

# Nobody's Fault

## Aerosmith

Lord, I must be dreamin'  
What else could this be?  
Everybody's screamin'  
Runnin' for the sea Holy lands are sinkin'  
Birds take to the sky  
The prophets all are stinkin' drunk  
I know the reason why Eyes are full of desire  
Mind is so ill-at-ease  
Everything is on fire  
Shit piled up to the knees Out of rhyme or reason, everyone's to blame  
Children of the season, don't be lame Sorry, you're so sorry  
Don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it  
Upside down and hell's the only sound, we did an awful job  
And now they say it's nobody's fault Old San Andreas  
Seven years ago  
Shove it up their Richters  
Red lines stop and go Noblemen of courage  
Listen with their ears  
Spoke without discouragin'  
When no one really hears One of these days you'll be sorry  
Too many houses on the stilt  
Three million years or just a story  
Four on the floor up to the hilt Out of rhyme or reason, everyone's to blame  
Children of the season, don't be lame Sorry, you're so sorry  
Don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it  
Upside down and hell's the only sound, we did an awful job  
And now we're just a little too late Eyes are full of desire  
Mind is so ill-at-ease  
Everything is on fire  
Our shit's piled up in debris California showtime  
Five o'clock's the news  
Everybody's concubine was prone to take a snooze Sorry, you're so sorry  
Don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it  
Upside down and hell's the only sound, we did an awful job  
And now we're just a little too late

Songwriters

BRAD E WHITFORD, STEVEN VICTOR TALLARICO Published by  
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