

I Blame the Spy

Matthew Ebel

Why did you have to stab me?
Im only doing my job
to keep my people movin
and standing by the bomb.My turrets are unhappy,
they bow their head in shame.
The sappers are so heavy,
and I know who to blame.I blame the Spy-
That dirty, low, back-stabbin guy.
He flicked his butt right in my eye,
hed make a Scottish cyclops cry.
I blame the Spy.Im battered, bruised, and bleedin,
but help is on the way.
Then suddenly my Medic
has stabbed me in the face.Seems someone tried to warn me
by lighting him on fire,
but really who could blame me?
My circumstance was dire.I blame the spy.
Wont someone swat him like a fly?
That tabarnak I wish hed die,
Ill make him kiss his ass goodbye.
I blame the Spy.And like a Wall Street banker
he took everything I had.
Like diving with an anchor
its enough to drive me mad.Nailing hims a Demos pipe dream
or a soldiers launching pad,
but now that hes on my team
maybe this guys not that bad
nope, screw him.I blame the Spies.
Invisible to untrained eyes.
A fitting end I cant devise,
hes even ugly in disguise.
I blame the Spies.
I blame the Spies.

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