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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