Jackyl, Nobody's Fault

Lord I must be dreaming, what else could this be Everybody's screamin', runnin' for the sea Holy lands are sinkin', birds take to the sky The prophets all are stinkin' drunk, I know the reason why Eyes are full of desire, mind is so ill at ease Everything is on fire, shit piled up to the knees

Out of rhyme or reason, everyone's to blame Children of the season don't be lame Sorry, you're so sorry, don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it upside down And hell's the only sound We did an awful job and now they say it's nobody's fault

Old Saint Andres seven years ago Shove it up their richters, red lights stop and go Noblemen of courage listen with their ears Spoke but how discouragin' when no one really hears One of these days you'll be sorry, too many houses on the stilt Three million years or just a story, four on the floor up to the hilt

Out of rhyme or reason, everyone's to blame Children of the season don't be lame Sorry, you're so sorry, don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it upside down And hell's the only sound We did an awful job and now we're just a little too late

Eyes are full of desire, mind is so ill at ease Everything is on fire, shit piled up to the knees

California showtime, 5 o'clocks the news Said everybody's concubine was prone to take a snooze

Sorry, you're so sorry, don't be sorry Man has known and now he's blown it upside down And hell's the only sound We did an awful job and now we're just a little too late