

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