

# I'm to Blame

Kip Moore

If it ain't broke, you can bet that I'm gonna break it  
If there's a wrong road, I'm damn sure gonna take it  
Where there's smoke, my pocket lighter sparked the fire  
Where there's blue lights, just read me my rights

No, they don't make guys like me, you get exactly what you see  
I come from a long line of bloodline that ain't gonna change  
So, take your pistol pointing finger right off of the trigger  
I know where to aim, hell, I'm to blame

Where there's a love, I tell ya, girl, I love to hate it  
Where there's a do not touch, my finger print done stained it  
Where there's a train wreck, sit on back and watch me crash  
Where there's a what, you say, damn right I said it

No, they don't make guys like me, you get exactly what you see  
I come from a long line of bloodline that ain't gonna change  
So, take your pistol pointing finger right off of the trigger  
I know where to aim, hell, I'm to blame

For breaking your heart, taking this living a little too hard  
Drinking too much and playing too loud, where there's a scar I  
carved it out

No, they don't make guys like me, you get exactly what you see  
I come from a long line of bloodline that ain't gonna change  
So, take your pistol pointing finger right off of the trigger  
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