

# Blame It On The Girls

Mika

He's got looks that books take pages to tell  
He's got a face to make you fall on your knees  
He's got money in the bank to thank and I guess  
You could think he's livin' at ease

Like lovers of the good book show -- what's the matter  
He's certain there is so much more -- what's the matter  
While you're wondering what the hell to do  
Are you wishing you were ugly like me?

Blame it on the girls who know what to do  
Blame it on the boys who keep hitting/hating on you  
Blame it on your mother for the things she said  
Blame it on your father but you know he's dead

Blame it on the girls  
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Life could be simple but you never fail  
To complicate it every single time  
You could have children and a wife, a perfect little life  
But you blow it on a bottle of wine

Like a baby you're a stubborn child -- what's the matter  
Always looking for an axe to grind -- what's the matter  
While you're wondering what the hell to do  
We were wishing we were lucky like you