

NOBODY'S FAULT (Steven Tyler & Brad Whitford)

Aerosmith

Lord, I must be dreamin'
What else could this be?
Everybody's screamin'
Runnin' for the sea Holy lands are sinkin'
Birds take to the sky
The prophets all are stinkin' drunk
I know the reason why Eyes are full of desire
Mind is so ill-at-ease
Everything is on fire
Shit piled up to the knees Out of rhyme or reason, everyone's to blame
Children of the season, don't be lame Sorry, you're so sorry
Don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it
Upside down and hell's the only sound, we did an awful job
And now they say it's nobody's fault Old San Andreas
Seven years ago
Shove it up their Richters
Red lines stop and go Noblemen of courage
Listen with their ears
Spoke without discouragin'
When no one really hears One of these days you'll be sorry
Too many houses on the stilt
Three million years or just a story
Four on the floor up to the hilt Out of rhyme or reason, everyone's to blame
Children of the season, don't be lame Sorry, you're so sorry
Don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it
Upside down and hell's the only sound, we did an awful job
And now we're just a little too late Eyes are full of desire
Mind is so ill-at-ease
Everything is on fire
Our shit's piled up in debris California showtime
Five o'clock's the news
Everybody's concubine was prone to take a snooze Sorry, you're so sorry
Don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it
Upside down and hell's the only sound, we did an awful job
And now we're just a little too late

Songwriters

BRAD E WHITFORD, STEVEN VICTOR TALLARICO Published by

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