

My Own Worst Enemy

Steven Tyler

I could blame Jesus, I could blame momma
I could blame Brahma for all the bull that's in my head
I could blame Seagram's for all the whiskey
And for the tipsy that's still here on my breath
And ain't that why you left

I'm all alone, tongue tied, and twisted
Since I said it ain't you, it's me
And girl you cried, but I insisted
That what could be would never be
But I was wrong, what's wrong with me
I'm my own worst enemy

I blame midnight for bad decisions
And blurry vision for what I didn't see
I could blame forever even though I didn't get it
I could blame the love even though I up and left it
I could blame goodbye even though I said it
And maybe that's just me
That's why you had to leave

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Since I said it ain't you, it's me
And girl you cried, but I insisted
That what could be would never be
But I was wrong, what's wrong with me
Now you're gone and any fool can see
I'm my own worst enemy
My own worst enemy