

Blame It On The Times

Willie Nelson

As you sit there in your loneliness,
Confused as you must be.
I'm sure a dozen questions come to mind.
And if you're wondering why I left you,
After all you've done for me,
I guess you'll have to blame it on the times.

The many times you had your way,
No matter what the cost.
And the many times you took for granted,
Love you now have lost.
And if I've hurt you, darling,
I don't mean to be unkind.
I guess you'll have to blame it on the times.

That small conceited world of yours,
Could never understand,
That to want to stand alone is not a crime.
And, if for one time in my life,
I'm acting like a man,
I guess you'll have to blame it on the times.

Blame it on the many times,
A hiding place I'd seek.
Afraid to say what's on my mind,
An' ashamed for being weak.
So if at last I'm seeing,
After so long being blind,
I suppose you'll have to blame it on the times.