Guilty

Randy Newman

Yes, baby, I've been drinkin'
And I shouldn't come, know
But I found myself in trouble, darling
And I had nowhere else to go

Got some whisky from the barman
Got some cocaine from a friend
I just had to keep on movin'
'Til I was back in your arms again

I'm guilty, baby I'm guilty
And I'll be guilty all the rest of my life
How come I never do what I'm supposed to do
How come nothin' that I try to do ever turns out right?

You know, you know how it is with me, baby
You know, you know I just can't stand myself
It takes a whole lot of medicine
For me to pretend that I'm somebody else