Outrage

Booker T. Jones

I'll take the blame for you for taking one
Chance away from me at getting over this
And what you were to me, your work is done
I'm laughing, after all we're getting too old for thisAnd what a pretty night, what a pretty night
You finally fit into my shoes, I'm never dressed for the occasional
Invasion of surprises, I don't get surprised
You think your secret's safe with you
I'll catch it swinging through the grapevineIt's time I let you go
And here's looking at you, kid
Your last word comes out
Slower than you thought it would
Its all you ever wantedBut you couldn't see me coming with the lights out
Youre gonna find out, I'll leave you raining on your own parade
Gung ho, you let your guard down, youre nothing but a write-out
I'll leave you raining on your own paradeI'm taking shame with you for taking 2
Too many years that could have lasted, now, we'll never get back
But tonight the moon will set the mood
I'm a train routed off course just to keep on trackAnd what a petty crime, what a petty crime
How could you be anything but greedy when its all that you know?
Give another try, give another try
But if youre one for the money than youre too good to show on timeI let you down
And here's looking at you, kid
Now, that I found
And caught you red handed
I'm the last man standingCause you couldn't see me coming with the lights out
Youre gonna find out, I'll leave you raining on your own parade
Gung ho, you let your guard down, youre nothing but a write-out
I'll leave you raining on your own paradeYou couldn't see me coming with the lights out
Youre gonna find out, I'll leave you raining on your own parade
Gung ho, you let your guard down, youre nothing but a write-out
I'll leave you raining on your own paradeTake my goodbyes with love and meaningful lyrics
I got you this time, I got you this time
A closing line unannounced and breaking your spirits
A curtain call cry, I got you this time, I got you this timeIt's happened all before, with you the one to call it short
But girl, when I say that it's over then its over for good
We're nothing now but history
I'll leave you reminiscing in a diary regretting paying duesYou couldn't see me coming with the lights out
Youre gonna find out, I'll leave you raining on your own parade
Gung ho, you let your guard down, youre nothing but a write-out

I'll leave you raining on your own paradeYou couldn't see me coming with the lights out
Youre gonna find out, I'll leave you raining on your own parade
Gung ho, you let your guard down, youre nothing but a write-out
I'll leave you raining on your own paradeYou couldn't see me coming with the lights out
Soon youre gonna find that I'll take you out, this is an outrage
Gung ho, you let your guard down, youre nothing but a write-out
I'll leave you raining on your own parade, yeah
I'll leave you raining on your own parade, yeah

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