

# Marianne Faithfull, Nobody's Fault

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 and 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.  
It's 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.  
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When the moon is a counterfeit  
Better find the one that fits  
Better find the one that lights  
The way for you.

When the road is full of nails,  
Garbage pails and darkened jails  
And their tongues are full of heartless tales  
That drain on you  
Who would ever notice you  
You fade into a shaded room?  
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The way you lose these wasted blues  
These wasted blues.

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