

Words

Guillemots

Words are never easy
Words are seldom true
Words are never simple darling
When they're aimed at you

Words are never gentle
Words are never plain
Words are never what they think they are
That's the problem with pain

Words are never my own
Try well as they might
They break me into pieces, darling
From the greatest of heights

I left you in the morning
When the tears stained my smile
I left you in the morning, darling
For a long, long while

Oh and I think life would be so much easier if they had no words
Yeah, I think life would be so much easier if they had no words
I'd smile at you when I was happy, shed a tear when I was sad
I think life would be so much easier if I was half the drunken
man

Don't blame it on me
Oh, blame it on the words
Don't blame it on me
Oh, blame it on the words

Blame it on the words
Blame it on the words
Blame it on the words