do
We were wishing we were lucky like youBlame it on the girls who know what to do
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