Pass the Buck

2 Skinnee J's

Rumor has it that there's been a job botched
That the ball's been dropped by hands made of blocks
Blame bounces back and forth like a shuttlecock
But give it back to me and it gets ill gotOh no, you must be mistaken
I abhor your tortures but there will be no confessions from me
My lips are locked like vaults
Well you can call me San Andreas but it's not my faultI heard the rumor had a rendezvous
Well, yes, it came on by my place but it passed right through
I've made mistake before, yes, I must be fair
I saw you drop the ball like at New Year's, Times SquareWhere did the buck stop, it took a walk
Sailed like Argonauts, fled like Hugonots
Across the sea to Canada thrown like potato hot
And it lands in the hands of the nappy headI rise to my defense, counsel approach the bench
Relaxed in the past but I'm in the present tense
Acquitted by my diction, my conviction
Appeals to the fabrication of the fictionNever tell a lie, well maybe just a little one
But if you want to point the finger, here's the middle one
I pass the puck like Lindros pass the puck
Paparazzi want to drag me into the muck, what the?I don't think so, I'll sing so you get the picture
I solemnly swear on a stack a scriptures
Script was written and I'm just an actor
Try to pull through all the bull like a tractorAttractive as a scapegoat but I'm sorry
Have to find fault with the one's that came before me
I checked it, it was wrecked when I arrived here
But you give them an inch they'll take a light year

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