

Nobody's Fault

Marianne Faithfull

Treated you like a rusty blade
A throwaway from an open grave
Cut you loose from a chain gang
And let you go

And on the day you said it's true
Some love holds and some gets used
Tried to tell you I never knew
It could be so sweet
Who could ever be so cruel,
Blame the devil for the things you do.
It's such a selfish way to lose
The way you lose these wasted blues,
These wasted blues.

Tell me that it's nobody's fault
Nobody's fault
But my own.
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When the moon is a counterfeit
Better find the one that fits
Better find the one that lights
The way for you.

When the road is full of nails,
Garbage pails and darkened jails
And their tongues are full of heartless tales
That drain on you
Who would ever notice you
You fade into a shaded room ?
It's such a selfish way to lose
The way you lose these wasted blues
These wasted blues.

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