

Scapegoat

Fad Gadget

Fool's the name
Sitting target for the ghouls to cane
Mention me then spit on the ground
A shameless game
Fortune's found its place for me in a pit of pain
I've been kicked out every household
Now they

Blame me (Don't blame me)
Silently (So silent)
Scapegoat, shame on you

Love me dear
And be prepared to live a life of morbid fear
A soulless life of solitude
In exile here
Better still to keep your own Utopia
You can have that dream come true
So

Blame me (Don't blame me)
Silently (So silent)
Scapegoat, shame on you

(Altijd is Kortjakje ziek
Midden in de week maar zondags niet
zondags gaat zij naar de kerk
met een boek vol zilverwerk)