

# The Ones They Blame

Anna Ternheim

She likes to call him  
Wake him  
At night when he's in bed  
She's oh so quiet  
Hangs up  
When he says his name  
Maybe it's by habit  
They were lovers  
They could talk all night  
She gets excited  
By the thought that  
He's afraid she might come back  
Who could possibly save  
Save them from madness  
Love is the common name  
Again they depend  
On the one to blame  
What can he say  
He's got that creepy feeling  
Everyone they know says  
She's over him  
She's moving on  
How come she knows everything he does  
And every place he goes  
Who could possibly save  
Save them from madness  
Love is the common name  
Again they depend  
On the one to blame