I blame this new tattoo on a hundred proof bottle of whiskey And the scar on my cheek to an '84 Jeep and an oak tree Blame the cussin' on my Daddy, good looks on my Mama But as for my honky-tonk ways

I blame it on Waylon And all them other outlaws Blame it on the back beat Blame it on them sad songs

If I got a don't care attitude and long hair
And mean every damn word I'm singin'
I blame it on Waylon

I blame my ramblin' ways on that old freight train I was born on $\mbox{\sc And}$ the holes in the soles of these boots on every girl I told so lon $\mbox{\sc g}$

Blame my good luck on the good Lord And bad luck on the devil, but this lonesome in my soul

You know I blame it on Waylon And all them other outlaws Blame it on the back beat Blame it on them sad songs

If I got a don't care attitude and long hair
And mean every damn word I'm singin'
I blame it on Waylon

From this old guitar I'm playin'
To these smoky bar dues I'm payin'

You know I blame it on Waylon And all them other outlaws Blame it on the back beat Blame it on them sad songs

If I got a don't care attitude and long hair
And mean every damn word I'm singin'
I blame it on Waylon

And all them other outlaws Blame it on the back beat Blame it on them sad songs

If I got a don't care attitude and long hair And mean every damn word I'm singin'
I blame it on Waylon, blame it on Waylon