

Blame It On The Girls

Mika

He's got looks that books take pages to tell
He's got a face to make you fall on your knees
He's got money in the bank to thank and I guess
You could think he's living at ease
Like lovers on the open shore, what's the matter?
When you're sitting there with so much more, what's the matter?
While you're wondering what the hell to be
Are you wishing you were ugly like me?
Blame it on the girls who know what to do
Blame it on the boys who keep hitting on you
Blame it on your mother for the things she said
Blame it on your father, but you know he's dead
Blame it on the girls
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Life could be simple, but you never fail
To complicate it every single time
You could have children and a wife, a perfect little life
But you blow it on a bottle of wine
Like a baby you're a stubborn child, what's the matter?
Always looking for an axe to grind, what's the matter?
While you're wondering what the hell to do
We were wishing we were lucky like you
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