

XTC

"Blame The Weather"

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When your love's flown out the window,
And the pain comes through the door.
Once again you've missed the boat,
And you're stranded on the shore.
And you find out that what you had,
Was never yours at all,
Friends and lovers that you knew so well,
Will never take your calls.

So,
You blame the weather,
Oh-oh,
Blame the weather,
Oh-oh,
Blame the weather,
Oh-oh
Can't you see you're in your prime?
You're turning creases into lines.

If you play the game
You've got to be prepared to take a knock,
You get put down so many times,
But you keep on getting up.
So put your tears away,
And don't forget to worry is a crime,
Nothing bears thinking about too much,
You'll be old before your time.

So,
You blame the weather,
Oh-oh,
Blame the weather,
Oh-oh,
Blame the weather,
Oh-oh
Can't you see you're in your prime?
You're turning creases into lines.

The pool of tears you left to drown in,
The helping hands that never came,
The years you lost out to another,
All up in flames

So,
You blame the weather,
Oh-oh,
Blame the weather,
Oh-oh,
Blame the weather,
Oh-oh
Can't you see you're in your prime?
You're turning creases into lines.

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