Too many quarrels so now we break up. No there's no chance to ever make-up, But when they ask me.

I'll say it's my fault.
I'll take all the blame.
I'll say I was wild,
When I should have been tame.

I'll say it's my fault.
I'll give a good show.
I'll say I'm a needle
That just wouldn't sew.

Ev'ry one will be wondering, All our friends will inquire. Which one did the blundering, Who put out the fire?

So, I'll say it's my fault.
I'll say there's no doubt,
Then cry as I wonder,
Why it didn't work out.