## **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
for apply think he's living at ease Like lowers of the open shore, where

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 Blame it on the girls

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
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

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To complicate it every single time

You could have children and a wife, a perfect little life

But you blow it on a bottle of wineBlame it on the girls

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Songwriters

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