

Natasza Urbańska, Put it on me (Matt Maeson cover)

Hung high and dry where no one can see
If there's no one to blame, blame it on me
Storm in the sky, fire in the street
If there's nothing but pain, put it on me
You are the cold inescapable proof
You're the evil, the way in the life and the truth
You're revival beginnin' and you're genocide
And I watch in wonder
You are the cold inescapable proof
You're the evil, the way in the life, and the truth
You're revival beginnin' and you're genocide
And I watch in wonder
Hung high and dry where no one can see
If there's no one to blame, blame it on me (hah-ha)
Storm in the sky, fire in the trees (hah-ha, hah-ha)
If there's nothing but pain, put it on me (hah-ha, hah-ha, hah-ha)
I know that you'd never feel like I do
And I'd break into pieces right in front of you
And I'd burn down the city and string up the noose
And you'd watch in
Hung high and dry where no one can see
If there's no one to blame, blame it on me (hah-ha)
Storm in the sky, fire in the trees (hah-ha, hah-ha)
If there's nothing but pain, put it on me (hah-ha, hah-ha, hah-ha)
I know that you'll never feel like I do
I will break into pieces right in front of you
I will burn down the city and string up the noose
And you'll watch in wonder