

# It's All My Fault

John Wesley Harding

There's pollen flying down the holland tunnel  
And the hotel's full of mud and unmade clay  
There are rumors coasting in on fumes and vapors  
And there's no more gas for anyone today

There's an earthquake where the milkshakes are perfection  
And a tv that we leave on all the day  
There's apostrophes for anyone who needs them  
And quotation marks round everything you say

And it's all your fault  
I'm sorry that I wrote this song  
It's all your fault, it's all my fault  
It won't be long

There's some rifle sights high on the eiffel tower  
Trying to pick off anyone who's french  
"You're spoiled for choice" a voice calls down from heaven  
"So shoot someone or get back on the bench"

There's a supermarket where the ark is grounded  
In frozen foods, we feel the wind and snow  
There's a two for one deal at the checkout  
All that's yet to come is priced to go

And it's all your fault  
I'm sorry that I wrote this song  
It's all your fault, it's all my fault  
It won't be long

And your details are for sale like sacred relics  
And your real name has already been used  
Face to face sounds mostly like an echo  
And when we touch feels mostly like a bruise

And it's all your fault  
I'm sorry that I wrote this song  
It's all your fault, it's all my fault  
It won't be long