

The Waiting, Put The Blame On Me

Another day with you
I'm getting fitted for a millstone
It would have been better
Had I left you alone
So if Jesus finds you begging unbelief
Put the blame on me
I never failed to cry for you
I never failed to pray
I guess that fails to matter
To your blue eyes today
As they saw me stealing justice like a thief
Put the blame on me
Don't blame the truth
If you love the lie
Don't blame the deacon's gun
Don't blame a preacher, prophet, or a priest
But if it makes it easy
Put the blame on me
If I told you where to look
But failed to tell you what to find
If I led you down the road
That had a twisted center line
Or if I fed your dark sensibility
Put the blame on me
Don't blame your doubt
If you fear belief
Don't even blame your pain
Don't blame a burden only you can see
But if it makes it easy
Put the blame on me
Don't blame the truth
If you love the lie
Don't blame the deacon's gun
Don't blame a Man
Pinned naked on a tree
Who died perfectly desperate
Who loves you desperately
No, put the blame on me
Put the blame on me
Put the blame on me