

The Blameshifters

"The Finest"

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The trees will grow a million fruit a day
The wind will blow every cloud away
The millionaires will win the lottery
Well these things happen
But not for us

It only happens to the finest
It happens too often
Too often it happens to question

What you're authorized to have is yours to lose
They don't give a damn
It's just disposable as you
Ram it down your throat until it makes you wanna puke

And this happens as your dignity's abused
Terrorized till torpid
Hugs won't heal the psyche bruised
Shove it in your face until it makes you wanna lose

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