

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
Blame it on the boys
Blame it on the girls
Blame it on the boys

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