

Maria Mena, Blame It On Me

The rain falls on your days
giving you a reason for mysterious ways
behind doors the darkness falls
you pour a cup of coffee, and get talking walls

But you can blame it on me
and the person you thought I wanted you to be
but don't you blame it on love
'cause you will regret it then, and from now on.

Besides from days gone by
hours seem so slow you think you'll surely die
you decide to call up a friend
when she doesn't answer you are close to the end...