

Mika, Blame it on the girls

Blame It on the Girls

He's got looks that books take pages to tell

He's got a face to make you fall on your knees

He's got money in the bank to thank and I guess

You could think he's livin' at ease

Like lovers of the good book show -- what's the matter

He's certain there is so much more -- what's the matter

While you're wondering what the hell to do

Are you wishing you were ugly like me?

Blame it on the girls who know what to do

Blame it on the boys who keep hitting/hating? on you

Blame it on your mother for the things she said

Blame it on your father but you know he's dead

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Life could be simple but you never fail

To complicate it every single time

You could have children and a wife, a perfect little life

But you blow it on a bottle of wine

Like a baby you're a stubborn child -- what's the matter

Always looking for an axe to grind -- what's the matter

While you're wondering what the hell to do

We were wishing we were lucky like you

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