

# Hannah Fury, The Apple

So blame me  
But you didn't see me do it  
Poor baby, please  
Trouble has always grown on trees  
So blame me  
But you didn't see me do it  
Poor baby, please  
Trouble has always grown on trees  
And I don't care what you say to me  
Ha!  
I don't even like blue eyes  
They're usually too light  
I don't even like things that are so bright  
I can't stand the glare  
So take this if you dare  
Then you can belong to me  
And you can be wrong for me  
So blame me  
But you didn't see me do it  
Poor baby, please  
Trouble has always grown on trees  
I don't care what you say  
You're just being fake  
I'm telling the truth  
Like I do always  
You'd do it too, if you were brave  
The sweetest things are often laced  
And you can be wrong for me  
Mirror, mirror on the wall  
If I can't have one, I'll take them all  
I'll take Gael Garcia Bernal  
I'll take a man that I can haunt  
And who can be wrong for me  
Who will be all wrong for me