

# 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 him 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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