

The Almost, Southern Weather

If my faults are your song
Then I will not be content to sing along
If I'm the one that's got you so out of touch
Then why don't you just go ahead and...
Why don't you just go ahead and

Blame it on this southern weather
Blame it on anything
It's not like you to ask small favors
But you can blame me for everything

If I'm the cause of all your sickness and pain
Then I'll bury my face in all of the dirty shame...
If this is just what's getting you so out of touch
Then why don't you just go ahead and
Why don't you just go ahead and

Blame it on this southern weather
Blame it on anything
It's not like you to ask small favors
You can blame me for everything

This is my last plan to bury all of your charm
This is my final rush to reach for you

Blame it on this southern weather
Blame it on anything
It's not like you to ask small favors
You can blame me for everything