

Anna Ternheim, Ones They Blame, The

She likes to call him
Wake him at night when he's in bed
She's, oh, so quiet
Hangs up when he says his name
Maybe it's by habit
They were lovers, they could talk all night
She gets excited by the thought that
He's afraid she might come back
Who could possibly save
Save them from madness?
Love is the common name
Again they depend on the one to blame
What can he say?
He's got that creepy feeling
Everyone they know says
She's over him, she's moving on
How come she knows
Everything he does
And every place he goes?
Who could possibly save
Save them from madness?
Love is the common name
Again they depend on the one to blame