

# Shame on Me

## The Wildhearts

Passing information,  
Now I'm waiting at the station for the train  
Fools that threw their mouths about with nothing more to do than pass the blame  
Seems there isn't any reason to remain, yeah  
Second, third and fourth hand words their twisted lips spit out the same old lies  
On and on the grapevine gathers, anyone who needs that kind of high  
Those whose tired little lies ain't worth the time, yeah

And it's shame on me, if it's all the same to you  
All the time I see someone try to put the blame on me

Passing information, now I'm waiting at the station for the same old train

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