

Elvis Costello, Blame It On Cain

Once upon a time, I had a little money.
Government burglars took it long
before I could mail it to you.
Still, you are the only one.
Now I can't let it slip away.
So if the man with the ticker tape,
he tries to take it,
well this is what I'm gonna say.

[Chorus:]
Blame it on Cain.
Don't blame it on me.
Oh, oh, it's nobody's fault,
but we need somebody to burn.

Well if I was a saint with
a silver cup
and the money got low
we could always heat it up
or trade it in.
But then the radio that heaven will be wired to your purse.
And then you can run down the wave band,
coast to coast, hand in hand.
Bad to worse, curse for curse,
don't be dissatisfied.
So you're not satisfied.

[Chorus]
I think I've lived a little too long
on the outskirts of town
I think I'm going insane
from talking to myself for so long.
Oh but I've never been accused.
When they step on your face,
you wear that good look grin.
I gotta break out one weekend
if I do somebody in.
But every single time
I feel a little stronger,
they tell me it's a crime.
Well how much longer?

[Chorus]