

It's My Fault for Being Famous

White Stripes

She stuck a cellphone camera right into my face
With a flick of my wrist, I filled her nose with mace
The cops want to know what was wrong with me
Didn't give me a chance to explain it, see?
It ain't her fault for being careless
It ain't her fault for being brainless
It ain't her fault for being hopeless
But it's my fault for being famous
Yeah

I'm at the LAX, just checking my bag
When up comes a little paparazzi scumbag
I took a laptop, slapped him upside his head
The cops want to know why I left him for dead
It ain't his fault for being nameless
It ain't his fault for being thoughtless
It ain't his fault for being shameless
But it's my fault for being famous

I had a sweet old lady walk up to me
Wanted to get a photograph for her grandson to see
And as the digital camera lit up the place
She unloaded a chrome .45 in my face
But it ain't her fault for being ruthless
Ain't her fault for being toothless
Ain't her fault for being blameless
But it's my fault for being famous