

Is It My Fault

The Early November

All I know is I want it gone.
It's wasting my time with all it wants.
And if it's a game, well then I'm done.
You know you don't win when you play for fun,
But I'm all in this one.

Timing was good to me,
The lowly old man who was always lost and sold everything.
And if it's a game, then I play it well,
Running away with a pot of gold from somebody's guilt,
Somebody's guilt.

It's time for me to move away,
To pack it up and run with grace.
Along the way I treat myself
With some new lungs to clear my chest.

Timing was good to me,
The lowly old man who was always lost and sold everything.
And if it's a game, well then I played it well
Low and behold will I never know when to quit.
I'm going in (with everything).
I'm throwing down
I'm coming out (a brand new man)
To start from scratch (and just get beat again).

Timing was good to me,
The lowly old man who was always lost and sold everything.
And if it's a game, well then I play it well.
Is it my fault that i never know when to quit, when to quit.