

# Catch 22, Point The Blame

Point the blame.

Picture frame.

Playing by the rules that's why you're losing the game.

I think I heard it through the walls in the bathroom stalls,  
Or maybe in my yesteryears hanging out in the halls.

We've got the rythm wrong.

It sounds just like a Phish song

"Please her with a tweezer, I'll stick it in the freezer."

So, brother say what you want.

I never know what you want from me.

I'm moving up, moving on.

So, say goodbye, because I won't say goodbye to you.

Point the blame.

Picture frame.

Playing by the rules that's why you're losing the game.

Point the blame.

Windowpane.

Losing because you're playing by the rules of the game.

Somebody said it once before.

But I'm really not too sure.

Who it was, and where it was, and why I'm so insecure.

We've got the rythm wrong.

It sounds just like a Dead song

"Nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile, smile."

So, brother say what you want. I never know what you want from me.

I'm moving up, moving on.

So, say goodbye, because I won't say goodbye to you.

Point the blame.

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Playing by the rules that's why you're losing the game.

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Windowpane.

Losing because you're playing by the rules of the game.

Running around and thinking about,

I can't wait to figure it out.

Policeman coming, so I'm running away.

Badboy coming, so I'm running away.

Richboy coming, so I'm running away.

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