

# Elvis Costello, Blame It On Cain (Honky Tonk Demo)

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.

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 TO heaven will be wired to your purse.  
And then you can run down the wave band,  
coast to coast, hand in hand,  
Better or 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.  
But when they step up on your face,  
They wear that good look grin.  
I gotta break out one weekend  
Try to do somebody in.  
But every single time  
I feel a little stronger,  
they tell me it's a crime.  
Well how much longer?

Blame it on Cain  
Don't blame it on me  
It might not be his fault  
But it just might be his turn