Anna Ternheim, The Ones They Blame

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