

Nobody's Fault

Testament

Lord I must be dreamin'
What else could this be
Everybody's screamin'
Runnin' for the sea

Holy lands are sinkin'
Birds take to the sky
The prophets are all stinkin' drunk
I know the reason why

Eyes are full of desire
Mind is so ill at ease
Everything is on fire
Shit piled up to the knees

Out of rhyme or reason
Everyone's to blame
Children of the season
Don't be lame

Sorry, you're so sorry
Don't be sorry
Man has known
And now he's blown it
Upside-down and hell's the only sound
We did an awful job
And now they say it's nobody's fault

Old St. Andres
Seven years ago
Shove it up their richters
Redlines come and go

Noblemen of courage
Listen with their ears
Spoke but how discouragin'
No one really hears

One of these days you'll be sorry
Too many houses on the stilt
Three million years or just a story
Four on the floor up to the hilt

Out of rhyme or reason
Everyone's to blame
Children of the season
Don't be lame

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And now he's blown it
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Eyes are full of desire

Mind is so ill at ease
Everything is on fire
Shit piled up in debris

California showtime
Five o'clock's the news
Everybody's concubine
Was prone to take a snooze

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Upside-down and hell's the only sound
We did an awful job
And now they say it's nobody's fault