It's All My Fault

John Wesley Harding

There's pollen flying down the holland tunnel
And the hotel's full of mud and unmade clay
There are rumours coasting in on fumes and vapors
And there's no more gas for anyone today
There's an earthquake where the milkshakes are perfection
And a tv that we leave on all the day
There's apostrophes for anyone who needs them
And quotation marks round everything you say
And it's all your fault
I'm sorry that I wrote this song
It's all your fault, it's all my fault
It won't be longThere's some rifle sights high on the eiffel tower
Trying to pick off anyone who's french
"you're spoilt for choice" a voice calls down from heaven
"so shoot someone or get back on the bench"
There's a supermarket where the ark is grounded
In frozen foods, we feel the wind and snow
There's a two for one deal at the checkout
All that's yet to come is priced to go
And it's all your fault
I'm sorry that I wrote this song
It's all your fault, it's all my fault
It won't be longAnd your details are for sale like sacred relics
And your real name has already been used
Face to face sounds mostly like an echo
And when we touch feels mostly like a bruise
And it's all your fault
I'm sorry that I wrote this song
It's all your fault, it's all my fault
It won't be long

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