

Beck, Nobody Fault But My Own

treated you like a rusty blade
a throwaway from an open grave
cut you
loose from a chain gang and let you go
and on the day you said it's true
some love holds, some gets used
tried to tell you i never knew
it
could be so sweet
who could ever be so cruel,
blame the devil for the
things you do
its such a selfish way to lose
the way you lose these
wasted Blues these wasted Blues
tell me that it's nobody's fault
nobody's fault
but my own
that it's nobody's fault
nobody's
fault
but my own