

It Wasn't Me

Steve Harley

It wasn't me who wrote the epitaph
I only burned the old girl's photograph
And threw the kitten in the fire, see
You ask me your father he'll remember mee
It was so fantastic, he burned like a matchstick
You know I'm sorry for what I've done

I wasn't me who wrote to Gideon
I only ate the homing pigeon
And ordered taxis in the early hours
And sent a wreath of withered flowers
I broke both her heels, that was quite a deal
I've said I'm sorry for having fun

Now you say I'm responsible for killing them
I say it was god - He was willing them

It wasn't me who lit the kerosene
I only polished the floor with vaseline
And asked the doctor not to come around
And hid her savings in the lost and found
It was all electric when her cuts went septic
I then apologized again

It wasn't only me who blew their brains
I certainly admit to putting chains
Around their necks so they couldn't move
But there were others being quite crude
That was quite a gang waiting for the bang
I only take the blame for lighting the fuse

Now you say I'm responsible for killing them
I say it was god - He was willing them

It wasn't me who put your Ma away
It wasn't me who put your Pa away
It wasn't me who stole their plastic teeth
It wasn't me who caused this awful grief
I did it all in jest, this I must confess
Anything i did was for the best

Now you say I'm responsible for killing them
I say it was god - He was willing them